NON-FICTION

Frontier Times

May, 1967

FT
K

35¢

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

W.J. Wilwerding

I CORNERED A LION UNDERGROUND!

MEN WHO HANDLED THE RIBBONS • INDIAN FIGHT AT BATTLE FLAT
WINTER OF FEAR • TREASURE IN AN IRON BOX • GYPSY KNIVES
The Last Pretender • Twenty Years Among Our Hostile Indians • Harold Dow Bugbee

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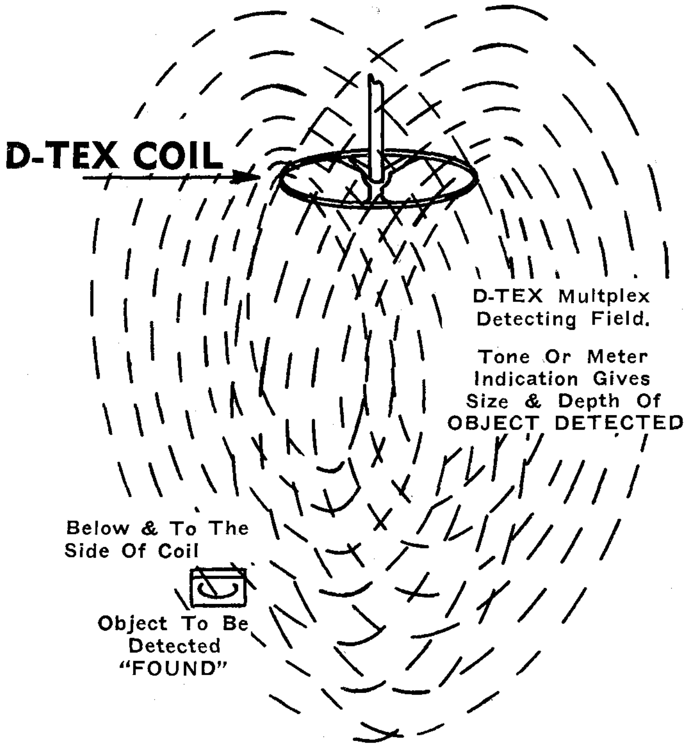
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Below & To The Side Of Coil
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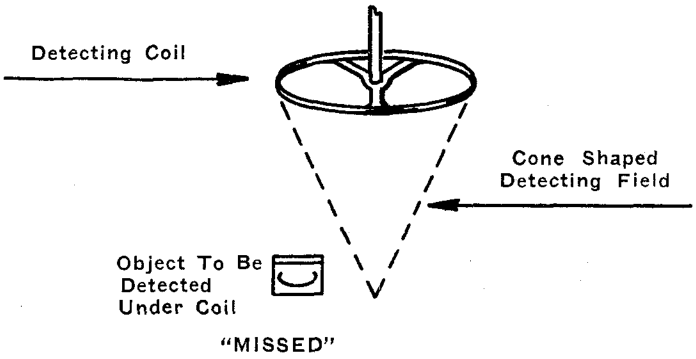
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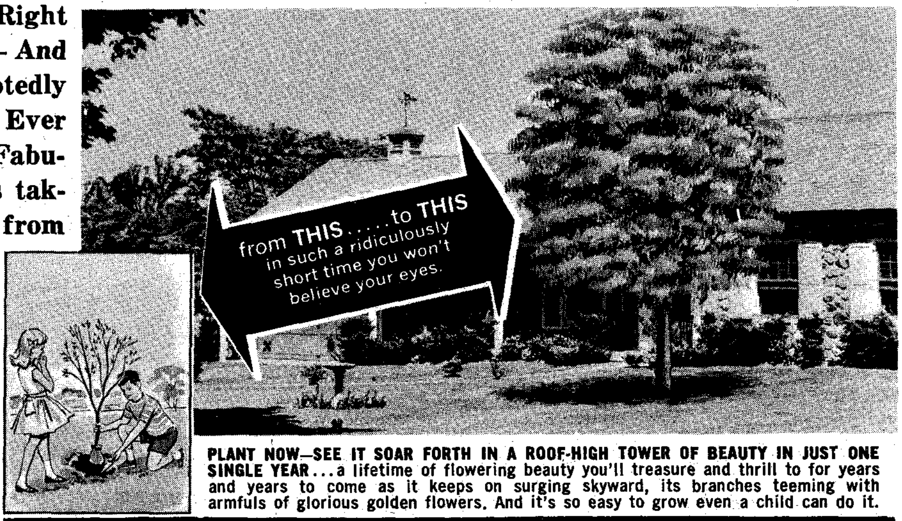
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GROWS IN VIRTUALLY ANY SOIL...OR ANY CLIMATE...IT'S GUARANTEED TO BEAUTIFY AND INCREASE THE VALUE OF YOUR HOME IN JUST A FEW SHORT MONTHS!

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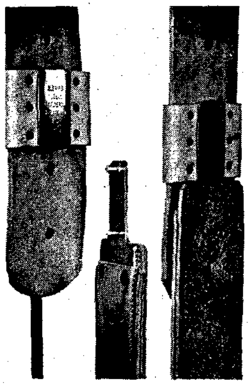

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FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

April-May, 1967
Vol. 41, No. 3
New Series No. 47

PAT WAGNER
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ROBERT SMALL
Advertising

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Publisher

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: W. J. Wilwerding

FRONTIER TIMES is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3668, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704. 35c per copy, $4.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico. $5.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Copyright 1967 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

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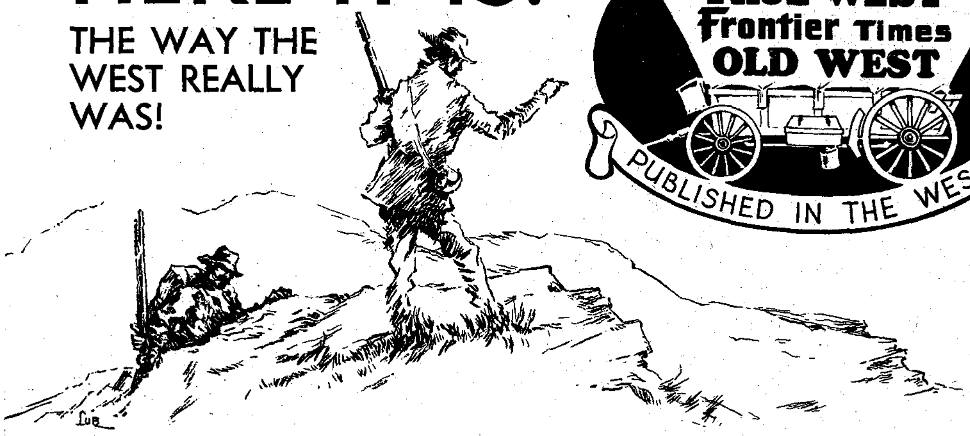
HERE IT IS!

THE WAY THE
WEST REALLY
WAS!



TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

TRUE WEST
April, 1967 35¢
BLUE-EYED HERMAN WOLF
LOOPS AND SWIFT HORSES ARE SURER THAN LEAD
NON-FICTION
SOMEBODY LOST THREE MILLION DOLLARS!
SAINT OR DEVIL?
POWDER RIVER EXPEDITION
IN DEFENSE OF THE OLD-TIME COYOTE
INDIAN SADDLE MAKERS

The April, 1967 issue of TRUE WEST is jam-crammed with top-notch, ALL-FACT, ALL-TRUE articles, features and stories by some of America's leading western authors.

ON SALE AT
YOUR NEWSSTAND
NOW!

TWO OF THE TOP FEATURES ARE:

Maurice Kildare's

THE SAGA OF BLUE-EYED HERMAN WOLF—When he was a very young man, he had run from something—all the way to America's most remote frontier. One wonders what it could have been, for certainly Wolf never ran again—except forward to do battle!

AND:

Walt Coburn's

"LOOPS AND SWIFT HORSES ARE SURER THAN LEAD"—and in this case, they had to be. Not a single rider had brought his gun along.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

INDIAN SADDLE MAKERS by Glenn R. Vernam. It was a common saying in the early West that you could tell a mounted Indian from a white man in two ways—the manner in which he kept his quirt going in time with every jump of his horse, and the way he sat in his saddle. **SOMEBODY LOST THREE MILLION DOLLARS! by Jack Miller.** Ironic that these men who had dug their gold from the frozen earth had to relinquish it to the frozen sea. **THE BANE OF THIEVES by Ralph McCarroll.** Dave Cook simply had more on the ball than the men he was called upon to chase—physically, mentally and morally. **JACK HEALY, THE HORSE TAMER by Jesse R. Green.** Even Jack didn't know how he got his "power." Here's one secret that would have to come from the horse's mouth because only a horse would know! **MEAT'S MEAT by Robert G. Hudkins.** You don't believe it? Just ask a starving man. **POWDER RIVER EXPEDITION by J. Greg Smith.** It extended an invitation to carnage—RSVP—and the Indians were quick to accept. **SAINT OR DEVIL? by Eric M. Odendahl.** Whatever the Padre was, both his friends and foes could agree that the affairs of earth interested him exceedingly—heaven could wait! **THE ATOKA TRACK by William S. Furno.** Who remembers the "black diamond" belt of the old Choctaw country where danger was a way of life above or below ground.

PLUS: ARTIST COLLECTS RARE INDIAN SADDLES by Richard W. Sturges, TWENTY YEARS AMONG OUR HOSTILE INDIANS from a book by J. Lee Humfreville, THE WANDERERS by Rosie M. Norrish, IN DEFENSE OF THE "OLD TIME" COYOTE by Harold Sawley and THE BACKTRACKER by W. F. Curry. Jr.

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FRONTIER POST

Fond Recollections

Dear Joe:

I enjoyed the story very much by Millie Stine Talboys, as I've eaten many of those early day meals that my mother and grandmother used to cook—plus some with the Germans, Norwegians, Swedes and Polish who lived in our territory. I never ate "haggis," but if you think it would upset someone's belly to know how it was fixed, then the Norwegian dish called "kloob" would undoubtedly turn them green. I don't know the recipe, even though I helped make it, but I know you catch a dishpan full of fresh blood when butchering a hog or beef, and keep stirring it while it cools. This makes the blood separate and after it's cooled you discard the lumpy and stringy part and save the rest. This is mixed with rye flour (rough ground) salt, pepper, chunks of lard or beef fat, and other seasoning. It's then made in balls (like meatballs) and boiled until done, then sliced like a tomato. It can also be chilled, then sliced, and butter spread on the slices. It tastes good and is a favorite Scandinavian dish although I am not a "Scandahoovian" as we kids used to call them. I lived among them, worked and played with them, learned some of their ways and some of their language. They're all wonderful people.

Living only a mile from a Winnebago Indian Village, I learned a lot of their language and customs, too, which included bead work, basket making, tanning hides, trapping, hunting and fishing. Some of the farmers who hired them to work said they were lazy, but it was the farmers' fault. They'd give the Indian an old and dull or broken tool and expect him to do a lot of work with it, which no man can do. There's a very true saying, "Give an Indian sharp tools or good tools and he'll do his work well" —which applies to most any working man.

The good old days are long gone and won't return, but my sincere thanks to Millie Talboys for a nice story.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington.

Millie Stine

Dear Sir:

FRONTIER TIMES and its two companion magazines are always interesting. But when FRONTIER TIMES came yesterday, it was really exciting! Being now eighty-seven years of age, my memories go a long way back. A few days ago I had been thinking of the primary school I taught in Garneil, Montana, about 1902. Among other pupils, I thought of Ozella Stine, her oldest sister, Thirza, and Millie Stine (Talboys). I found them all in your story.

Wonder if Millie remembers the evening I went to her parents' home for a little visit? Ozella, wanting to show off before me, her teacher, began to treadle the sewing machine at high speed. Millie whispered to her that she should not do that, so Ozella speeded up yet more, and ran the needle (two stitches) through the ball of her thumb. Of course, when she jerked her hand away, the needle—there was no thread in it—broke and was bedded deep in the flesh, with one end protruding. Mrs. Stine tried to pull the needle out, but it was too solidly embedded.

"Millie," she said, "go to Dr. Betten and tell him that I want to borrow a forcep." Dr. Betten, who had recently come to Garneil, gave Millie a forcep, and Mrs. Stine soon had the needle pulled out. The amazing part of it was the matter of fact way in which Ozella performed.

In recent years, I visited Garneil. It isn't much now—the church, for which my brother, Fred Payne, gave the first $5.00 of the building fund, and for which I gave the last $5.00 needed, and from which the last service for my youngest child was held, is gone. My child, Elizabeth Grove, my mother, Rosina Payne, and my sister, Elnora Payne (Peters), lie on a hilltop above Garneil.—Mrs. Clara M. Grove, 428 East 7th, Moscow, Idaho 83843.

DEPUTY
L.E.SNOW
U.S.
MARSHAL

Badge worn by lawman Leslie E. Snow

Leslie E. Snow

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is a picture of a Deputy U.S. Marshal's badge. Please note the name, L. E. Snow, inscribed on the face.

Leslie Snow was instrumental in the conviction and hanging of Tom Horn for the killing of fourteen-year-old Willie Nickell. Snow witnessed Tom Horn's alleged confession of the killing to U.S. Marshal, Joe LaFors. At this time Snow worked as a Deputy Sheriff under Ed Smalley at Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Snow's badge was recently added to my modest Peace Officers' badge collection and is the last item from the large collection of the late T. Joe Cahill. Mr. Cahill was an early-day County Clerk and Chief of Police at Cheyenne. I was indeed fortunate to obtain this historical item from Mrs. Jack Cahill, his daughter-in-law.

It would sincerely be appreciated if any of your readers who were acquainted with Leslie Snow would be kind enough to contact me. I am attempting to gather the complete history of him.—Ron Donoho, Nye County Sheriff's Office, Mercury, Nevada 89023.

Memories of Nebraska

Gentlemen:

In your May issue of FRONTIER TIMES I was thrilled to see the old picture of Springview, Nebraska, taken so long ago. My parents lived there in the 1890s and last summer my brother and I made a trip out of Springview hoping to locate the old homestead or someone who would remember our folks. We were there on Sunday and only had one day, so we met with disappointment.

The story of the "Mystery of Murphy's Canyon" was especially interesting to me and I kept thinking I might run across some names we knew. Then I read that the man was buried on the Ezra Tissue place about twelve miles southwest of Springview. Ezra Tissue and his family were close friends of my father and our family and they visited us in Crawford County, Iowa, after my folks left Nebraska.

My father was John Maloney. He had a cousin, Bert Jilson, who lived in Keyapaha County and, also, some cousins, Guy and George Crosby, who were connected with banks in Napier, Nebraska and Bonesteel, South Dakota in the early days. I would surely like to get in touch with anyone who knows about them.

I read of many interesting people in your good magazines, some of whom I have known personally and some who have lived near here. Uncle Bud Ledbetter lived in this town, was sheriff here and my brother, Ed Maloney, was a deputy under him. Also, C. B. Rhodes, a deputy under Judge Parker, was a neighbor of my parents for years and he figured in one article. He had moved to Muskogee from Ft. Smith years ago, but was so proud of having been in the service of "The Hanging Judge" Parker, and loved to talk about his experiences.—Mrs. George Wisdom, 2610 West Broadway, Muskogee, Oklahoma 74401.

The Long Ride

Dear Editor:

Two articles in your January 1967 issue of FRONTIER TIMES have been read by me with considerable interest.

First, "Saddled, Bridled, Ready to Ride," on page 36; second, "From Night Herd to Deputy Marshal," page 7.

First—these four riders stopped at Sedona, Arizona in the spring of 1915. They were en route from the State Capitol, Santa Fe, New Mexico to the State Capitol, Phoenix, Arizona. They were all riding. The lightest in weight was riding the pinto, the only horse to survive this long 2,000 mile ride. The pinto received extra attention at all times. Ira Hart, a cattle man, and I, a U. S. Texas Ranger, kept them overnight, gave them meals and lodging, and shod two of their horses. They had plans of writing a book pertaining to this trip. This article in FRONTIER TIMES is the first word I have read about them—after fifty-one long years. They were very congenial. One was quite talkative and said his wife would meet them at the far end of the Golden Gate Bridge. I wonder if she did.

Second—"From Night Herd to Deputy Marshal," tells of the gun battle between Sheriff Matthews of Childress County, Texas, and Captain McDonald of the Texas Rangers. About thirty years ago a well informed man told me that the fatal shot which killed Matthews was fired by a little "shyster" lawyer, using a rifle, from a second-story window.

I knew Johnny Matthews, son of Sheriff Matthews. His father was killed one day and he was born the next. We were members of the Arizona National Guard. Johnny wore the six-shooter holster worn by his father the day of the Matthews-McDonald fight. One of Captain McDonald's bullets had cut a long slash across the outside of this holster. This shows that at least one of his bullets missed its mark. There being six wounds in Sheriff Matthews' body is sufficient proof of the shot coming from this lawyer's rifle. It was said that McDonald would have been killed had he not concealed two plugs of tobacco over his heart.

Very best wishes to you and success to FRONTIER TIMES.—Fred W. Croxen, 1726 E. Silver Street, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

When Glass Is Gold!

Sirs:

I enjoy all of your magazines, but like those treasure stories most. I remember the "Bonanza on Six Bit Ranch." I went there, didn't find any treasure but did find $400 worth of whiskey bottles.—James Nelson, R. #1, Box 182, Redding, California.

The Wyandottes

Dear Sir:

We often pick up one of your three magazines. They are good reading from cover to cover. Last spring in the April-May issue was an article by Charles W. Stead entitled "The Curse of the Wyandottes." The man who would have been my father-in-law if he had been living, was reared among the Wyandottes. When his parents, the Armstrongs, emigrated from near the Mexican border, they were attacked near the Montana-Canadian border by Indians and massacred. Robert, then only a baby, somehow was missed and found later by an old squaw. He was crawling around among the willows in water and mud, crying and half drowned. She took pity on him and cared for him until he was fifteen years old, when it was decided among the Wyandottes that he should marry a Wyandotte maid selected for him. He did not agree with this arrangement and managed to escape and join the Canadian force just as the Riel Rebellion was shaping up.

Among the Wyandottes he was named "Mudeater" from the way he was found. There was a brother, "Frank." How he escaped the massacre, my wife does not know. It is possible he was not along with the emigrating party, but came later. It is known that "Bob," as he was called, went back to the territory with which he had been familiar since a youngster and that he stayed there for some time among his former benefactors.

We are trying to pick up all possible facts about "Mudeater" Armstrong, and information will be very gratefully received. He was, of course, fully a member of the Wyandotte tribe. My wife, being his daughter, still gets letters from the Department of Indian Affairs regarding property still owned by the tribe. We understand there is a movement in favor of turning the cemetery in Kansas City over to the National Parks Board to be kept and cared for as a permanent burying ground. There was also some property in Montana, which was sold but the division of proceeds was postponed until definite decision was arrived at concerning the Kansas City cemetery. It is our hope that some day we can visit that part of the country, and make the acquaintance of some of the people who so long ago befriended Robert Armstrong. We consider it an honor to be members of this tribe.—C. A. Larson, Box 233, White Fox, Saskatchewan, Canada.

"Shine" Smith

Dear Sir:

I enjoyed your writeup on Hugh Dickson "Shine" Smith in the November, '66 FRONTIER TIMES. I am sorry to report that Mr. Smith died December 18 at the Winslow Memorial Hospital at age eighty-four. He will be missed by all who knew him and especially by the Navajo Indians of northern Arizona. He will be buried in Tuba City, Arizona.—Ralph E. Fuller, Pine, Arizona 85544.

Christmas Story—A Little Late

Dear Joe:

I have been a regular fan of your magazines for about two years now. It is sure nice to get some of the stories of how the West really was, and not how some of the fiction writers thought it was.

The other day my father and I were just sitting around talking and the subject of Christmas becoming too commercialized came up. My dad then started to tell us of one of the first Christmases that stuck in his mind.

I decided to send it along to you, in hopes that you would enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed hearing it. I'll try to put it in his own words:

"This was back in 1903 before Alberta and Saskatchewan were made provinces. They were known as part of the Northwest Territories and we lived in the northern part of what is now Saskatchewan. I was about five years old at the time.

"It was getting pretty close to Christmas and we were having some bad weather, It was storming and the roads were in pretty bad shape. It was a thirty-six-mile trip to Prince Albert from our homestead, the nearest place where we could sell our farm produce. And there was a grist mill there where you could get your grain made into flour.

"Now with the bad weather and all, it was sort of looking like Santa Claus wouldn't put in his appearance that year, or so they told us kids. But as luck would have it, it cleared up about a week before Christmas. It was a three-day trip by team and bob-sleigh to Prince Albert. But they started out and got home in good time with the supplies as well as Christmas presents. The main things were flour, sugar, tea and tobacco and, of course, Paw's jug of Hudson's Bay Rum.

"My older brothers, Sam and Dick, and sister Belle were still telling us younger ones, Blanche, Tommy, myself and two younger sisters Lottie and Lucy, that they didn't think Santa would make it that year. So when Christmas Eve rolled around we were undecided whether to hang up our stockings or not.

"Sam, my older brother, told us we had better get our stockings up and get to bed or he would hang up a three-bushel seamless grain sack and get it all. So we each got out our home-knit socks and nailed them up. We had to nail our own socks up (and pull the nails out after Christmas too).

(Continued on page 72)

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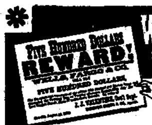

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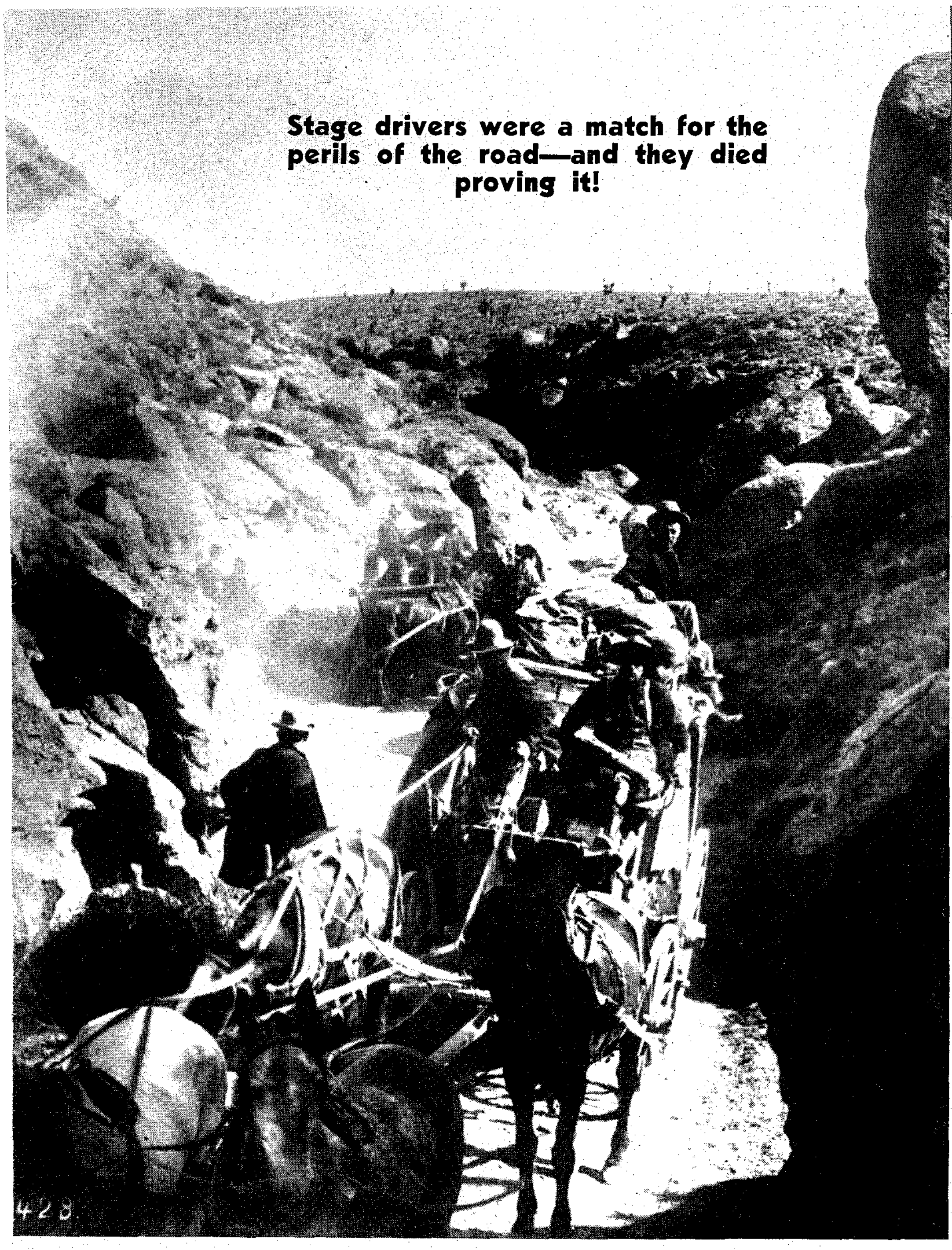
The MEN

Stage drivers were a match for the perils of the road—and they died proving it!

By WILLIAM B. SECREST



Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Co.

A tight spot on the trail in a narrow, rocky gap. Some of the passengers stand by the road as the reinsmen handle the teams.

Author's note: Pioneers followed the sun by every means available, but the vehicle which caught the spirit of the American West was the stagecoach. For over fifty years stages rattled and creaked their way over the deserts and mountains of a sparsely settled and hostile frontier. It was a primitive means of travel and it hadn't changed much in hundreds of years, but it was the best to be had until locomotives came belching and puffing across the prairies. Even then, stagecoaches filled in the gaps until after 1900.

Staging was dirty, dangerous and slow. In the main I have concentrated on staging in and around the gold rush country, but the hazards of stagecoach travel knew no boundaries and the dangerous days of the California stage was a drama that epitomized the growing pains of a sprawling, rich young country.

JACK MARTIN reined up his team at the edge of the stream. He was driving stage out of the northern California town of Trinity Center and, although the roads were sloppy with mud, so far he had not had any trouble. The people at Myer's ranch a few miles back had said the stream was safe to cross, but Martin looked warily up and down the rushing watercourse. It was 6 o'clock on a bright, moonlit night in December, 1867, and the water was fast and running high. He leaned over the side of the mud-splattered coach and called out to his passengers:

"I'm taking her across the crick so hang onto yore hats. Wake up that damn drunk or he'll be falling all over you people."

Inside the stage a passenger shook the drunken Hamilton awake while the other two travelers, a pair of wide-eyed Chinese coolies, exchanged worried glances.

"Hey-up!" shouted Martin and with a crack of the whip and a groaning of harness the horses and coach lurched into the churning water.

The crossing was rough, the hub-deep water at one point nearly entering the coach. Suddenly a log jam broke loose upstream and a wall of water came rushing down, smashing the stage over on its side, and dragging passengers and horses downstream in a swirling mass of splintered wood and tangled harness. A moment later a large log hit the coach dead center, drowning the horses and carrying the vehicle and its luckless passengers out of sight.

Hamilton was the only one to lose his life. He was found drowned about three and one-half miles downstream. The two Chinese passengers had somehow scrambled ashore and had run to secure help. Martin, the driver, was found a mile downstream vomiting water; the other passenger spent several hours in the water clinging to a small tree. Next day the stage was located on a sand bar.

TRANSPORTATION in any civilized area is most certainly a gauge of progress and California, from 1849 on, grew literally by the leaps and bounds of plunging mules and mustangs. At first, travel was limited to horseback, Mexican two-wheel carts and a limited assortment of privately owned buggies and wagons. Public transportation did not exist, but this problem was of short duration.

In September, 1849 one James Birch began hauling passengers between Sacramento and the mines in an old ranch wagon drawn by four Mexican brones. At about the same time, John Whistman began operation of a public coach system between San Francisco and San Jose. His vehicle was an ancient French Omnibus buggy, and he charged thirty-two dollars or two ounces of gold dust for the nine-hour trip. The service provided by these men was irregular and uncomfortable, but the stagecoach era had dawned in old California.

In 1849 the first United States Mail Agent arrived in San Francisco with instructions to establish five post offices in the state. By 1851 there were still only thirty-four post offices in all of California, serviced by individual riders who had volunteered to carry letters to and from the mines. These lone horsemen soon evolved into pack mule trains carrying gold out of the Mother Lode. Before long, packages were being carried, gold was being exchanged, and the more business-like of the mail carriers were going into the express and banking business. Pack mules and wagons then gave way to stagecoaches, and the express companies of Langton, Adams, Todd, Wells Fargo and dozens of others came into being.

Meanwhile private stagecoach companies were also developing radidly. J. B. Crandall and Warren Hall bought out the Whistman enterprise and were soon using the first real stagecoaches in California. These coaches were fourteen-passenger mud wagons which had been brought across the plains in 1850 by William Beeks. Before this time, any type vehicle had been used as a "coach." Hall and Crandall covered the same territory as Whistman, and Crandall was destined to personally drive the first stage over the Sierra Nevada Mountains in 1857.

By 1851, Jim Birch's Telegraph stage line was servicing several of the mining towns north of Sacramento, and Charles Green was running coaches between Sacramento and the southern mines. Other stage lines were springing up, also, and 1854 saw stages in operation to every point of note in the state.

On January 1 of that year, Hall, Crandall, Stephens, Birch and other prominent stageline operators announced a merger. The new California Stage Company absorbed almost five-sixths of the stage lines then in operation in the state and, of course, created a virtual monopoly, although their service was good and no one objected too strenuously.

On June 25, 1850, another milestone in California staging was reached when the first Concord coach arrived in San Francisco. It had been shipped around the Horn from Concord, Massachusetts, and it was as beautiful as it was durable and rugged. Made of the best woods, painted bright red trimmed in yellow with scenic murals decorating the doors, it was to be the ultimate in coach travel until the end of the stagecoach era.

The body of the coach rested on two thick throughbraces or leather straps, which permitted the coach to rock instead of catapult when it hit a bump. Nine passengers could be seated inside while at least a dozen more could ride on top. On occasion, as many as thirty-two passengers could be jammed in and on the coach, but of course this was seldom done except in emergencies. The Concord coach, which weighed over a ton, was a much finer vehicle than the lighter, springless mud wagon, which had a canvas top and was used more in the mountains. There were other types of stages being used, but the Concord and the mud wagon were the backbone of the business. The time was right and the vehicle had arrived. Simultaneously, of course, the stage driver appeared on the scene and the great drama of California coaching days had begun.

MARK TWAIN, Ross Browne, Ben Truman and a hundred other chroniclers have left us vivid pen pictures of the frontier stage drivers, utilizing their own personal experiences. These old accounts seem exaggerated to a modern generation, but stage drivers were a remarkable breed and they held a position of popular reverence that rivaled even that of the saloon owner.

"He is a lord in his way," wrote the historian Bancroft, "the captain of his his craft, the fear of timid passengers, the admiration of the stableboys, and the trusty agent of his employer. He prides himself in being expert in his profession, to which all other occupations and professions are subordinate. . . ."

A money tip from a passenger would be regarded as an insult by a stage driver, but he would graciously accept a cigar or a glass of liquor. A driver might invite a governor to sit on the box beside him, but the executive quickly learned that he was in all ways inferior to his host. For didn't the passengers' lives rest in the hands of the skilled reinsman and could a mere politician drive a stagecoach?

Perhaps the most famous of the California drivers was Hank Monk, who had driven Horace Greeley over the Sierras in 1859. Greeley, then editor of the New York *Tribune*, was author of the famous statement, "Go west, young man," and Monk had driven him on the last leg of his cross-country jaunt. The story told of the event is that Greeley told Hank he must be in Placerville by seven o'clock and the crusty driver drove his horses accordingly. As the stage rattled and careened over the narrow mountain roads, Greeley cared less and less what time he arrived at his destination, just so long as he arrived in one piece. The distinguished editor was considerably the worse for wear when he asked Monk for the umpteenth time to slow down, but the driver's laconic reply was a simple, "Keep your seat, Horace, I'll get you there on time."

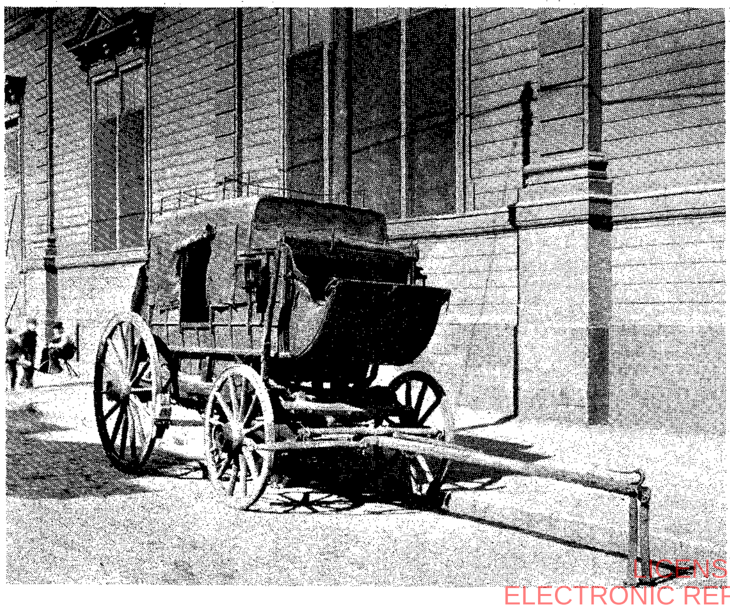
Charlie Parkhurst was another California legend who drove stage for many years. Known as "One-eyed Charlie" after receiving a horse kick in the face, Parkhurst eventually retired to a small farm and passed away in December, 1879. When friends came to prepare the body for burial, it was discovered that the intrepid former stage driver was a woman.

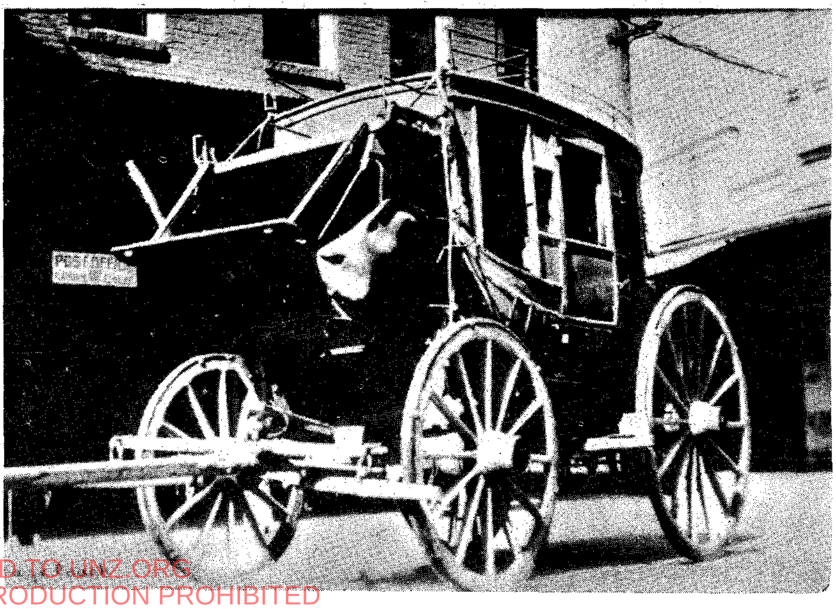
Then there was "Curley Bill" who once yanked an army officer out of his coach for insulting a lady passenger. The soldier was ejected with such force that the door frame came out with him.

A Mexican badman named El Macho came riding up to F. J. Watts' stage one morning in 1858. Galloping alongside the coach, El Macho poked his pistol into the face of a passenger and former mistress. Luckily, the pistol misfired. When Watts, from the driver's seat, objected, El Macho aimed at him, but again his weapon failed to explode. Enough was enough, and Watts leaned from his seat and spat out a stream of tobacco juice which struck the badman right in the eyes. Watts then pulled up his coach and ran into a nearby hotel where he grabbed a shotgun. It was unnecessary, however, since El Macho was frantically soaking

The two most common types of coaches in California were the mud wagon, left, for mountain travel, and the old stand-by Concord coach, right.

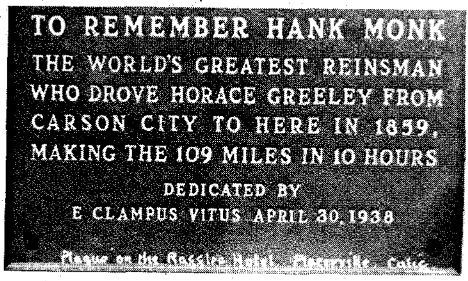
Courtesy Author





Courtesy Author

Hank Monk, above, was one of California's top drivers. The plaque below, in Placerville, testifies to his skill.



TO REMEMBER HANK MONK
THE WORLD'S GREATEST REINSMAN
WHO DROVE HORACE GREELEY FROM
CARSON CITY TO HERE IN 1859,
MAKING THE 109 MILES IN 10 HOURS
DEDICATED BY
E CLAMPUS VITUS APRIL 30, 1938

Plaque on the Raffles Hotel, Placerville, Calif.

his head in a horse trough.

A driver named Ross thought it highly amusing when he drove so close to an opposition coach that it slipped over a brush covered bluff. He abruptly stopped laughing when an irate passenger from the wrecked vehicle mortally wounded him with a shotgun blast.

Jared Crandall, Jim Birch and the other stage line owners had all begun their careers as drivers in California or elsewhere. Some had driven coach in the east or on the transcontinental mail routes. Others came up from Old Mexico. They were a tough and profane breed and they had a great pride in the responsibilities and the skill required in their way of life.

Dawn in old Sacramento used to reveal twenty or thirty stages drawn up in front of the hotel and stage office, all ready to depart for the fabled mines. Grooms held the leader horses as passengers emerged from a candlelight breakfast and mingled among the animals and coaches, trying to locate their particular stage. Blanket rolls were heaved on top of coaches as men of every nationality and station in life found their seats and settled down for an arduous journey.

The stage driver climbs to his seat and gathers up the "ribbons" as he gazes out over his four or six horse team.

"Hey Charley," he yells to a groom, "gimme some more slack in the offwheeler's traces." And as an attendant makes the noted correction, the driver turns around and bellows, "All aboard for Brighton, Mormon Island, Mud Springs and Hangtown." In a few minutes the stages are ready and they begin clattering off into the brisk morning air.

In times of keen competition, the beginning of a stage journey might be all the more hectic. Runners and office clerks of the various stage lines would be running around soliciting business and constantly calling out their rates and services to prospective passengers. Bancroft gives the following account of an extreme example of competitive zeal—perhaps with tongue-in-cheek.

"Before the United States Hotel, Nevada City," he recalled, "one morning in May, 1855, stood two rival stages for Forest City. One passenger only had put in an appearance when the agents for the contending lines came up and opened the business of the day. The solitary passenger they found seated in the stage.

" 'What fare are you paying in there?' asked the agent for the opposition.

" 'Five dollars,' was the reply.

" 'Get out, and I'll carry you for four.' The passenger, thinking it was an easy way to earn a dollar complied and took his seat in the opposite stage.

" 'Here, come back,' exclaimed the other agent, 'I'll take you up for three.'

"The passenger is but fairly reseated in the first stage when an offer of two dollars tumbles him out again, and an offer of one dollar sends him back. But the opposition is not to be beaten in this way.

" 'Well, old fellow,' he finally puts in, 'sorry to make you so much trouble, but get back in here and I will carry you for nothing, pay for your dinner, and give you all the whiskey you can drink on the way.' "

ALTHOUGH a holdup was perhaps the most dramatic peril incident to an early California stagecoach trip, there were a variety of other hazards far more likely to take place.

Once out on the road, passengers found the trip was a unique experience, its appeal, like so many other things, depending upon the individual. An Englishman, Sir Henry Huntley, on a trip between Sacramento and Placerville, was upset because there was no class distinction among passengers. Too, he was disturbed by the frequent use of tobacco by "dirty citizens" and the blasphemous language of the stage drivers when two coaches met on the road.

Other travelers enjoyed stage driving immensely. One J. D. Borthwick wrote that "to sit behind four horses tearing along a good road is delightful at any time."

Dame Shirley, recalling a stage journey in 1851, was perhaps a more typical traveler and wrote later of both the pleasures and the tribulations of a coach ride. "I seated myself in the most excruciating springless wagon that it was ever my lot to be victimized in, and commenced my journey in earnest. . . . For thirty miles the road passed through as beautiful a country as I had ever seen. Dotted here and there with the California oak, it reminded me of the peaceful apple orchards and smiling river meadows of dear old New England. . . ." Later, when her coach entered the hilly and mountainous mining country, the trip became something of a strain. "For more than a mile we drove along the edge of a precipice, and so near that it seemed to me, should the horses deviate a hair's breadth from their usual track, we must be dashed to eternity."

Another stage passenger, Hinton Helper, remarked on the more universal inconveniences of coaching, commenting that the roads were "disagreeably dusty" and that throughout the mining country passengers were "jarred and shaken without mercy."

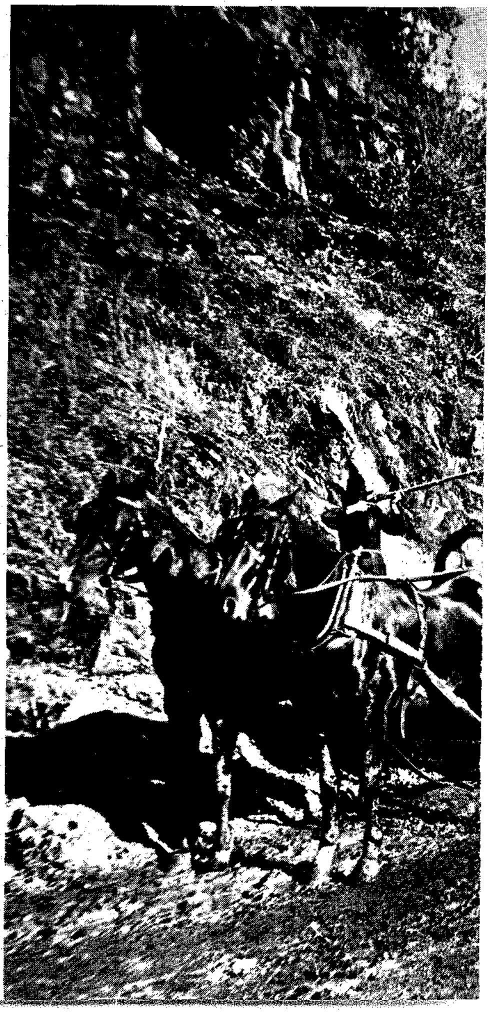
As if the elements, nature, road agents and Indians weren't enough to cope with, stage passengers had to endure poor accommodations, terrible food, miserable roads and frequently overloaded coaches.

In towns and cities, stage passengers were usually able to put up at a halfway decent hotel, but in the mining country during the early days it was often a different story. A stage traveler described Sonora's best hotel as "a one-story structure, built of unhewn saplings, covered with canvas and floored with dirt. It consists of one undivided room in which the tables, berths and benches are all arranged. Here we sleep, eat and drink. Four or five tiers of berths or bunks, one directly above the other, are built against the walls of the cabin. . . . The bedding is composed of a small straw mattress about two feet wide, an uncased pillow . . . and a single blanket."

Frank Marryat, a traveler out of Stockton in 1851, wrote that stage station fare consisted of "tough beefsteak, boiled potatoes, stewed beans, a nasty compound of dried apples, and a jug of molasses."

THE DIRTY condition of the roadside inns and stage stops was, generally speaking, confined to the 1850s and at worst was a very minor problem indeed compared to some of the other hazards of staging.

A certain Mrs. Evoy was traveling on a Hall and Crandall stage between Marysville and Tehama in May, 1853. She was seventy years old, and was carrying $1,800 in gold dust in two purses. Most of the day and evening she had been passing the time engaging in conversation with a Colonel Harper of Trinity



Center, a fellow passenger. A newspaper account of the affair neglects to mention how she discovered her purses were missing, but her cries of "Robbery!" brought the stage grinding to a halt.

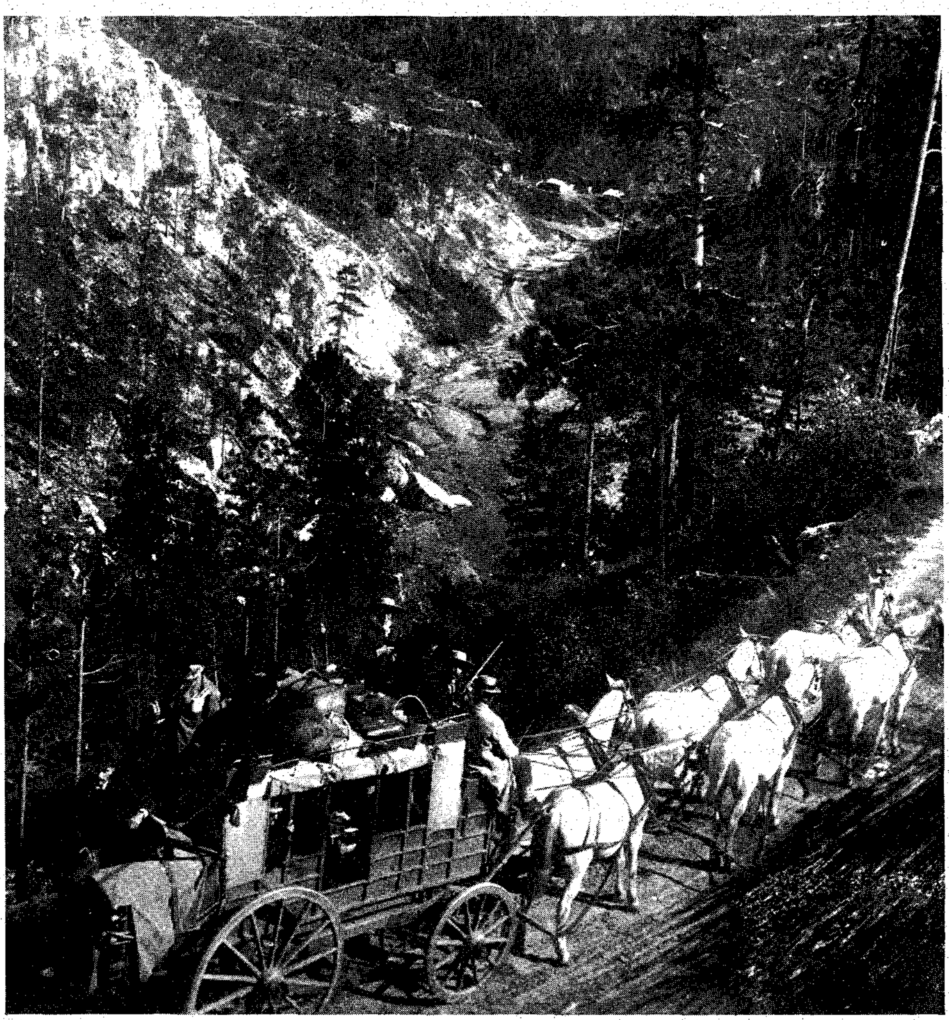
The driver tumbled everyone out of the coach, but before an inquiry got fairly underway, Colonel Harper threw off his cape and demanded to be searched. A somewhat cynical passenger immediately picked up the cape and found one of the missing purses of dust in a pocket. To cinch the case, the appropriated poke had Mrs. Evoy's name on it. Of course, the Colonel didn't know how the purse had gotten in his cape, but he was hustled back to the nearest ranch and tried before a justice of the peace.

At his trial it was brought out that he had been particularly attentive to Mrs. Evoy all day and one of the passengers had seen him walk out of sight of the stage with her carpetbag. It was presumed that at this time he had substituted rocks wrapped in paper for the two purses of dust. Harper narrowly missed being lynched and was glad to be turned over to authorities at the nearest town.

Another incident of the trail is perhaps best told as it appeared in the Stockton *San Joaquin Republican* of November 31, 1862. Under the heading of "An Ugly Customer," the following narrow escape was recorded. "A few nights (ago) . . . as one of the California Stage Company's coaches was coming down the hill on the Henness Turnpike, just beyond the Junction House, a large grizzly bear suddenly arose on the upper side of the grade and placed his forefeet on the driver's seat, as though with the intention of climbing aboard. The weight of the monster was so great as to come near overturning the coach, passengers and all, down the hill. Terrified at this sudden apparition the horses sprang forward, and the would-be passenger, his bearship, was left sprawling by the roadside."

The posed photo below depicts the type of trouble which could be waiting around each bend in the road. At right, a well-armed group pauses along a mountain road on a trip into the goldrush country. The stage station is in the canyon in the background.

Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank



Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Co.

Although competition between rival stage lines was very lively in the early days, most of the time stage drivers, when meeting on the road, would stop their teams and engage in friendly (if profane) conversation. But this wasn't always the case and sometimes rivalry became a little too keen. Oscar Case, driving coach for the California Stage Company out of Sacramento, approached a rival stage one day in 1858. Apparently Case had it in for the opposition stage or its driver and he rammed into the rival vehicle. The two drivers halted their teams, but before anyone knew what was happening, one of the passengers, a man named Ames, grabbed a shotgun and blasted Case, wounding him critically. Ames jumped out of the coach and took off at a run with Case in hot pursuit, still on the driver's seat of his stage. Ames made his getaway and Case made it back to the highway before he collapsed and was taken to a doctor. No doubt the passengers much preferred a blasphemous exchange of greetings to this sort of affair.

Indians were never the trouble in California that they were in other parts of the West, although there were some serious outbreaks on record. Jerry "Curley" Robbins was something of a celebrity as stage drivers go, not only for his considerable skill while handling the ribbons, but because he had a twin brother in the same business.

Jerry was driving a California Stage Company coach out of Yreka one day in August, 1856. He had no passengers and had just left the Hat Creek Station when he was suddenly surprised by a hail of arrows from an Indian ambuscade. With a yell he gave the horses their head and commenced the seventeen-mile run to the next station at Jack Hill's ranch. The road was rocky and bad enough so that it took all of Jerry's skill to maintain control and he was too busy to notice the arrows sticking through his clothes. The coach bounced over boulders and careened over ruts until suddenly one of the thoroughbraces snapped, and a moment later the coach and the horses parted company. Jerry was pulled to the ground, but luckily the animals stopped and he sprang to his feet and unhooked the team from the remnants of the stage. The Indians were obviously after the stage stock and Robbins could have gotten safely away on one of the animals by leaving the rest behind. Determined to save the stock, and amid another flight of arrows, Robbins leaped to the back of one of the horses and rode the whole team into Hill's ranch a short time later. Station attendants lifted him from his mount's back and quickly summoned a doctor to tend to his sixteen arrow wounds. The Indians burned the stage but "Curley Jerry" lived to drive many another coach for the California Stage Company.

THE REAL terror of the stagecoach days were the accidents, and although stage line officials did all they could to play down this aspect of the business, wrecks were frequent enough so that they could not be ignored. In the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin* for July 16, 1858, the editor firmly spoke his mind.

"One of the stages to Sacramento upset yesterday, seriously injuring one passenger and several more or less. These upsets are of weekly occurrence and arise from overloading the coaches, on which they stow as many as twenty-two passengers. There is no mode of travel at the present time in which there is as good a show for getting your bones cracked as in these coaches, and yet one sees no notice of it whatever in the public print. The papers pass them by as unimportant items; when really if they wished to save more or less broken backs, legs and arms, they should give them an overhauling. The best regulation of these things is opposition, as it not only insures cheap fare but comfort in traveling."

Overloading was indeed a primary cause of accidents as many old newspaper accounts attest. When the Auburn stage arrived at Folsom one day in May, 1856, the driver executed a sharp turn in front of Patterson's Hotel. The coach was top-heavy with baggage, and midway in the turn the vehicle flipped over on its side, smashing into the sidewalk and the side of the building. A Mrs. Surface riding inside the coach suffered a severe back injury. Another woman, riding next to the driver, fell underneath the coach and escaped injury.

The *Sacramento Union* reported a similar accident in 1857, when a stage left the St. Nicolaus Hotel in Oroville. The driver drove his team at what was described as a "furious" pace and as he turned the corner at Huntoon Street, the coach flipped over on its side and "smashed things generally." The driver held on to the reins, kept the horses in check and within ten minutes the coach had been righted and was on its way again. A Mrs. Fairchild remained behind with a dislocated arm.

Narrow mountain roads, which were in the majority, were ready-made contributors to tragedy. In 1875, Andy Morse was driving stage out of Yreka when he met a wagon going in the opposite direction on a narrow trail. The wagon driver, Charley Greutze, pulled his team up on the inside bank so that the stage could pull around him on the outside. As Morse edged his coach around the wagon, Greutze's vehicle, which had been parked at too steep an angle, suddenly tipped over onto the stage horses. The animals spooked and jumped off the cliff taking themselves and the coach down a drop of several hundred feet. There were no passengers. Morse jumped off and miraculously the stage stock survived but the coach was smashed to kindling.

In the winter of 1855, a California stage out of Shasta was plunging over a bad stretch of road when the driver was suddenly thrown from his seat. The horses immediately ran away and stampeded down the road "at a frightful pace." The outside passengers jumped off and it looked as if a bad smash-up was inevitable.

One of the inside passengers was an off-duty messenger for the Pacific Express Company, a Mr. Lusk. As soon as he realized the situation, Lusk climbed from inside the coach to the driver's box and from there he leaped onto the tongue of the stage. From there he vaulted to the back of the near wheeler horse and gathering up the reins, managed to stop the coach with its terrified passengers.

ASIDE from wrecks, a stage trip could be a pretty miserable experience even if from nothing but the weather. In the summer dust permeated everything, even the linen dusters or overcoats which were worn for protection. Too, with nine passengers seated in a coach on a hot, summer day, one can imagine the discomfort of that era of weekly baths and no deodorants.

Whenever a stage came to a steep grade, passengers were made to dismount and continue to the top of the hill on foot. Men, on particularly steep roads, were asked to help by pushing on the rear of the coach. Frontier humor referred to such incidents as transferring from whatever stage line they were on to the line of "Foot and Walker."

Bad as stage travel could be in the summer, winter was even worse as the coaches and teams fought and lurched their way through muddy quagmires and swollen streams. A particularly rough winter trip took place in December, 1874 between Redding and Yreka.

Twice the coach sank up to the wheel hubs in mud and the passengers had to vacate the stage while it was dug out. At such times travelers were forced to wade to solid ground where they could wait until the coach was ready to move.

The misery of these muddy, cold and shivering people can well be imagined, but the worst was yet to come. About a mile and a half past the Slate Creek Station, just after dark, the driver misjudged the distance on a bridge and the right wheels slipped off. The coach fell sideways off the bridge and into the gulch below, landing on its top. Passengers and mail were jumbled in a tangle of arms and legs, but miraculously no one was seriously injured and the driver finally managed to get everyone safely out.

Since there was no way for them to get the coach back on the road, it was decided they would have to walk back to the last station and get help. Off they went into the pitch-black night, slogging their way through mud. Raynes, one of the passengers, carried a torch to light their way, but he soon dropped it and so they proceeded in darkness. One of the women was over sixty years old and had to be helped all the way. Another woman passenger had been injured and was so weak that she kept falling down.

When some lights were sighted, off in the darkness, the party assumed it was the station and headed toward them only to find they had been led away from the road by the campfires of an Indian *rancheria*. The bedraggled group finally reached the station and the driver took some men out to bring the coach back.

At dawn the stage was in front of the station ready to go as if nothing had happened. Of such ingredients was a winter stage trip sometimes made.

A Mrs. D. B. Bates once recalled some of the details of a stage wreck in the mountains back in the 1850s:

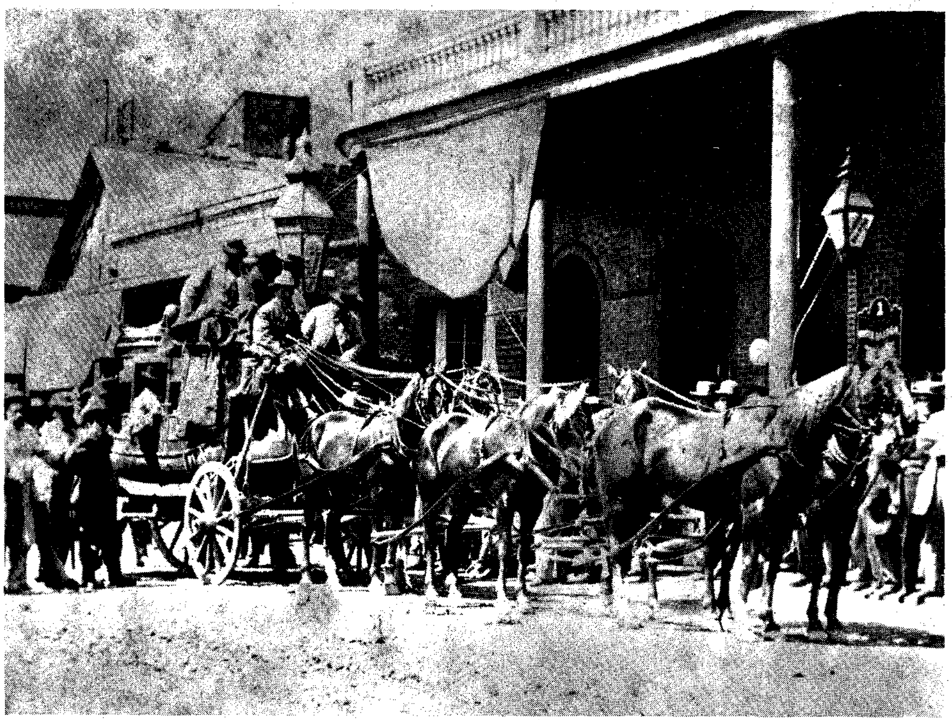
"One night about eleven o'clock," she wrote, "a lady came into the hotel (at Marysville) looking more dead than alive. She was leading a little girl about eleven years of age, who was in the same plight as her mother. They were both covered with bruises, scratches and blood, with their garments soiled and torn. They were coming back from Bidwell's Bar, a place about forty miles from Marysville, in a stagecoach in which there were nine Chinamen. The coach was all closed, as it was rather cool in the mountains in the evening. All at once they found themselves turning somersaults.

"The coach was overturned down a steep bank. All the Chinamen with their long queues reaching to their heels, were rolling and tumbling about in the most

A group of stages ready to leave the Wells Fargo office in Colfax, California, 1865

Courtesy Bancroft Library

WELLS FARGO & CO'S EXPRESS.



Courtesy Bancroft Library

This well-loaded California Stage Company coach was heading for the mines (1865).

ungraceful manner imaginable. They were vociferating at the tops of their voices in a language which, if spoken calmly . . . is harsh and disagreeable in the extreme. 'And,' said she, 'such a horrid din of voices as raged in my ears, it was scarcely possible to conceive of; which, together with the fright, was almost sufficient to deprive me of my reason.' The driver was seriously hurt, and so were some of the horses; but the inside passengers escaped without having any of their limbs broken, although their queues were awfully disarranged."

Even under good conditions freak accidents could occur. Early in December, 1874 the stage out of Redding was traveling at a very slow pace because of the particularly dark night. Lanterns on the side of the coach were burning brightly, but because of the steam rising from the horses' backs, a haze of fog was formed that obscured the driver's vision and he subsequently drove his coach off a small bridge. Luckily the gulch was shallow and no damage was done to either stage or passengers.

STAGE DRIVERS were often injured or killed in the line of duty. Harry Lee was driving stage out of Big Valley one day in 1884. It had been raining all day and when he came to Oak River he determined to try and cross even though the stream was swollen and dangerous. Several people at the crossing tried to persuade Lee not to make the attempt, but he waved them aside. He was determined to uphold his record for bringing his coach through on time and he had too much confidence in his ability to let a little water scare him off.

Lee had had a difficult time crossing the same stream at a lower ford and he should have known better, but he took his team out into the rapidly rising current. Despite the horses' having to swim, the stage had almost made it across when it struck a sand bar and Lee was thrown into the water. He was carried swiftly downstream and drowned. The horses managed to keep their heads up until a man rode out from the other side and cut them loose from the upset coach. Luckily there were no passengers, for the coach was washed some distance downstream.

Bill Sulloway, driving stage towards Sacramento, was thrown off his seat and between the feet of his horses when his coach suddenly struck a stump in the road. He managed to hang onto the reins even though he was being dragged along the ground, but when one of the wheels passed over his body he lost his grip. The horses promptly ran away and were halted only when the coach capsized in a gully. Some of the passengers were injured jumping from the coach, but those who had stayed inside were unharmed.

Another driver, bringing his coach down a steep grade, was horrified when he discovered his brake was not working. Asher Wall, piloting his stage out of Roseburg, was descending Mrytle Creek Hill when the block on his brake came off. The horses ran frantically down the hill with the plummeting coach nipping at their heels. When a curve was reached at the bottom, the stage plunged off the road. Wall's lifeless body was discovered some minutes later, crushed under the hub of a rear wheel.

One of the giants of California staging passed from the scene in 1872. J. B. "Bob" Crandall, who had established one of the earliest stage lines in 1850, was fatally injured while driving stage out of San Francisco. It was a dark, moonless night in November and a Mr. Leggit was riding next to Crandall on the driver's seat when the horses suddenly stepped off the road into a small gully. Crandall tried to pull the horses up, but in so doing was jerked from his seat and fell among the rear team.

As he struggled to get to his feet, one of the animals kicked him and Crandall's head was smashed against the wagon tongue. Leggit grabbed the reins, but in trying to control the frightened team, he capsized the stage. Crandall staggered out from among the horses and although his head was bleeding badly, he checked the passengers first to make sure no one was hurt. Then after looking after the mail, Crandall unhitched the horses and tried to lift the coach. The men couldn't right the stage so Crandall walked seven miles to his home and secured help. While washing his bloody head, the veteran driver collapsed and three hours later he was dead.

ALTHOUGH accidents were by far the most dangerous aspect of coach travel, the road agents and holdup men were an ever present source of trouble from 1851 until after the turn of the century. The bandits and highwaymen were pioneers too, and they set the stage for the next fifty years of western outlawry. And what colorful characters they were—legendary figures now, but in their day, feared and desperate men. Joaquin Murietta was the earliest, most publicized bandit and although he isn't known to have held up a stagecoach, he wasn't averse to raiding a gold-laden pack train or looting small mining settlements. Tom Bell, Rattlesnake Dick Barter, Dick Fellows and Tiburcio Vasquez were all picturesque holdup artists whose names struck terror into the hearts of all stage travelers. The most colorful and most successful of the California highwaymen, of course, was Charles Boles, alias Black Bart. Between 1875 and 1883 he successfully robbed twenty-seven stages.

The first year or so after the discovery of gold saw little in the way of crime in the mining country. Everyone was too busy digging to think of robbing his fellowman. But the gold rush brought many criminals to the area and these and disappointed gold seekers soon began looking for other ways to strike it rich.

A Dillon and Company stage was robbed in 1851 and the Reelfoot Williams gang of outlaws robbed a coach near Illinoistown in April, 1852. But one of the first (if not the first) stagecoach robberies occurred in November, 1851, setting a precedent for a new western occupation.

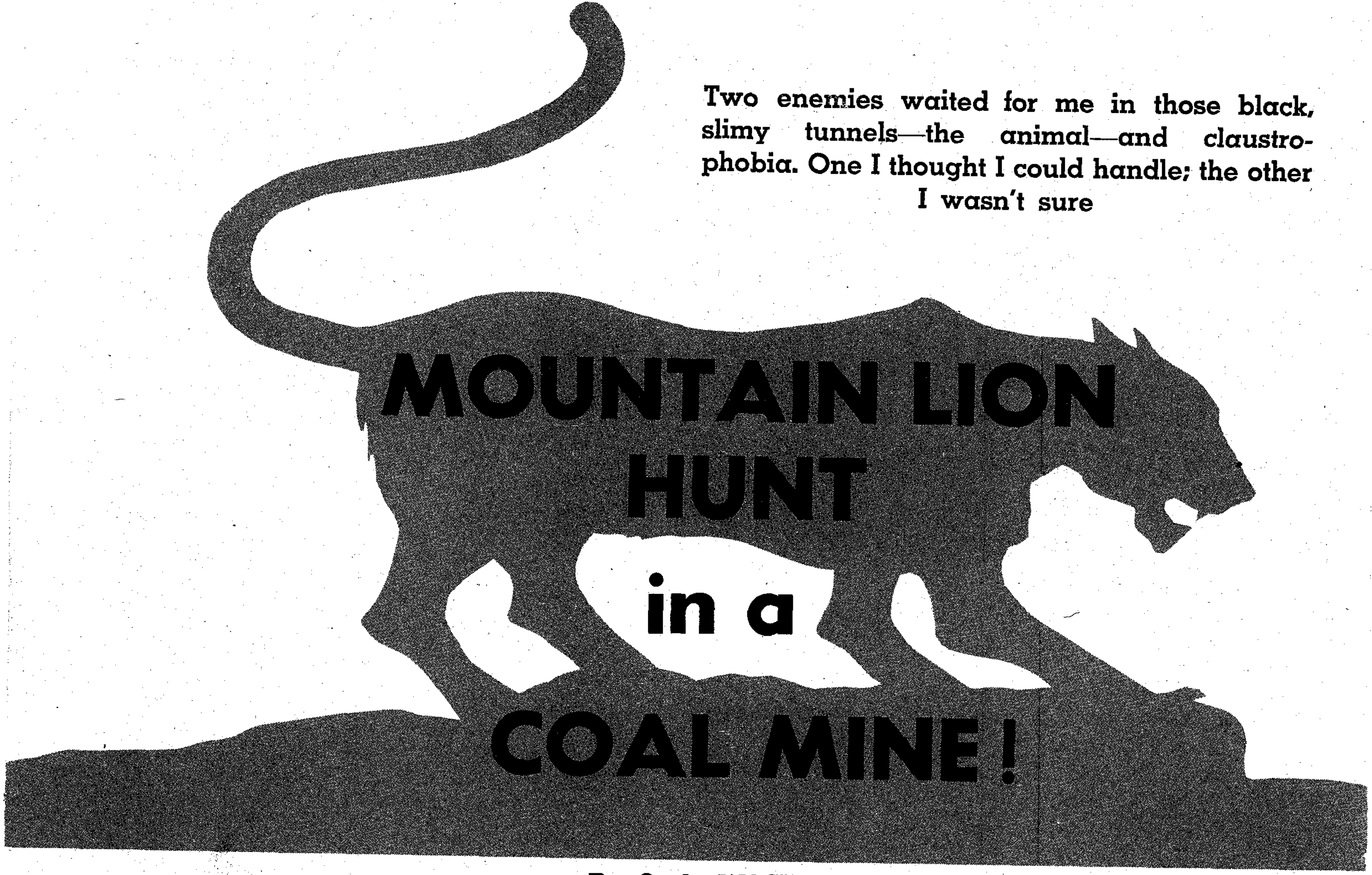
We are told that the driver of this historic stage was one Slim DuChesne and he drove for Jim Birch's Telegraph Line. Slim walked into Grass Valley that day and announced he had been held up and robbed by a bandit who had also taken the stage horses. A hastily formed posse found the horses tied to a tree about a mile from the robbery site, but the bandit and the loot had disappeared.

Slim went back to work, but he was reportedly humiliated by his experience and soon quit his job, vowing that he would track down the bandit if it was the last thing he ever did. His friends told him to forget it, but some time later the bandit was indeed caught, much to everyone's surprise. He was picked up while boarding a steamer leaving San Francisco for the States and in his valise was found the missing $4,000. Oh yes, the name of the audacious bandit was—Slim DuChesne.

There were sporadic forays on the treasure coaches of the early and middle 1850s, but it wasn't until August of 1856 that California realized the serious nature of stage robbery. On this date Tom Bell and his gang swooped down on the Camptonville stage driven by John Gear. The bandits had no sooner commanded the coach to stop than Bill Dobson, the shotgun guard, opened fire and a general engagement followed. There were at least seven in the gang and as Dobson started shooting, Bell and his men raked the coach with their return fire.

One of the passengers was shot in the

(Continued on page 56)

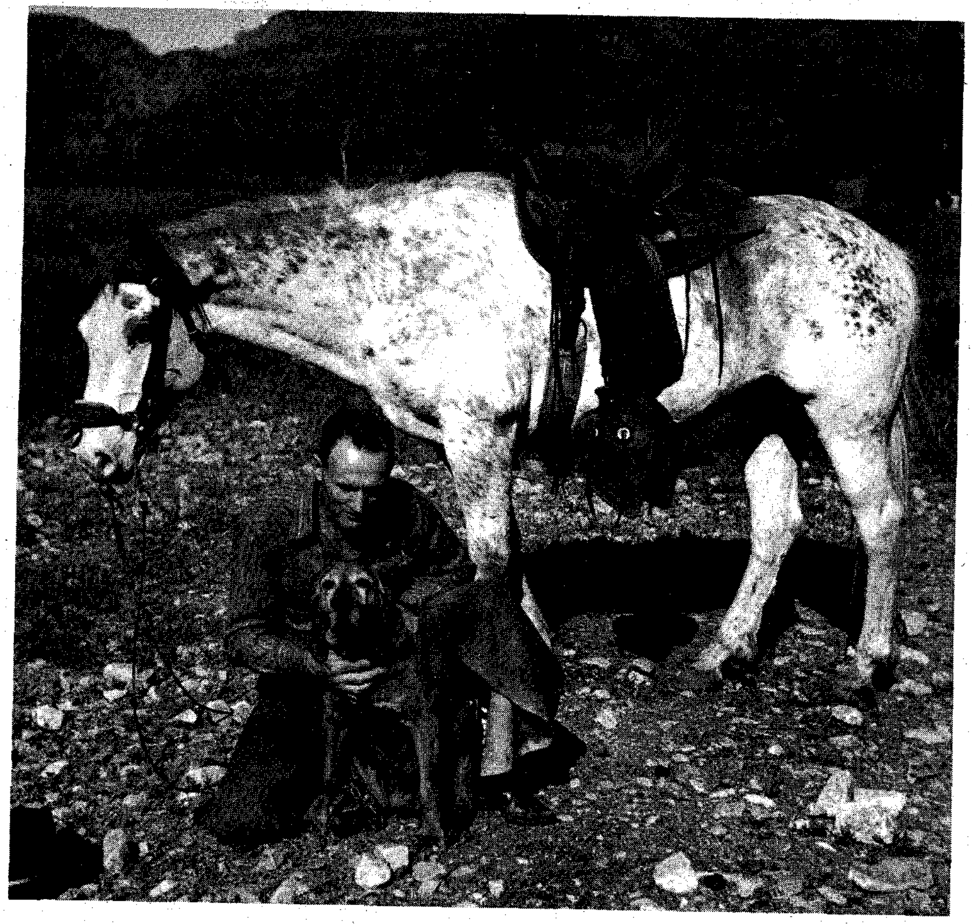


Two enemies waited for me in those black, slimy tunnels—the animal—and claustrophobia. One I thought I could handle; the other I wasn't sure

MOUNTAIN LION HUNT in a COAL MINE!

By O. A. WASHBURN

Photos Courtesy Author



The author poses with his dog, General Red, and horse Sabina.

PEOPLE in the southern Rockies look back on the winter of 1956-57 as one of the worst in their memory. One snowstorm followed another. Men and wild animals alike were unprepared for the deep snow that piled up everywhere. Trains were stalled and then snowed under. Crews lived for weeks in their buried boxcar homes, and, when the worst was over, burrowed out like prairie dogs in the early spring to survey their plight. Domestic animals that were not kept in close and fed regularly perished. Deer that did not migrate early to steep wind-swept slopes facing south, or to lower elevations, stomped out a small hollow in the snow from which they never escaped. It was this struggle for survival under the heavy burden of snow that brought Red and me to our most harrowing hunt.

I had seen twin morning sundogs early in January on the clouds in the southern sky, and had overheard several loud, animated conversations among the great horned owls as well as the tell-tale mid-afternoon lament of a coyote. The heavy snows came as no great surprise to me. I had the tractor ready with the snow blade, and the livestock within easy reach. As the snow fell I scraped it off the winding road that led up the canyon to our ranch, never letting it get deep enough to stall the tractor. Between times, I shoveled out the ever disappearing trails to the barn and woodpile. Being prepared, the snow caused Eleanor and me very little distress, but this was not the case as a general rule.

Because of good telephone service, news from the coal mine at Lumberton reached the state's big newspapers before local residents heard a word about it. The mine owner, because of the dire need for coal among snowbound residents, had called for immediate assistance. A huge mountain lion, desperate for food and shelter, had moved into this ancient mine, and neither men nor the burros that pulled the tiny coal cars could be prevailed upon to enter therein. One whiff of the lion-scented draft in the opening of the mine sent the burros in uncontrollable flight. At first, a few of the men, mustering all their courage, said they would work with their carbines by their sides. But the miner's lamps mounted on the front of their hard hats left disquieting, moving shadows behind them that could be seen out of the corners of their eyes. The slightest whisper of sound stiffened them in rigid fright, because it might well be the stealthy footfall of the hungry cougar. They soon came out with hurried steps and furtive glances to the rear, admitting that they had had less wisdom than the jackasses. Newspapermen, sensing something newsworthy, kept in touch with Mr. Tafoya, the owner. Game authorities referred Tafoya to me. The early-morning edition of the paper carried the story of our entering the mine with dogs in search of the big cat.

At first, I thanked Mr. Tafoya for the opportunity of hunting the lion, but told him that this type of hunting was out of my line. Actually, the very thought of going underground filled me with fright. As a child, an uncle had taken me into a mine. He extinguished our light and slipped away some little distance. My screams caused him to switch on the flashlight, but the damage was done. Thereafter I was never able to control my fear of subterranean darkness.

But Señor Tafoya was very persuasive. I had known the tall, white-haired Spanish gentleman for some time and respected and admired him. Also, with the community needing fuel, it seemed cowardly and unneighborly not to try to get the big cat. The panther, if not routed out, might stay in the mine all winter, feeding on rats and mice. Finding my reasons insufficient to deny my friend or my conscience, I agreed, at last, to go. But I must admit that I began hating myself from the minute I said yes, for agreeing to do something the very thought of which paralyzed me with fear.

MY PACK at this time was not at full strength. As a matter of fact, I had only three dogs to back up Red because of the poor aim of a bear hunter I had taken out in October.

I had taken Jack Cannon, of Lorenzo, Texas, hunting two years straight and got a bear for him each time. He was the happiest man I ever saw, but he kept wanting a bigger bear. This one satisfied even his Texas ambition. It was a huge black bear that had fed exceedingly well all summer on Bill Mundy's sheep. Each time before, Jack had made a perfect shot, and I wasn't the least concerned about his aim now. But I should have been. It was the worst mess I ever saw.

Jack's aim was a half-inch too high. The bullet ricocheted off the bear's skull. He was temporarily stunned, though, and fell from the tree as limp as a rag. A moment later, we went as limp as the bear had been. The big bruiser came alive all at once, got up on his hind feet like a kangaroo, and grabbed up a dog. It was Major. The bear worked down the dog's spine with his long tusks like he was eating an ear of corn. He tossed the bloody remains to one side and yanked Ike loose from his shoulder. Ike got the roasting-ear treatment, too, giving out the most pitiful howls I ever heard a dog make. When Ike was dead, the bear hopped after another dog. The pack had quit chewing on him when Ike let out such terrible wails.

Old Bruin was just getting his claws on young Duke, my pride and joy (next to Red), when I finally came to life. I aimed for his spine, knowing that was the only place left to hit him without taking a chance of hitting Duke. Duke screamed and the bullet went home at the same instant. The bear rolled over, gasping and helpless. I grabbed Duke out of his huge paws. He was bleeding profusely because the first snaps of the powerful jaws had gone all the way through the fleshy part of the right hip.

No bones were broken. The wound was painful but not serious. However, it was too soon after such an ordeal to put a young dog in on another dangerous hunt.

Still, I had three of the best left: Red, of course; big Mike; and Butch, the half Airedale. I was going after a lion (usually cowards unless crowded unmercifully) instead of a bear, and in the narrow mine tunnels too many dogs would get in one another's way and get themselves killed. I decided to leave young Duke home for his own good. I didn't really need him anyhow.

When I went out to get the pickup ready to go, with my .38 pistol strapped at my side, Red knew that a hunt was in the offing. He was watching me from the hayloft, where he was accustomed to bedding down on bad days. He stood up, shook himself, groaned a few times, walked down the steps, and jumped into the back of the pickup. From here he watched with his usual composure while preparations were in progress. I patted his head as I walked around the pickup checking the tires, and talked to him about the lion as I checked the oil and radiator.

Eleanor came from the house with a lunch sack of sandwiches and fruit, and a thermos of tea. She looked worried and told me she did not like the idea of my hunting lions underground. Irked at myself, I took a jibe at her, saying that she did not like the idea of my hunting, period. But I apologized quickly; the fact was that, in this instance, I was more than willing to admit her keen insight. The closer I came to the actual hunting of a lion in a run-down mine, the more foolish I reasoned myself to be. However, I could not bring myself to confess openly to this weakness. Instead, I told Eleanor that Red and I would dispose of the lion in a short time, and go on from that to more pleasant things. She walked around the pickup and hugged the placid Red so tight that he grew alarmed, thinking that she was trying to choke him, and broke loose from her grip. That was the only time I ever saw my wife bestow any affection on Red.

General Red, the dog which braved the tunnels with his master tracking the big cat

Any hunter worth his salt can be counted on to take buck fever at certain times. This stems from overeagerness and is not usually thought of as being a failing; in fact, most woodsmen realize that without this hyper-interest one does not have the sustained drive to really make a good hunter. In this vein, it had often been a point of embarrassment to me that I became so excited about a hunt, especially for big game, that I frequently left home with only a portion of the equipment and supplies I had planned to take along.

Today, however, I thought of so many things, a lot of which I really didn't need at all, that Eleanor got to wishing I would leave and get it over with. She was convinced that I was too stubborn to change my mind at this point. I even thought of a vitamin pill that Señor Tafoya's unexpected call had prevented me from taking. I put four extra pills in my pocket emergency kit, where I kept dry matches and the like, taking no pains to camouflage this precaution from my wife. When I could no longer ignore her restlessness at the endless preparations, I reminded her that it didn't make any difference anyway whether I started at sunup or sunset—it would be as dark as the inside of a raven, back in the mine.

I waved gaily as I backed out of the garage, racking my stalled brain to think of something else to tarry for. Eleanor returned the gay wave, threw a handful of kisses, and, when I had driven away, let a flood of tears pour off her cheeks to disappear unnoticed in the snow.

SEÑOR TAFOYA paced back and forth in front of the gaping hole that was the opening of the mine. He was becoming convinced that the hunter had had serious trouble. He thought it could not possibly have taken this long to load a few long-eared dogs and drive a few miles. I could, he thought, have crawled the distance in shorter time in such an emergency.

Little knots of miners stood here and there, talking in subdued tones. Their coal-smeared clothing made sharp contrast with the high wall of snow that had been shoveled back to clear the mine opening. The miners could not conceal their curious admiration for the brave *gringo* with the dogs. They crowded around my pickup when I drove up, but stepped back quickly when the Airedale made a charge at one who put his hand on the rear fender. Although they were taken aback, they ended up by nodding approval, and looking at each other with knowing glances, conveying the opinion that the lion would soon meet his match.

I opened the door and stepped out of the pickup, braced considerably by the moral support that was obviously mine at this point. Red lay down in the hay I had put in for a dog bed and began to snore as old dogs do. It was clear that he thought the chances were extremely slim for a hunt here.

Señor Tafoya approached me, walking rapidly. We shook hands. He motioned to a dark, burly miner who was standing disdainfully apart from the others. The big man approached and was introduced to me as Bill Caminos. I had always prided myself on a good strong grip, but the big miner, I soon realized, could have crushed every bone in my hand. The man had dark, steady eyes and a firm jaw that resembled that of my Airedale—more especially since the hair on it was about the same length and about the same color; also, he sported a gray bristle here and there.

"Caminos, of all my men, has agreed to accompany you into the mine," Señor Tafoya said. Caminos nodded full assent.

"I am ready when you are, Señor Gringo."

I took a long look at the black hole that leered at me from the base of the sandstone mountain. The sight almost unnerved me. With considerable effort, I set my jaw and looked straight at Caminos. "Do you have a gun?"

"Si, Señor, hay esta mi rifle." He pointed toward the opening of the mine.

"Okay. Fine. Can you carry a bag of food and water?"

"Si, Señor."

I handed him the lunch Eleanor had prepared and picked up the dog chains. I yoked the Airedale and the big hound together, and told Red to follow. The sun was setting as rosy as a blast furnace when we entered the mine, causing the darkness to take on added thickness.

Caminos handed me a hard hat with a carbide lamp attached to it. I put it on, feeling extremely funny. I told Caminos that I spoke some Spanish, but would prefer to converse in English.

"I speak the Ingles, but not too pretty." pretty."

"No importa," I answered. *"Vamos."*

Caminos lit the carbide lights and picked up his small case with an extra supply of carbide and enough spare water to go with it. The burning carbide gave off a disagreeable odor that made me sick to my already squeamish stomach. I did not mention this, however, but followed after the large stooping figure, stooping myself, so as not to hit my head on the jagged rocks above.

We followed the tiny rail on which the coal cars were moved at some length back into the mine. I thought Caminos would never stop or speak. I was not accustomed to walking bent forward and the strain on my back and legs began to bother me. Caminos moved along easily, his long, powerful arms dangling with the lunch, carbide box, and carbine in his hands like deformed front feet on a four-footed beast. My light projected the shadow of my companion onto the darkness ahead. It resembled a grotesque ape in motion.

When, at last, Caminos stopped, I was ready to drop.

"Thees is the place where last we saw the track." He focused his light on the pulverized earth at his feet, and I saw clearly the imprint of the largest cougar foot I had ever seen. Caminos went on to explain that present mine work stopped at this point. He explained that, in order to get ventilation for this new vein of coal, they had dug through to the unused mine system of long ago. He had not gone into this network of old tunnels but obviously it was open, because they had hit a draft of fresh air. I marveled at his opinion of fresh air. To me it seemed either the dankest and dampest, or else the driest and most suffocating place I had ever been in.

Caminos stated that, in his opinion, the lion had entered the old shaft and could now be found in the abandoned workings. I called Red forward, and with my finger indicated the huge track. Red understood, but apparently could smell nothing in the dusty mine residue. Instead, he raised his head and sniffed deeply of the air about him. He whined softly, and I knew he had winded the cougar. The two yoked dogs stirred restlessly. The hunter in me was beginning to come forward to replace my fear of the mine. I told Caminos to lead on to the opening into the old workings. At length, Caminos stopped at a round hole two feet in diameter dug through the sandstone wall. I could not see but sensed a dark, lifeless-void beyond. It occurred to me that perhaps Columbus felt as I did when he thought he was approaching the end of the earth.

Now I felt a breath of air, but it did not seem fresh. It was damp and chill and foul. Red came forward and breathed deeply of the air current. He made as if to enter the old shaft, but I checked him with a soft word. It had become my policy not to undertake a hunt, especially one that promised to be as arduous as this, without first going over the possible hazards and opportunities.

"CAMINOS," I said, "you are a miner and you will have to lead the way until we are within sight or hearing of the cat. Then you will step aside and I shall be the *patron.*"

"Si, Señor."

"Now, my dogs are ready. When I set them free they will travel much faster than we will be able to follow. We will be able to hear their baying, but I am not sure that I will be able to determine their direction inside the earth. On top, I am good at directions."

"I do not know, either, Señor. Never have I searched for sounds in the mine."

"But you will know how to move about. We will decide together which way we shall go."

"But, Señor, you must understand that even a *minero* cannot go everywhere in

The author and General Red show off a prize bear killed in the wilderness near Chama, New Mexico.

an old mine. Many places the top has fallen in so that the tunnel is closed, and where there is water coming from above, it is not safe to pass. In fact, nowhere is it really safe in the old mine."

I did not allow myself to dwell on this thought. To me no mine of any vintage was either safe or tolerable, but I had a job to do.

I climbed through the aperture into the old tunnel before I gave Red the command to proceed, because I would not knowingly set the dogs on a trail over which I could not follow. Without hesitation, Red trotted off into the nothingness that was everywhere beyond range of the feeble lights. Caminos followed me into the unused portion of the mine and there hunkered as one must do, who would rest in a low mine tunnel. We did not talk but waited in silence. My pocket watch drummed loudly in the tomb-like quiet around us. After several minutes of this unbearable silence, the mine awoke with a hollow echo. I recognized the sound even under these unusual circumstances as Red's raspy chop opening on a trail. I never doubted for a moment that he had found a fresh track of the lion, for it had been years since he had opened falsely. When he gave tongue, the honest smell of wanted game was strong in his nostrils. I unsnapped Butch and the big hound, Mike. They were gone in an instant, apparently certain of Red's location. Caminos made as if to follow, but I laid a restraining hand upon his shoulder.

"Wait until all the dogs are together," I whispered, listening carefully for their united baying when they hit the trail. Mike opened first, and his mighty bellow was like an earthquake around us. In an interim of quiet between Mike's trumpeting roars, I caught the shrill trail chop of the Airedale. I squeezed Caminos' shoulder where my hand had remained after I gave the restraining signal. Caminos understood, for he hunched to his feet and led the way after the baying dogs. I followed. After a while it occurred to me that Caminos must have a thick strand of muscle extending from his heels to the nape of his neck, for he never seemed to tire in the stooping posture.

We made good progress, and the faint rustle of our steps on the dry mine floor allowed us to hear the baying dogs in the unfathomable distance and darkness. However, the time came when the baying grew faint and at length disappeared altogether. We sat straining to catch an echo, but were rewarded only with the sound of our own subdued breathing and the loud ticking of the watch.

"Señor Gringo, I think they go *izquierda.*"

"I think they went left, too."

We went on and on, following blindly the last recollection we had of the sound of the dogs. I lost all sense of direction and time. I felt that surely I must soon awake from this awful dream, with a pain of indigestion in my stomach.

My reverie was interrupted when Caminos focused his light on a jumble of rocks that blocked our way. "The mine has caved in," he said. "We cannot pass."

We retraced our steps, keeping watch for an opening on the left. We found one, Caminos plunged into it, taxing my strength to keep within sight of him. I became conscious of a growing dampness underfoot. When, after an eon, Caminos stopped, we stood in slime, and Caminos had his headlight focused on the mud of the mine floor. I followed the light with my eyes and saw the footprints of the dogs and the large, sinister track of the puma. Water dripped with solemn regularity on my hard hat. It dripped off onto my back and seeped through my clothing, causing gooseflesh to spring up over my body.

In a voice that seemed calm, even to myself, I said, "Can we follow after the dogs?"

"We shall try, Señor."

We went on, our feet making loud sucking sounds as they were lifted out of the mud. The stooping, combined with the sticky footing, was tiring me quickly. My back was aching like an arm that is held above the head for several minutes. Caminos forged on, and I lost sight of him at times. When I caught up with him he was on hands and knees, peering into a small opening that was all that remained of the open mine tunnel. In this position the man looked more like the Airedale than ever. His jutting, bearded chin stuck into the hole. He moved his head from side to side as he looked and sniffed at the situation that confronted him.

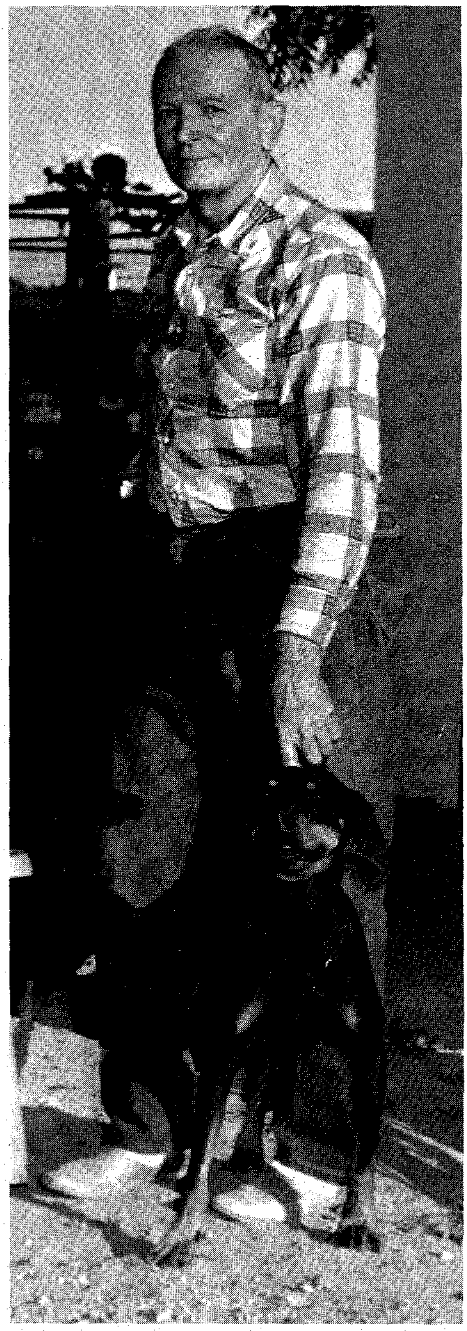
I felt that I could rely on the judgment of this nervy miner. If the air coming through smelled fresh, and Caminos thought the opening was large enough and safe enough for passage, I would follow. Caminos spoke as if to himself, "The *gato* (cat) would not enter if he must turn back. He is not so thick as I am, and perhaps the hole is too small for me. Still, one can never be sure that he will go through the dark night into another day. There are times when one must have faith in the spirit that has brought him from nothing to what and where he is in this strange world. Señor Gringo, you will wait until I call, if I do not lodge. First, I will refill our lights with carbide."

HE TOOK his own lamp from his hat and extinguished the small yellowish flame. Working in the light of the lamp, he quickly poured in the dry lumps of carbide and the correct amount of water. The sputtering, hissing chemical action that followed somehow reminded me of a rattlesnake I had heard one night, while crossing a valley filled with sagebrush. I remembered how I had stood, afraid to move, unable to locate the rattled warning of the snake by the pale light from the stars. I remembered the strong pungent odor of sagebrush in my nostrils as I cautiously backed away, making sure I retraced my steps exactly. In the mine, the odor of the sage was replaced by the ill-smelling carbide.

When Caminos had his own light going again, he took the one from my hat and refilled it. I marveled at the swift sureness of his large, calloused hands.

Without seeming in the least uncomfortable, Caminos lay down in the ooze on the mine floor and worked the carbide box and the lunch sack into the hole ahead of him. I wrapped the dog chains tight about my waist and snapped them. Then I tore a strip of cloth from my handkerchief and worked it into the barrel of the rifle that Caminos had left for me to carry. I did not want the rifle barrel filled with mud when we caught up with the lion, because I could not be sure how accurate I would be with the pistol in the dimness of the carbide light.

When I could no longer hear Caminos, I knelt down and directed the rays of my head lamp into the hole. Until now, I had not realized how limited the lights were. They probed only a few feet into the darkness of the mine. I could see nothing of Caminos. Even the trace of life that the draft of air brought into the mine was stilled now. Caminos' body so nearly filled the hole that the free passage of air was stopped.



Carl Siford, a good friend of Washburn, with Little Duke, another fine hunter

I waited, listening, but heard only the sound of my watch and the pounding of my heart.

Although the muscles in my legs and back ached like abscessed teeth, I could not rest, because I could not yet bring myself to sit or lie down in the wetness everywhere. I crouched, nodding slightly from fatigue. Out of practice over long years of listening for dogs in the mountains, my ears were alert to catch the slightest sound. Rousing, I looked at my watch. It was 12:48 P.M. Caminos had been gone twenty-five minutes now—

(Continued on page 57)

NEW BOHN HOTEL

The Idaho Springs-Georgetown stage, in Georgetown, Colorado. This coach was one of many held up by bandits from the Black Prince Mine.

By HARRY SINCLAIR DRAGO

Photos Courtesy
Denver Public Library Western Collection

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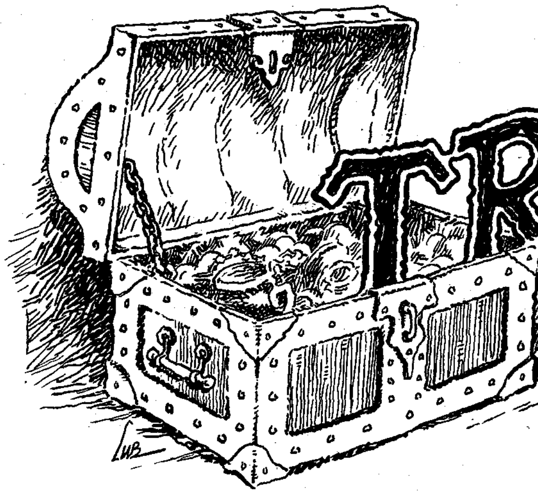
The ladies of the Friday Afternoon Club helped old Stony Wilcox recover a fortune. Moral of the story is: it really does pay to be polite—and to wash behind your ears!



TREASURE in an IRON BOX

THERE WAS almost $24,000 in the iron chest (an old-time express company strongbox) that was pulled up out of the shaft of the long-abandoned Black Prince Mine in Summit County, Colorado, where it had lain under eighty feet of water for a quarter of a century. Most of it was in gold, bearing the mark of the U.S. Denver Mint. Although one may doubt the many tales of buried or lost outlaw loot, the money recovered from the Black Prince was unquestionably the proceeds of several gang robberies.

The notorious Reynolds Gang, a favorite topic with Colorado folklorists, committed so many robberies and ranged so wide that the opinion has often been expressed that the money found at the Black Prince was Reynolds' loot. No evidence to support this contention has ever been produced. In fact, if the story of Stony Wilcox, who got the money in the end, is to be believed, Jim and John Reynolds never had their hands on it.

After the railroads succeeded in getting over, around, and through its mountains, Colorado had very few notable train holdups, but in stagecoach robberies it ranked second only to California. The majority of them were never solved and the guilty brought to what, for want of a better word, was called justice. With Leadville and a dozen other camps booming, highway robbery was a lucrative business. All that was required was for three men or more to band together, make a sudden and unexpected strike, and then retire into respectability until they were ready to make another foray. The best of all alibis and cover-ups was for them to take possession of an apparently exhausted mine that the owners had abandoned and to which legal title could be had by the payment of back taxes, usually a matter of only several hundred dollars.

Summit County was plentifully supplied with such unpromising prospects. The Black Prince easily qualified; it had produced modestly for three or four years and might have continued to do so if the owners had not encountered water. Keeping the mine pumped out became too costly for the operation to continue.

It was under such circumstances that in 1881 three men, giving their names as Johnson, Davis, and Smith (obviously aliases), took legal possession of the Black Prince. They made a pretense of keeping the water level down and doing some work. They were unfriendly and discouraged the visiting that was a recognized part of the social life of a mining district in those free and easy days. They bought their supplies in Breckenridge or Alma, kept to themselves, asked no favors, and divulged no information about how things were going at the time. In return, they were put down as unknowable, and dismissed.

To ward off any suspicion that mining might not be their real business, they had periodic assays made of carefully "salted" ore, the gold content of which came from the poke of a passenger in the holdup of the Idaho Springs-

Residents of Alma, Colorado, in the gold district Stony Wilcox roamed

Georgetown stage. The assayer found sixty to one-hundred-dollar values. Nothing startling, but certainly high enough to spread the feeling that reopening the old Black Prince was not as foolish as many had supposed.

They had better horses and more of them than were usually found at a mine. This should have aroused some speculation, but it failed to do so. Looking back, men wondered why they had not taken notice and drawn conclusions. All over the state more stagecoaches were stopped by masked highwaymen in the summer of 1884 than ever before. One such incident occurred twenty-five miles down the South Platte, below Alma, at Eleven Mile Canyon, in which a passenger was shot to death. It was a brutal, uncalled-for killing, and aroused public feeling. The sheriff of Park County organized a posse and set out in pursuit of the bandits. He trailed them across the line into Summit County and refused to give up even though he was exceeding his jurisdiction. There the sheriff of Summit County joined forces with him. Two days later the circle they had thrown through the mountains began to contract. Finally, it centered on the Black Prince Mine.

It was obvious by now that the quarry was the three men who had made the Black Prince their headquarters for almost three years. The posse closed in on the mine, expecting the outlaws to put up a bitter fight. But there was no one there; the three men had fled.

A FEW months later, three masked men attempted to hold up a Wells Fargo treasure coach. Two of them were killed; the third man escaped. The sheriffs of Summit and Park Counties identified the dead men as two of the three who had used the Black Prince for their hideout. They died unnamed.

The fate of their companion remained a mystery. There were rumors that he had succumbed to the wounds he had received during the holdup. It was also said that he had been seen in Santa Fe several years later. Whether or not there was any foundation for these tales, he disappeared and was not seen in Colorado again—at least for a quarter of a century. By then the Cripple Creek mining district was loudly (and justifiably) calling itself the greatest gold camp in the world—which it was. After a bitter fight little Teller County had been formed by lopping off pieces of the adjoining counties, with Cripple Creek becoming the county seat. It had two railroads, the narrow-gauge Florence and Cripple Creek, and the standard-gauge Colorado Midland. To get there, roadbeds had been blasted out of mountainsides; spidery wooden trestles built over frightening canyons; curves, grades, switchbacks negotiated—all made possible by what Colorado had the most of —brains, brawn, money, and guts, the latter something more primitive and vital than today's prissy intestinal fortitude.

With the sky the limit and its millionaires becoming too numerous to be any longer a novelty, the Cripple Creek district's prosperity drained away interest in the older, long-established camps. Some faded out completely. Empty stores in the once booming Breckenridge-Alma district told the story of what was happening there. The big Orizaba Mine, employing over a hundred men, was still going strong, but many small, independent producers had closed down and hurried off to Cripple Creek.

All mining towns, in good times or bad, have an ever changing, drifting population. Very few people were left in Breckenridge, and fewer still in Alma, who could recall the time when the Black Prince Mine was used as a bandit hideout. To them it was just one of the several dozen abandoned shafts on the slope west of town, its only distinction being that it was flooded to a depth of eighty feet. That opinion was not held by a handful of old-timers, including little Stony Wilcox, who were already living in the past.

Stony had come over the Divide in the long ago and gone to work as a mucker in the Orizaba. The shoring in a drift tunnel had given away, crippling him for life. He had been an Orizaba pensioner ever since. Unable to work in the mine any longer, he pieced out his pension by doing odd jobs around town, such as swamping out Jim Brown's saloon or doing the porter work at the hotel. The ladies always found him obliging and ready, like Rip Van Winkle, to drop whatever he was doing and give them a hand, if a pane of glass had to be put in or a piece of furniture needed repairing. They particularly liked him because he was neat and clean. Cleanliness had a particular virtue in their eyes, and whenever it was necessary for one of them to walk out to his cabin, a short distance beyond town, they were delighted to see what a good housekeeper he was.

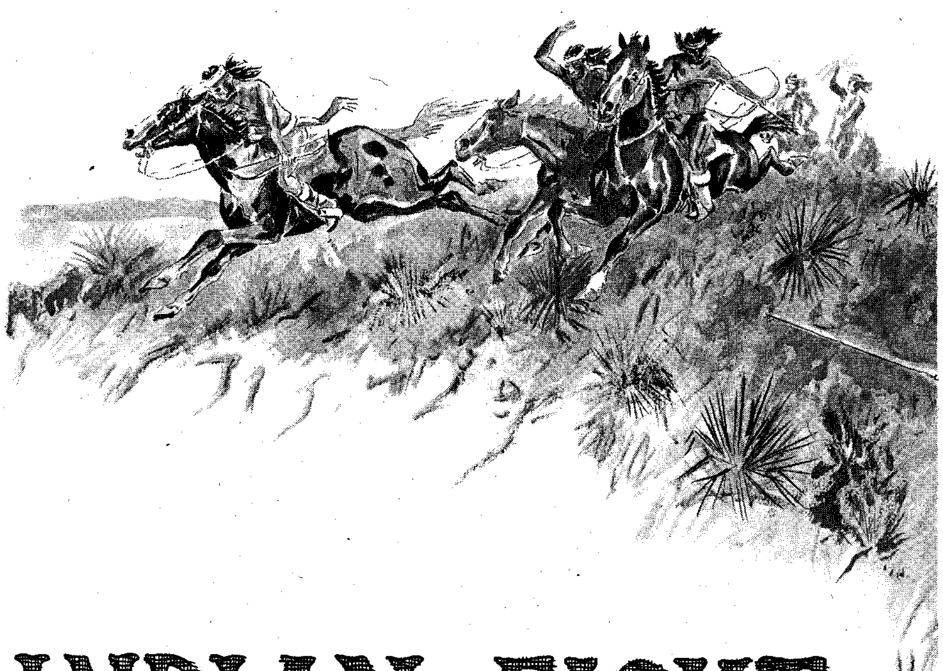
When Stony fell ill it provided the ladies of the Friday Afternoon Club, a select little group of do-gooders directed by Mrs. Jim Petit, the wife of the superintendent of the Orizaba Mine, with an opportunity to demonstrate their high purpose. He became their pet project.

(Continued on page 42)

Breckenridge, Summit County, Colorado, near which Stony Wilcox recovered the stolen gold

By JACK McPHEE

Illustration by Al Martin Napoletano



INDIAN FIGHT AT BATTLE FLAT

A fatal complacency got the men into trouble; a determination not to be captured got them out...

THE APACHE SCOUT stopped, listened for a moment, then cautiously advanced. Voices of white men—careless ones, too! Talking, laughing, making noise when they should be silent. He crept to the top of the hill, stuck some brush around in his headband for camouflage, then peered over.

The prospectors were making camp for the night. Away from camp their pack horses were picketed on good grass. Nobody was guarding the animals; this promised to be easy. He counted five blanket rolls lying on the ground around the fire, and there were five men. Every man had two revolvers in holsters on his belt; and there were five rifles, too. The Apache had always wanted a pair of those big revolvers, and this seemed the time to get them. There would be other good things, too; ammunition, coffee, sugar, flour and tobacco. The horses were fat, and the pack equipment all looked good. Then there would be the sport of killing the men; probably they could be taken alive for burning. Here was the opportunity of the season, but he needed help. So, backing away, he set out at a jog trot for home and assistance.

It was the evening of June 2, 1864; the location a flat in the valley of Turkey Creek, near the junction of that stream with Tuscumbia Creek, about twenty miles southeast of present-day Prescott, Arizona. The white men were Frank Binkley, Samuel Herron, Stewart Wall, Fred Henry and D. M. Scott.

All were young fellows, experienced in outdoor life in the West. All were veterans of Indian fighting, and because they had survived former encounters with little trouble, they were probably contemptuous of the race; at least, they were careless in not guarding their stock in a country notorious for Indian horse thieves.

According to the custom of the time in that country, every man was armed with a good rifle, and a pair of Colt's revolvers. Although cap-and-ball weapons, these were powerful arms using a round ball of .44 caliber, backed by a heavy charge of black powder. Forty-four grains of powder could be used, but 40 was the common load at that time. Fred Henry had a Hawken rifle of .53 caliber which used a round ball weighing 32 to the pound. Wall's Harper's Ferry rifle was a percussion-lock arm using the same caliber ball with a charge of 70 grains of black powder; this load delivered at least 1,700 foot-seconds velocity. In the group was at least one double-barreled shotgun. Everybody had plenty of ammunition, and felt able to stand off any attack.

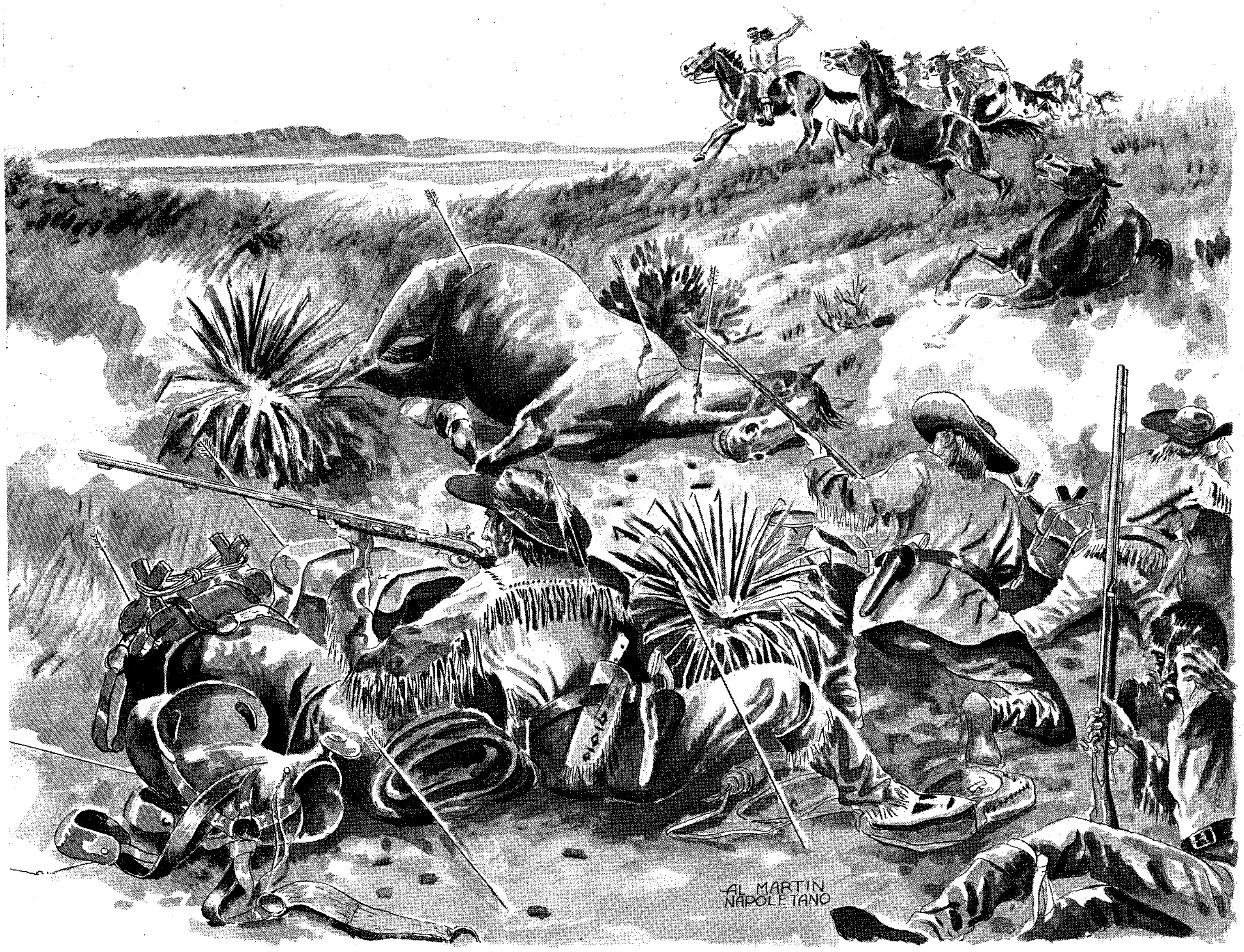
FRANK BINKLEY was the leader of the party. The previous year, while prospecting with William D. Bradshaw, in what are now known as the Bradshaw Mountains, he found pay dirt near Black Canyon. The other men had joined him at Bradshaw's Ferry, on the Colorado River; from there they had journeyed to Walnut Grove, Arizona, arriving there the last of May. They had three horses loaded with grub and prospecting tools. Two days of traveling and hunting from Walnut Grove brought them to their present camp, an estimated distance of twenty miles.

A deer had been killed during the day, and all hands enjoyed a good feed of venison. After filling a kettle with meat for breakfast, they left it stewing on the fire, and turned in because mosquitoes were troublesome. In good old frontier style, they removed their boots, socks, pants and shirts, and slept in their underwear. The mosquitoes caused the men to cover their heads with blankets, and they fell into a sound sleep.

During the night the scout returned with his tribesmen. They quietly surrounded the camp, and settled down to wait for daylight to attack. After the battle, it was determined that none of the Indians was farther from the white men than fifty yards.

Something occurred to prompt the Indians into attacking before daylight; maybe one of the sleeping white men sat up in his blankets, or moved around too much. Anyway, a few of the Indians had crept up to the sleepers when one of the white men awoke, grabbed his rifle, and fired. The Indians retreated and the battle was on.

It was too dark to distinguish an Indian unless he was moving; when a white man fired, the Indians fired at the flash of his rifle. The whites quickly decided to hold up until daylight, unless charged. They piled up packs, saddles and rocks to protect their position, and with their sheath knives dug in behind their little barricade. The Indians kept up a steady fire, and by daylight all the whites were wounded except Herron. A bullet had gone through the bridge of Binkley's nose and had knocked out one eye; he had also been shot in the mouth with an arrow; Wall had been shot through the body, and Henry was shot in the breast and also through one arm. Two of



the horses were dead; another was full of arrows and barely alive. Binkley lay in the brush and was presumed to be dead.

After talking it over, Scott and Herron decided to go a little higher up the ridge to prevent the Indians from getting there and shooting down into camp. Wall and Henry would try to hold the camp and provisions as long as they were able.

The two men made it up the hill and, while they couldn't be seen from camp, the sound of their guns told those left behind that they were keeping the attackers busy.

Wall soon became weak from loss of blood, and suggested that they go up the ridge to the other men because he could no longer hold up his gun. Henry felt that the camp should be defended, and persuaded Wall to go up to the pair on the ridge and send one of them down to Henry's assistance.

Wall shortly called down from the ridge for Henry to join them there because none of the men could go back to camp.

The Indians thought Henry was too weak to fire, and when he started uphill, they tried to rush him; but with his two revolvers he kept them at bay. As soon as he was well away from camp, the Indians rushed in to plunder it, leaving him free to continue his journey.

WHEN HENRY arrived among the others, he found Binkley, whom he had thought dead, sitting behind a rock with his revolver pointed at an Indian about sixty yards distant. The Indian was dodging behind trees and bushes while he shot arrows at Binkley who had only one load left in the revolver. Wall was sitting beside Binkley in a pool of his own blood which was coursing from the eleven wounds he had received. Scott, a few yards away, was standing the Indians off with his revolver, having lent his shotgun to Sam Herron. The others told Henry that Herron was a little way up the ridge, either dead or dying.

Henry immediately went up to Herron, whom he found in great pain and apparently in his death agonies. But even in his misery, he cautioned Henry that Indians were all around him in the bushes.

In order that the enemy couldn't get Herron's arms or ammunition—Herron was unable to use a firearm—Henry took them to the other men. He gave the shotgun to Scott, who used it with deadly effect, even though he had only one arm with which to fire.

Henry then loaded Binkley's revolver, and returned his rifle which Henry had been using since his Hawken had been put out of service. From then on Henry used Wall's rifle, and did well with it.

While this regrouping had been underway, the Indians had packed everything from the white men's camp and up a hill to a spot about 400 yards away. There they cut up the dead horses, built several big fires, and were roasting horse meat and eating it. Some of the Indians still remained to keep the whites occupied while their friends were busy feasting.

The white men felt that the Indians would charge them as soon as they had finished eating, and decided to move uphill a little farther to a better position for defense. Neither Herron nor Wall could walk without help; Binkley was almost blind; Scott had only one good hand, and Henry had received several more wounds. Binkley had also received a bullet through a shoulder; but Wall leaned on the good shoulder and directed Binkley where to go. Scott packed the spare arms and watched one side while Henry helped Herron and guarded the other side.

After about seventy yards, Herron gave out. He had been unable to walk but a few steps, and had crawled the

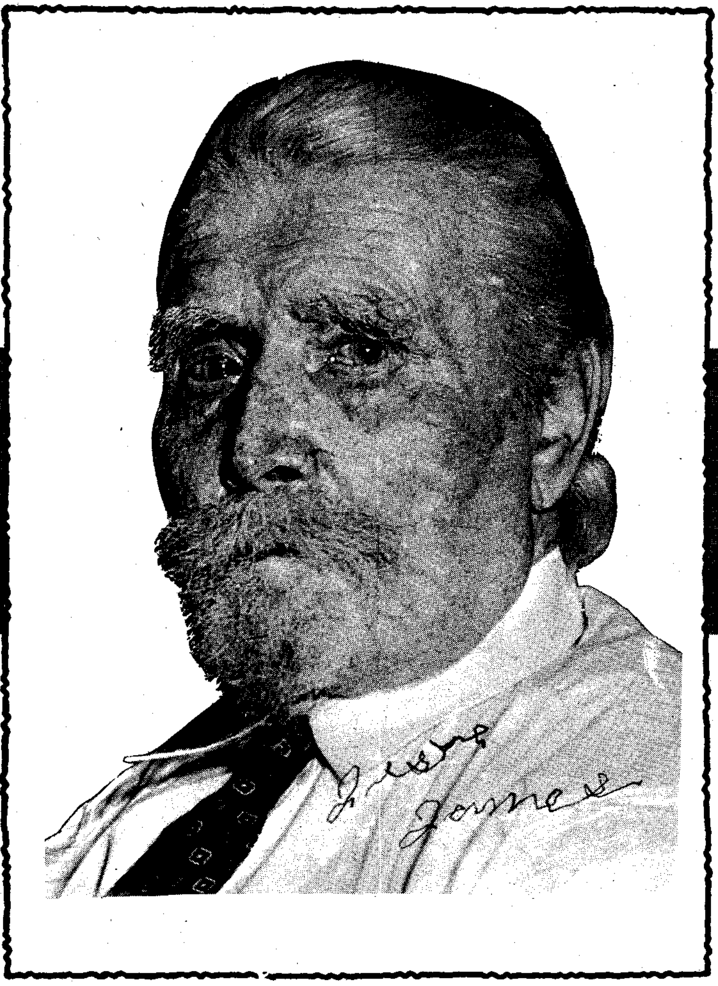
(Continued on page 66)

By CARL BREIHAN

Photos Courtesy University of Oklahoma
N. H. Rose Collection

He got in just under the wire that Father Time eventually stretched across the paths of those who would assume Jesse James' identity

The LAST PRETENDER



J. Frank Dalton, age 102, 1950

On a hot August evening in 1951 in a little Texas town, a very old man died. Just how old he really was no one knows, for he was an imposter and had faked his age as well as his identity.

He claimed to be Jesse James, the most celebrated of American outlaws and the nearest thing we have to a Robin Hood.

A vast body of fact and folklore has grown up around the memory of Jesse James since he was shot to death in St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1882. Separating the fact from the fancy has been a self-appointed chore of many historians of the life and times of Jesse James and his quiet, more intellectual brother and partner in banditry, Frank.

These historians gave the old man who claimed to be Jesse a bad time of it for several years, and by the time he died, probably he himself wasn't sure where and when he had been born.

After a couple of poor starts toward fame, the old gentleman tottered into full limelight in Lawton, Oklahoma, in 1948, when a newspaper there fell for his story and printed a sensational front-page yarn that Jesse James, long thought dead, was indeed very much alive, and what was more, was living in the Oklahoma town.

Press associations carried the news throughout the United States, and wherever there was a local historian who specialized in Jamesiana, or 19th Century American outlawry, the telephone began to ring. One scholar in St. Louis received nearly a hundred phone calls within a day or so after the story appeared in Missouri papers.

The historians sighed at this appearance of still another pseudo Jesse James and patiently went to work on his pretensions. By the time of his death his carefully fabricated claims were submerged in a morass of confused and contradictory self-revelations. Tied like an anchor to the claims to bury them forever were a number of historical documents that would never have been unearthed if this elderly imposter had not decided to have his fling.

Until he decided to be Jesse, the pretender used J. Frank Dalton as his name; and he continued to be stuck with it, despite his attempt at a court hearing in Missouri in 1950 "to have his legal name, Jesse James, restored." Missouri Circuit Judge Ransom A. Breuer, presiding at the hearing, held that no ruling was in order, because if Dalton were really James, as he claimed, he had never legally changed his name. The old man was taken back to the tourist-patronized caves whose owners used him in exploitation.

By research the historians discovered that in 1939, Dalton had said he was born in Goliad, Texas, on March 8, 1848, while his father, a colonel in the United States Army, was en route to the war with Mexico.

The records of the United States Department of the Army do not show that there was any colonel named Dalton in the Mexican War; for that matter, not even a private by that name. The Federal census and the records of the State of Texas show no Dalton born in Goliad.

Dalton was still claiming Goliad as his birthplace when he filed a Soldier's Application for Confederate Pension with the State of Texas in 1947. And 1848 was still the year of his birth, he swore.

When his application for a Confederate pension was turned down and he became a live, if aged, exhibit for the promoters of tourist attractions (outside of Texas), the birthplace and birthdate were changed. He now was supposed to have been born at Louisville, Kentucky, on April 17, 1844.

The historians went to work on that one. Fortunately, the vital statistics records of the Commonwealth of Kentucky are among the best in the United States. This made the task of establishing the falsity of this latest alleged birthplace and date an easy chore.

Questioning of the pretender con-

Jesse James, age 28, 1875

tinued from time to time. Finally he and his backers realized he had better be born at the historically accepted place—Kearney, Missouri—at the historically accepted time, September 5. 1847. So with a hand trembling from age, and with an attitude of befuddled exasperation, old man Dalton signed an affidavit that he had really been born in Kearney on the day given as Jesse's birthdate in the James family Bible.

HOW MUCH was the elderly pretender a faker? How much of his overly-romantic oral autobiography did he himself honestly believe? How much was his memory stimulated by the promoters who used him? The answers may come years from now as historians who patiently pursue the ramifications of the James story unearth new evidence. Or the answers may never be known.

Regardless of the ultimate determination of the proportions of honest self-delusion and chicanery in the pretensions of Dalton (who was, incidentally, not one of the notorious train-robbing Dalton Brothers), the saga of his claims and confusions contains much that made students of the James history smile.

For example, in a magazine article, Dalton wrote that he was tried and acquitted for implication in a train robbery at Muncie, Kansas. No one was ever arrested for the robbery, much less tried in court.

He claimed to be an author, too, of numerous articles submitted to the University of Missouri. The Missouri Historical Society says they've never found any such manuscripts.

He was proud of what was apparently an imaginary membership in a lodge—the Knights of Pythias. In 1868, he often related, he was granted a life membership in the lodge of the Knights of Pythias at Chicago, Illinois.

The records of the Knights of Pythias, however, show that there was no lodge of the order in Chicago, or in the State of Illinois, in 1868. Lodge records of later years fail to disclose a member by the name of Dalton, or by the name of Carr—a name Dalton once said he used from time to time.

He was a Texas Ranger, he said, for a time after the Civil War. Here again the records fail to back him up. The Texas Ranger rosters list no officer by any of Dalton's several names.

He was indeed a busy young fellow right after the Civil War, for he enlisted (he later claimed) in the United States Army as a cavalryman in Kansas in 1866 and served for two years. The place of service was Fort Harker.

Every claim received careful attention from historians. They inspected the records of the Adjutant General's Office. No Dalton, no Carr, appeared on the muster and enlistment rolls of the army or its militia affiliated at Fort Harker from 1861 to 1868.

Pensions attracted him, and he was impartial as to the source. He applied for a Confederate pension and was turned down. But on other occasions he said he was receiving a pension from the Federal Government. Researchers checked that figment of the old gentleman's imagination with the United States Veterans Administration, which said no, he had never received a Federal pension. So it went, from one rambling claim to another.

He had been town marshal at Alpine, Texas, in 1868, he said. But the Chief of Police at Alpine, when queried, wrote: "The town of Alpine, Texas, was not in existence. . . . Therefore, Dalton or Carr could not have been marshal."

In his dreams, old man Dalton's fondness for the life of a law enforcement officer rivaled his career as Jesse James. He had been a Deputy U. S. Marshal, he said, serving at Fort Smith, Arkansas, under the West's famed "Hanging Judge" Parker from 1882 until 1889, rounding up desperadoes on the plains of Indian Territory.

He had more historical fact to bolster that claim than he had in other cases, for there really was a Frank Dalton who was a deputy marshal serving under the Hanging Judge in that period—same name, but unfortunately for the elderly pretender's claim, a different man. The Frank Dalton who was the deputy marshal at Fort Smith was a well-known character of Coffeyville, Kansas fame, where several of his brothers were killed in an attempt to rob two banks there. He was killed at Fort Smith in 1887 while making an arrest. Historians have copies of a telegram dated November 30, 1887, containing the news of the killing of Dalton, and an acknowledgment of the news by the United States Attorney General, who authorized the offering of a reward for Marshal Dalton's slayer.

THE DALTON who came into prominence as an alleged Jesse James in the 1940s was, of course, supposed to know something about the most notorious partners of the James Brothers—the Youngers of Missouri.

The old man dutifully talked about the Youngers, presumably his fellow outlaws of nearly three-quarters of a century before. Cole Younger, he said, made a trip to Osceola, Missouri, in 1874 to visit Mrs. Henry Washington Younger, his mother. It was a tingling account of a desperado pursued by the law, nevertheless risking all to see his mother. The story held up no better than the other Dalton yarns: Mrs. Henry Washington Younger died in 1870, four years before the brave and sentimental journey of the son.

Dalton, to be Jesse, had to have known other notorious characters of the past, too. Among them was Quantrill, the bloody guerilla leader in the Missouri-Kansas border warfare era.

Dalton loved to upset history with his reminiscences, and he stoutly claimed that history was wrong in its account of the fate of Quantrill. The guerilla leader, Dalton said, was not killed in Kentucky and did not die at the time generally believed.

However, the Army which denied that Dalton had enlisted and served in Kansas after the Civil War, likewise denied his statements about Quantrill's death. Quantrill, Army records show, was severely wounded on May 10, 1865 and died in a military hospital at Louisville, Kentucky, at 4 p.m., June 6, 1865. Moreover, the records continue, he was buried

(Continued on page 44)

"All the coyotes are goin' mad!" flew the frightening rumor. And with each telling, terror left the forest and leapt over the fences into our barnyards and fields. We spent a

WINTER OF FEAR

By G. SELLERS

Photos Courtesy Author

Neighbors of the author with a coyote just trapped and killed

I WELL REMEMBER that winter, right from the start. It was a mid-October evening and my young brother, Babe, and I were sitting by the cookstove while Mamma washed the supper dishes.

Daddy had just returned from hauling a load of wheat to Snake River Junction, and as usual, was recounting the bits of news he'd heard. Daddy was one of the homesteaders in eastern Washington who had stayed on and was valiantly attempting to coax a living for his family from the uncooperative soil.

In Franklin County (1916) we were almost as isolated as the earlier homesteaders; and news, just any news, was heard with relish.

Daddy was sitting in our old cane-bottomed rocking chair, his shoes off and his stockinged feet resting on the warm oven door.

He was saying, "The postmaster told me first, then I heard it all over again from a fellow at the warehouse. And just as I was climbing on the wagon to start home, here the Youngs came in that old, top-buggy of theirs—" Daddy half chuckled, "and, this time, I got the story in detail.

"Mrs. Young said she saw the animal first. Happened to look out the window and saw it crossing the yard. Said she thought it was a strange dog. Then, all of a sudden she realized it was a coyote! They were *still* pretty excited," Daddy said, "and both of them talked at the same time; even the kids chipped in. They said it kept coming toward the house, then right up the steps and onto the front porch. The coyote was so poor you could count its ribs and every hair along its back, bristling like a scared cat's tail. Mrs. Young said she felt sort of paralyzed as if her mouth wouldn't open if she yelled for Charlie to get the gun."

Mamma was listening as intently as we kids. She had paused and was resting her sudsy hands on the rim of the big, gray dishpan. "But coyotes are cowardly," she protested. "Everybody knows that. I just doubt a coyote coming up on a porch."

"It's true enough," Daddy said. There was something in his voice that added to the apprehension I was already feeling. "The postmaster helped them send the coyote's head to the State College at Pullman."

Babe's big, blue eyes rolled skyward and he slid closer to me on the applebox.

"You're scaring the kids to death," Mamma warned Daddy. "I doubt the coyote was mad."

Daddy shook his head. "It was mad all right. The report came today." He looked at us, "You kids are better off scared and on the watch out. It's not the first time coyotes have acted mighty strange this fall. Remember me telling about the one I saw when I was going after a tank of water? Lay right there in a gully beside the road. Never moved an inch! If it hadn't been for the horses" —Daddy hauled water from Snake River with a six-horse team—"I'd have tried to kill it, but they were scared and couldn't be trusted to stand."

Babe looked toward the kitchen door as if he thought a coyote were outside on our porch. His chin was quivering, "*I'm* scared," he whimpered. I was scared, too.

Mamma said, "You kids start getting your shoes off; it's close to bedtime."

Reluctantly, I began struggling with my shoelaces. I had mine to untie, then Babe's. He never could untangle the knots. But the task didn't keep me from thinking of the coyote. We were used to them. At that time, in eastern Washington, they were as numerous as jackrabbits. At dusk, on spring evenings, I remember hearing their eerie yelping. To my ten-year-old ears it sounded like millions, though probably there were no more than two or three giving voice to their loneliness somewhere on a high ridge of the Snake River hills. As Mamma said, coyotes were cowardly. I'd never really been afraid of them before because they vanished at the sight of a person. Now I was terrified.

Daddy and Mamma were still talking about it after we went to bed. I could hear every word through the thin walls that divided us. Mamma was saying, "I've been wondering about sending the kids to school if there are mad coyotes."

"Been thinking of it, too," Daddy said, "but I can't haul them to school till the fall seeding's done. Guess it's a risk we'll just have to take." And he added, "It's only a couple of miles."

THOSE two miles might not have seemed far to Daddy, but to Babe and me it was a long, long way. We knew each hump, each turn and gully and all the places to look for buttercups in the spring and where all the deep ruts were. The latter never failed to please us because we could churn up such a cloud of dust.

It was seldom that we met anyone. The road was little traveled except by water tanks or wheat wagons. I think there was only one automobile in our neighborhood and the chuck-holes and ruts had it stalled most of the year.

After dreaming all night of snapping jaws, we were reluctant to leave the house, though neither of us mentioned it. As we went out the door, Mamma said, "There's a pitchfork handle by the porch. You can take it along, if you want."

Being two years older than Babe, I carried the fork handle; but this weapon, if it were such, only reminded us of our fears. I stared up the road, expecting each turn to reveal a mad coyote rushing straight at us, and we fearfully eyed the tawny-colored tumbleweeds that clogged the ditches and hung along the wire fences.

I walked fast. Most of the time Babe's short legs were trotting to keep the pace. I believe the sight of the small, one-roomed schoolhouse was the most welcome thing I had ever experienced.

There were seven attending Burr Canyon School that fall. My cousin, Fred Van Winkle, was the eldest; his birthday was a full twenty-five days before mine. They had all heard about the mad coyote and the stories got worse with each telling. If the teacher hadn't intervened, I'm sure we'd have all been too scared to venture out of the schoolhouse.

Madaline Hobart was a young woman from Seattle, teaching her first school. I'm sure she was no braver than we, but somehow she eased a lot of our anxiety by telling us of Lewis Pasteur and the life-saving serum he had perfected.

We gave up playing at recess for a week or more and stood in a tight little group, discussing what we would do if a mad coyote appeared. Finally, Miss Hobart insisted we go outside, threatening no recess at all if we didn't.

October became November. I still carried the fork handle to and from school, still warily watched the unfamiliar objects along the road, but the edge was wearing off our fear. We walked at a slower pace. I even found the courage to tell Babe that mad coyotes always ran in a straight line—all we had to do was get out of its way. He believed me and I almost believed myself.

We were practicing for the Christmas program when, one morning, Fred and my two other cousins were late. I remember Miss Hobart watching the clock and frowning. I felt uneasy, too. In the middle of our morning song, we heard their feet scuffing in the cloakroom as they hung their coats.

Miss Hobart stopped playing the organ and waited. She didn't ask them about being tardy. We knew by their faces something had happened. Miss Hobart had them sit at their desks and finally Fred got control of his quivering chin.

"Old Willard," he said tersely, "got chewed up by a coyote!"

Old Willard was a young Airedale, a purebred that had been given the family. And he was dearly loved by every member, including all seven kids. Fred was blinking back his tears.

"It went over and fought Mr. Nolan's dogs, too!"

Mr. Nolan was a farmer whose ranch adjoined my uncle's. Anyone knowing coyotes knows they are prone to attack dogs, especially near mating season. But with the rabies scare very fresh in our minds, all coyotes were mad.

"Mr. Nolan shot both his dogs this morning." Fred swallowed hard but his voice still sounded watery. "Papa was going to kill Old Willard! Us kids begged him not to. Even Mamma cried."

I thought of our little short-haired dog at home and tears started in my eyes, too. I didn't dare look toward Babe or we'd both start bawling.

"I hope your father tied the dog," Miss Hobart said. "He shouldn't be loose, you know."

"Old Willard wouldn't hurt a flea!" Fred defended. "And that coyote just about tore his ear off! If I'd been there, I'd fixed him with my air rifle." Fred was sounding natural again.

"Your dog could develop hydrophobia," Miss Hobart warned. "Be sure to keep him tied."

THE REMAINDER of the day, we thought of nothing except Old Willard. Our studies were neglected and we had no desire to play.

That night we didn't walk home—we ran! If you've ever turned your back on terror and run, you've experienced some measure of our feeling. But heart and lungs and small legs couldn't continue that pace for long. Gasping for breath, we'd slow to a walk then run again. By the time we reached home, we were completely worn out. Neither of us told Mamma and Daddy, but we learned something—you can't outrun fear. It gets closer to your back by the second and it's twice as scary.

For the next week or so, we greeted Fred with, "How's Old Willard?"

The author and brother, Babe, pose for a studio portrait a few years before the coyote scare.

The children of the Burr Canyon School. The author and her brother are on the extreme left. Fred Van Winkle is just to the left of teacher Madaline Hobart.

Grinning, Fred would say, "Oh, he's fine! Papa's going to turn him loose one of these days." Uncle Harry had built a pen for him across one corner of the granery. "Old Willard's getting fat," Fred assured us. "You just ought to see all the spuds and gravy I feed him." It was hard to picture the young Airdale being fat.

Interest in Willard completely dimmed Christmas. Christmas was mainly a vacation from school, maybe a little candy or a hair ribbon for me. A ball or maybe a set of dominoes for Babe, depending entirely on the previous summer's wheat crop. So I suppose we practiced *Jingle Bells* with something less than enthusiasm.

Daddy had finished the fall seeding and was hauling Babe and me to school in the old hack. You can't imagine how wonderful it was to come out of the schoolhouse those winter evenings and find Daddy waiting for us. We'd climb on the seat beside him and he'd tuck the old patchwork quilt over our laps, and we'd start home, accompanied by the gentle creak of the hack, the muted sounds of the harness and the plodding feet of the horses on the frozen earth.

Now I could look at tumbleweeds with disdain and realize mad coyotes couldn't possibly lurk behind them. Mamma would have the lamp lit and supper on the table when we got there. I'd tell her old Willard was fine and that I'd missed only one word in spelling. And Babe would tell her Uncle Harry was going to turn Old Willard loose pretty soon.

At the schoolhouse, on Christmas Eve, all the people came to hear our program and of course, to visit. One by one we stood on the platform and faced the audience, our knees quaking, and said our "pieces" in a breathless monotone. Then we sang *Jingle Bells* as best we could. Our parents and neighbors clapped their hands politely and waited to talk.

When the program was finished, I found the things they said more interesting than playing tag around the Christmas tree. Principally they talked about the hydrophobia scare. It was all the news there was and they made the most of it. Beyond Kahlotus, which was a long way in those days, a man had been bitten by a mad dog, someone said. They gave his name and a lot of details, but

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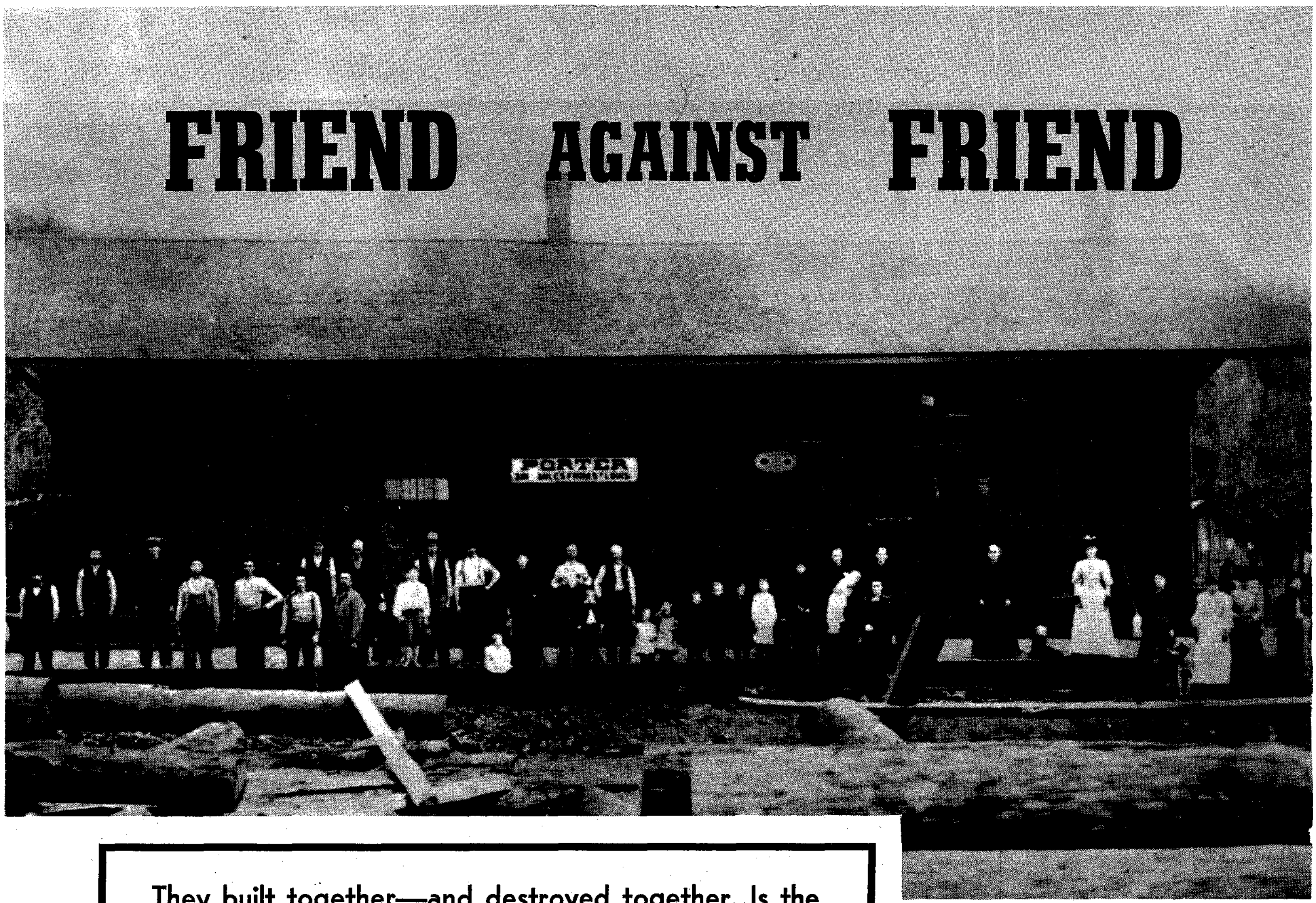
FRIEND AGAINST FRIEND



They built together—and destroyed together. Is the "principle of the thing" really worth what it sometimes costs?

A group of residents gathered for this 1864 photo at the railway depot at Porter, later Schaberg, Arkansas. Edward Lee is the man in vest under the sign.

By OLEVIA E. MYERS

Photos Courtesy Author

SOME THIRTY-FIVE MILES north of old Fort Smith, Arkansas, three miles off the road which links Fort Smith with Fayetteville and the rest of the world, lies Old Schaberg—once a stopping place for the Overland Stage, once a hideout for Quantrill's guerrillas, and long, long, before that, the home of the Lees and the Saylors.

In North Carolina, in 1822, Henry Lee and his wife, Lucy, became parents of a baby boy, to whom they gave the name Edward. Their nearest neighbors, the Will Saylors, also had a baby boy within a week of the birth of Edward Lee. The two men, who had been lifelong friends, often talked of striking out for the Far West. They had heard of the Territory of Arkansas—why wouldn't it be a good place to start anew?

Loading the two families into one covered wagon, Henry and Will then filled the other wagon with household plunder, the meager farming equipment they owned, and enough seed to plant their first crop in the far off new land of the West. In the fall of 1822, they struck out.

When spring came again to the land, the young couples were settled in a long and narrow valley between the Boston Mountains, near the place where Schaberg stands today.

Here the two boys grew to manhood, and at the age of twenty, each took for himself a beautiful, golden-skinned Cherokee bride. Their first homes—log cabins—were built within a hundred yards of each other, some four miles from the old home place. It was a place they both knew and loved; a place where they had hunted and fished away the years of boyhood. The sites chosen were on each side of a sparkling, rushing spring, the likes of which only the Ozark Mountains can produce. Here on Howard's Fork, a branch of Frog Bayou, the two young men worked together to build the little cabins which were to shelter them for many years.

Each family grew. There were many children in the peaceful valley after a few years.

Food in abundance was everywhere, in both forest and stream. The hills resounded the echo of the old flintlock guns the men used to bring down deer, bear, panthers, turkeys and other wild things. These were the good times—long, long before the feud.

BY 1862, the War Between the States had begun and the sons and grandsons of the first two settlers from North Carolina became directly involved. Word had got around that the best timber for wagons and artillery wheels came from this long, peaceful valley, and almost overnight a great sawmill, along with the dozens of families it took to operate it, had destroyed the serenity of the little settlement. The scream of the saw as it cut into the mighty timbers was like a doleful warning.

Hauling in groceries became a full-time job for two or three wagons, as every necessity had to be supplied from Fort Smith or Fayetteville. The younger Lee and Saylor made an arrangement with the sawmill to take lumber for pay for their labor, and they built a small store in the valley which stands to this day. Small, narrow windows, small door in front, without a speck of paint on the rough boards, it is a living symbol of the spirit of the early settlers.

Edward Lee went to war in 1863. He was with Company D, First Infantry, U. S. Army, serving under Col. Searle. When the conflict was over, he returned to the valley, which by then had seen the Overland Stage come and go. The old home place of his parents had been a rest stop for the stage. Refreshed, the stage horses always made a fast entry into the little village that had grown up around the two boys' homes. The village later to be known as Schaberg, was then known as Porter.

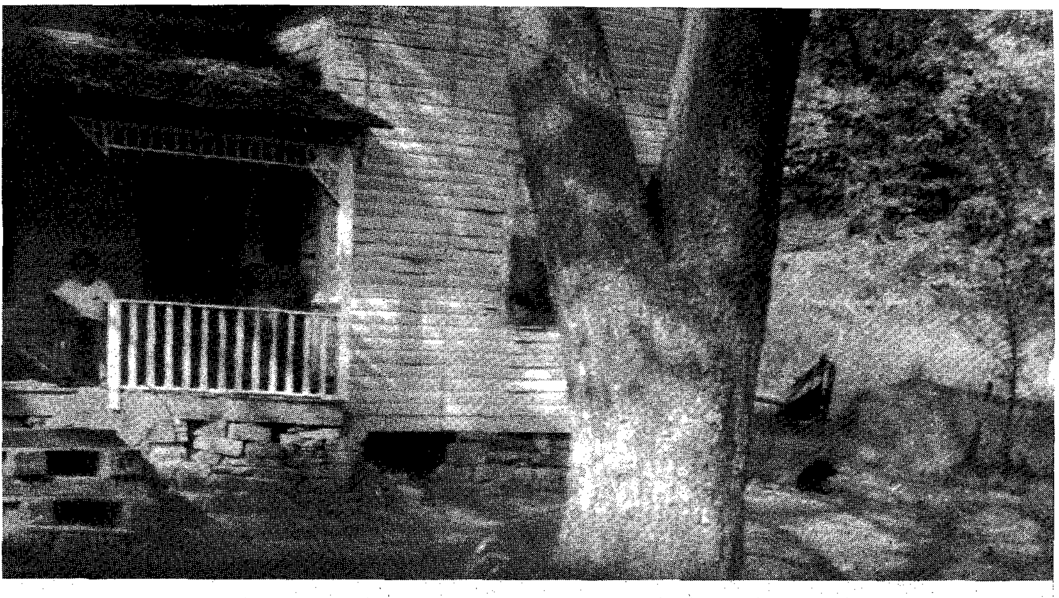
The old Overland Stage road is plainly visible to this day, and the crossing on Howard's Fork is as firm and solid as the day the stage rolled over it, the horses' hoofs clanging loud and clear in the valley.

While Edward was away at war, his ten-year-old son felt that he was the man of the family. At that time, the country around Porter was teeming with the dreaded bushwhackers, and the boy kept a double-barrel shotgun loaded with buckshot. Several times he watched from the loft of the small log cabin while his mother and young sister cooked and fed these undesirables. If they ate and left, they never knew the boy was watching.

One time two bewhiskered members of Quantrill's Raiders came into the cabin demanding food; and, as the two terrified women went about preparing it, the men made threatening remarks. The ten-year-old came quietly down the ladder from the loft. When he spoke, he was directly behind the two bushwhackers, and that deadly 12 gauge shotgun, with both barrels loaded with buckshot and cocked, was pointing at their backs. Four hands shot skyward at the boy's command and, at his instruction, his sister ran quickly to Saylors' for help.

It was some thirty miles to Fort Smith, where prisoners of war were confined in the old federal jail, and a trip of several hours by horseback through dangerous country.

Mr. Saylor came running and he and the boy decided to lock the bushwhackers in the fruit cellar, which was dug into the side of the mountain behind the house. The boy was reluctant to leave his mother and sister, but Mr. Saylor insisted he'd "set right thar and guard the dirty, stinkin' animals till you get back here," so young Lee mounted up on his pony and struck out to Fort Smith to get help from the small garrison of soldiers stationed there.


Irwin Lee sits on the porch of the century-old Saylor home. The two Saylor infants are buried under the large tree in the foreground.

It was dark when he reached Fort Smith. He was told by the soldiers to rest up and they'd leave as soon as it was daylight. Bitterly the ten-year-old replied, "Mr. Soldier, if that was your ma and sister would you wait till daylight? I'm going home."

The soldiers went too, and the bushwhackers were removed from the fruit cellar under the unwavering muzzle of a 12 gauge held in the tired but steady hands of a determined boy.

EDWARD LEE returned from the war to find the little valley thick with people, with neat rows of houses clinging to the steep sides of the mountain in order to give full use of the narrow valley to the sprawling sawmill, lumber sheds, wagons, corrals and huge slag piles which burned day and night. The houses stand today, windowless and vacant, doors swinging idly back and forth in the gentle breezes while wild roses creep ever nearer.

Edward Lee built himself a two-story home with lumber from the mill, and it stands also, silent and still above the valley. Its floor is falling in, the roof leaks, and cattle wander inside to keep away from the green flies which still thrive in great numbers when the hot summer settles down upon the valley.

A schoolhouse had been erected, and was supervised by a teacher who was of the Seventh Day Adventist faith. The men had all joined together to cut the heavy forest from a small, sloping knoll and here, close to another spring gushing forth from a thick bluff of rock, they built their school among the tree stumps. The teacher was paid by subscription by parents who had moved in to work at the sawmill.

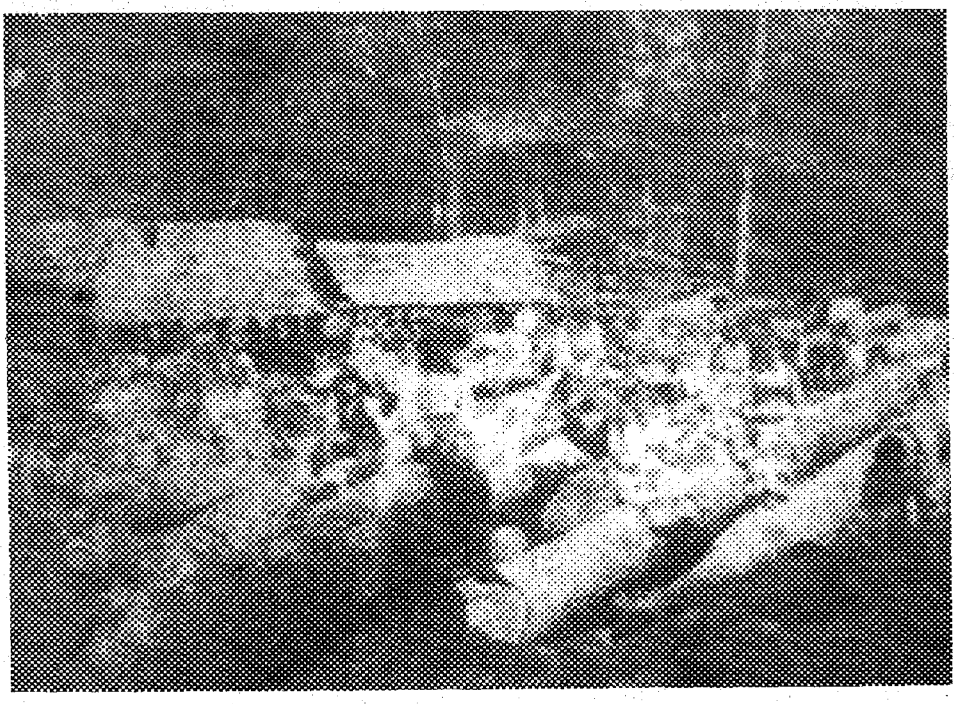
By 1885, the need for a new school was great and a new two-story school was erected on the very spot where the original school had stood. By that time, a railroad also had snaked through the wilderness. This railroad splits the narrow valley square down the middle.

Until after World War I, the little town prospered by cutting the best timber in the world to supply the Studebaker Wagon Plant. But after World War II, the town began to dwindle, and grew smaller and smaller each year. From a village of 700, it shrank to 5 people by 1936.

The friendship of a lifetime between the Lees and the Saylors had drawn to a close also—long before the town began to die.

As the feud which killed an attachment that had lasted for three generations reached its climax, some German immigrants named Schaberg, came into the valley and built a store, blacksmith shop and other businesses. The town's name was changed from Porter to Scha-

Edward Lee and his wife and daughter stand in front of their new home shortly after the Civil War.



Above, Schaberg sawmill, during the Civil War. Below, the Seventh Day Adventist School in Schaberg, 1863.

berg about 1885. In 1937, the last family left the little village.

THE STORY of the misunderstanding was told to me by a great-great-grandson of Henry Lee, who had brought his bride to the vast frontier.

One hundred and fifty miles away in Tulsa, Oklahoma, Irvin Lee dreamed of the little valley where he had attended school fifty years before. He remembered the gravestones in the little cemetery and longed for the land of his forefathers. In 1963, the call was too strong to resist.

From 1937 to 1963, the deserted village had slept in the sun with wild berries and plums growing to full perfection and withering away, and not one hand there to gather the sweet, luscious fruit.

The train still ran—one each day—its whistle signaling no one. The lovely, gingerbread houses which had been erected by the Saylors and Lees, and later by the Schabergs, stood silently aging as year after year rolled by. The small log road leading into the valley became more and more grown over with slender saplings and blocked by the monarchs of the forest which had escaped the mighty steel jaws only to fall victims to old age, lightning and wind. Within a short time, the road became impassable and only on foot or on horseback could one find the hidden valley of old Schaberg.

Deer roamed the ghostly streets, wild hogs slept in the vacant houses, creeping roses invaded the yards and smothered the lilac bushes the women had so carefully tended.

But the ghost town is a ghost town no longer. It has an occupant—one occupant. Irvin Lee has retired there—to the ancestral home of his people.

I visited in Schaberg with this old gentleman, whom I have come to call Uncle Irvin, and we have held long, quiet conversations on the front porch of his house overlooking the valley. He has told me many stories that have been handed down to him through the generations.

"When Edward Lee and his friend, Mr. Saylor, built the store, it grew like a forest fire. They were tickled to death with their business; and since both were of that hardy stock who believed a man's word was his bond, no thought was given to a contract other than a mutual agreement.

"There was no cash register for the little store, of course, only a small wooden box for the cash. Each man agreed that if he took out money, he would put in a piece of paper stating the amount taken. Mr. Saylor took a nickel out of the box one time to send to Fayetteville for a box of matches, which were a great curiosity at that time, and he failed to put a note in the cash box accounting for the nickel.

When old Granddad checked the box, he asked about the shortage of five cents. Mr. Saylor admitted at once taking the nickel, explaining what he had taken it for; but over this one little incident the two boyhood friends fell out and, at last, became bitter enemies. Granddad said, 'Iffin a man fergets a nickel he might ferget a dollar.'

"The partnership was dissolved; the men stopped speaking. Later they gave orders to the womenfolk to stop speaking also, and the two families went on their silent way, totally ignoring each other although they met daily at the spring between the two homes when fetching water for their households. Getting water was always the job of women and children, and all were forbidden to speak to their one-time friends.

The two families of children would walk to the opposite sides of the spring to fill their buckets. Once, when their playful spirits were high, they suddenly began laughing and talking to each other. Within moments, the two men were at the spring and the children were given a whipping for disobeying their instructions not to speak.

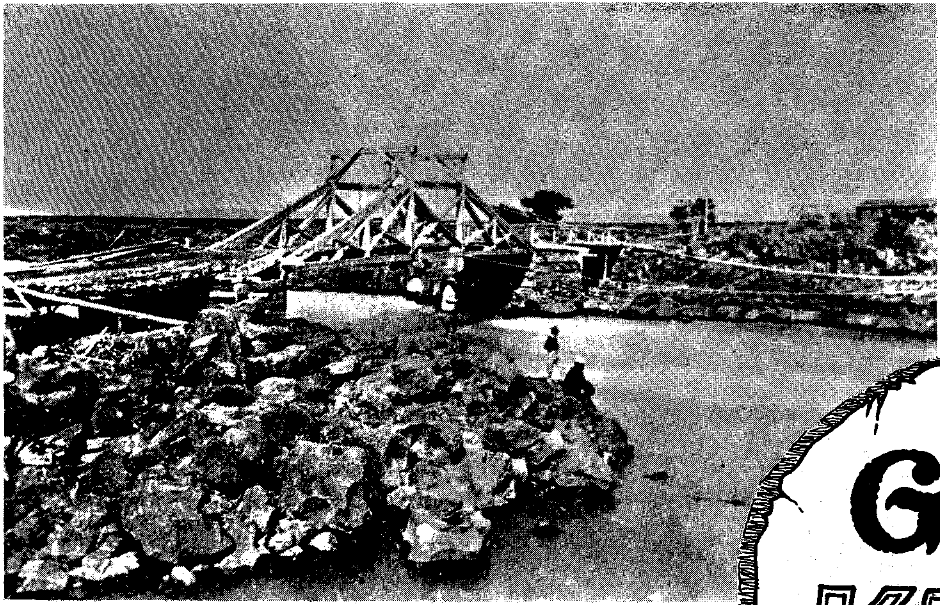
"Old Granddad Lee had given a piece of his land for a cemetery, and several graves were already there when he and his partner had their falling out. Quite soon after the feud started, the two small children of Mr. Saylor died within a few hours of each other. Rather than bury them in the graveyard given by the hated enemy, the father had two tiny graves dug right beside his porch—right here—and that's where the two babies were buried.

"'And now here I sit on Mr. Saylor's porch—the kin of the man he felt had wronged him—because the Lee house was too far gone to live in. There is no trace of the two little graves left, but I know they are there and I have often thought of putting up some sort of marker. I know one thing; not for all the gold in this world would I spit off my porch onto that ground.

"Right out there just by the barn-lot fence are the two stones which mark the graves of the Saylors, parents of the babies, for they left instructions not to put them in the Schaberg graveyard when they were gone. I plan to clean off their graves and put a fence around them soon."

I walked out with Uncle Irvin to view the small stone markers under a spreading oak tree near the barn; and, as I stood there, I wished that these long buried, good people could somehow know how kindly the descendant of their one-time friend and later their enemy felt about them.

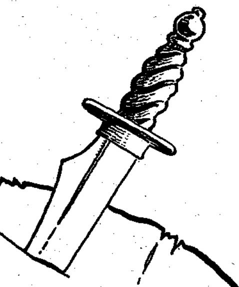
Many times when I watch a full moon rise, I can imagine Irvin Lee sitting quietly and alone on his small front porch that faces the valley—and just across the wide, clear stream is the cemetery where gravestones date back to 1832 and the hope of reconciliation stretches forth into eternity.



The bridge across the Snake River at Idaho Falls, near which the gypsy fight took place

By DALE VINCENT

Photo Courtesy Idaho Historical Society



GYPSY KNIVES

There was a saying among them that the troubles of night are gone with daylight—but did that include a fight to the death witnessed by gorgio eyes?

OLD HORSE-TEAM campgrounds, along the dusty wagon roads of the early West, hold many secrets. One campground I remember was popular around 1900. It was upstream from the wagon bridge, across the Snake River from Idaho Falls, Idaho. Here, many years ago, I was eye-witness to a vicious knife fight that is still burned into my memory.

My partner, George, and I had just ridden our saddle horses across the lava rock into this campground, which was on a grassy bench bordering the river. It had been a grueling trip across the desert, and our gaunt animals headed straight for water.

That's when we noticed the gypsies. They were camped just a few yards downriver, with their tents and brightly colored wagons, and we noticed there was some kind of commotion going on among them.

Inside the rough circle of tents and wagons was the main cooking fire, and women moved around it. But the menfolk and children seemed to be split into two groups, talking and acting real serious.

"Those gypsies are working up a fuss," I said to George. I didn't know my partner's full name, or even if "George" was his right name. We hadn't been together very long, and in those days you didn't indulge in curiosity. There were plenty of reasons why a man might not want his own secrets known—and George had his I soon began to suspect.

"Yeah," George said, "but if we tend to our own business they won't bother us. Here," and he tossed me our five-pound lard pail. "How about gettin' us some coffee water?"

I caught the pail and walked down to the river. I remember how sparkling clear it was. In those days all streams were clean, and everybody drank water wherever it was found.

I handed George the water and unsaddled the horses. He already had a small fire built and had started to get us a little supper. I gave the horses a handful of oats, hobbled them, and turned them loose upriver. Then I lay down on my small bedroll, and watched the gypsy camp which was in plain sight.

GYPSIES were not out of the ordinary; lots of small tribes roamed the West, trading horses, mending pots, telling fortunes. They, as well as white horse traders, homesteaders looking for land, cowboys out of work, or outlying ranchers in town for supplies, used the old campgrounds. This particular one was a very popular place, being 100 yards wide between the rimrock and the river, and a half-mile long.

But this evening there wasn't a soul here, except the gypsies and George and me.

"Ever stay here before?" George asked.

"Oh yeah," I said. "Camped here many times. Even wintered here once in a tent house. Dug a hole under the floor for our spuds, cabbage and apples. Hauled in hay for our horses, and got a few things from town. Others did the same. Even had a good fiddler and a dance once in awhile."

I looked across the river at the small town of Idaho Falls, which was directly opposite to us. However, this night we needed nothing a town had to offer. People carried their own meager necessities, and rarely depended on towns. A good campground always furnished water, wood and grass.

I noticed the gypsies were paying us no mind at all. The fuss seemed to be dying down. A fiddle started to play and they danced around the biggest campfire. I had never heard such beautiful music in all my life.

After supper we lay back on our blankets and listened through sleepy ears to the music. The dark of night brought damp river smells to our nostrils. There was a kind of peaceful magic in the air.

Then suddenly the music stopped. The silence alerted us. We sat up and listened, but could hear nothing but the soft flow of the river and a distant croak of frogs. Our eyes were pulled to the gypsy camp where the fire was still burning bright.

Two young men, just reaching manhood, were dancing rapidly—circling each other. I saw a knife flash—and another. Suddenly I realized that this was not for "fun."

Reaching over, I poked my partner awake. "Let's ease down and watch that fight."

"No." George rolled over in his blanket. "I'm gonna tend to my own business. Why don't you go to sleep and leave those gypsies alone?"

But my curiosity bump would not let me sleep. I pulled on my boots, slipped into my jacket. Hidden by darkness I crept down closer where I could see.

This was a wicked, dangerous struggle —even at best, only one could win. One boy was stripped to the waist. His lithe young body glistened like copper in the firelight. Around his waist was tied an orange-colored sash, already streaked with blood.

The other wore a dark silk shirt, with billowing sleeves tight at the wrists, now shredded by the other's slashing knife.

The tempo of the gleaming blades seemed to increase as the two young men swayed, dodged, and shifted. They crouched and moved as if to the rhythm of unheard drums. The weird, dancing shadows of their bodies played to and fro on the side of a wagon, as some dry sagebrush tossed on the fire caused it to blaze like a torch.

(Continued on page 46)

CRIMINAL'S RETURN

By MYRTLE T. MYLES

Photos Courtesy Author

Every murder has at least one witness —the perpetrator—and he's never quite sure what he might have overlooked at the scene of the crime

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL URGE that causes a criminal to return to the scene of his crime has many times led to the discovery of an unsuspected murder. Such a case occurred in the mining camp of Eureka, Nevada, nearly a century ago.

Eureka was a rip-roaring town in the early 1870s, the era when the Comstock's big bonanza was startling the mining world. It was a proud town with its own claim to fame, for it was in Eureka that the first successful smelting of lead-silver ore was accomplished.

The camp bristled with smelter chimneys, and streams of fiery slag pouring over waste dumps lit the nighttime sky, blotting out the brilliance of the desert stars. The great furnaces were fed by wood and charcoal, cut and prepared in nearby hills where the sound of the chopper's axe and the smoke of the burner's kilns added color to this different type of mining center; lead was a new product to the Silver State, and a profitable one.

In the midst of such activity, the disappearance of an itinerant laborer was scarcely to be noted, so when John Murphy left his shift at one of the furnaces during the midnight hours and was never seen again, it was a matter of little or no comment.

Murphy was a newcomer to Eureka and had no intimate friends. Since he was a surly, ill-natured man no one was interested enough to inquire of his whereabouts even though he did not call for his pay check or pick up his few belongings at the lodging house where he had lived.

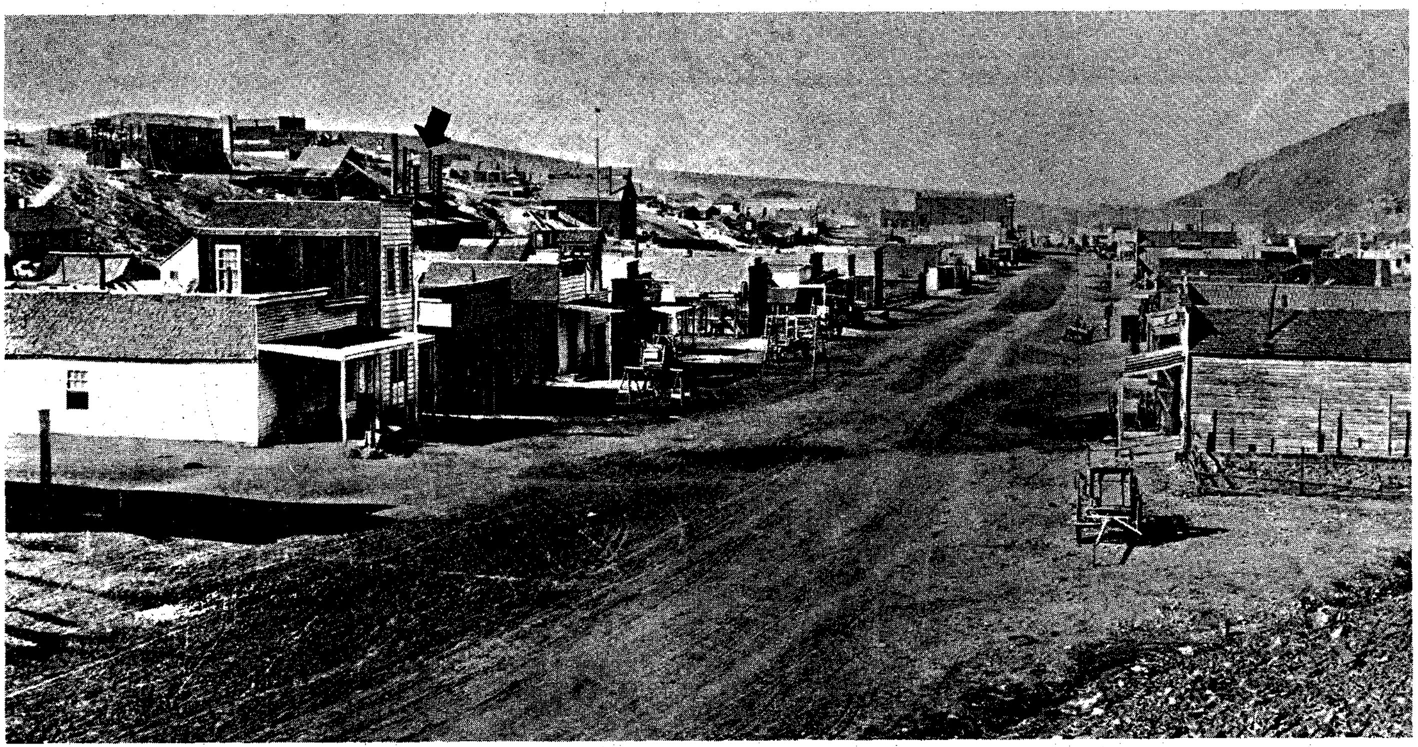
A team of two men fed each furnace, Murphy's partner being Lee Singleton, also a new arrival in town. Shortly after Murphy's disappearance he too left the employ of the company, going into the charcoal burning business with a partner. A log cabin was built, and the men worked their area (some miles out in the hills) for a period of over two years, until the trees there became too scarce for profit. Then Singleton drifted away from the locality.

The boom towns of Nevada drew many excitement seekers who came merely to look, work awhile and then pass on to other and, they hoped, greener fields; so Singleton was missed no more than his former partner Murphy had been.

IT WAS some three years later that Singleton again "showed up" in Eureka, and for two weeks hung around the furnaces of the Richmond Company at which he had formerly worked. Finally one of the bosses, finding the man a nuisance, asked him to leave. Singleton did so that very day, never to return.

The Richmond Company, one of Eureka's largest, had from three to five immense furnaces kept charged day and night, consuming about twenty cords of wood a day in the form of charcoal and

Eureka, Nevada, in the 1870s. The Richmond Company Smelter is indicated by the arrow.



Mill and smelter workers in Nevada's mining district

cordwood. Two streams of the red-hot metal were continually running, one in front of each furnace and one at the side; the one in front higher to drain off the useless matter known as slag; the lower connected by a pipe deep down in the melted mass where the heavier, valuable metal collected. The still burning slag was wheeled off to be emptied from great kettles down an ever-increasing hill of waste; the metal dipped out into molds, skimmed, melted again, and again skimmed several times before cooling in large vats and finally being molded into bars of almost pure lead for shipment.

When the furnaces were in full blast the sight was like that of a huge inferno. To the teams of men who fed in the ore and fuel, the work was hot, exhausting labor. Tempers often flared, and it was not unusual for team-mates to have trouble. A man of John Murphy's temperament was a likely candidate for such flare-ups and no doubt his fellow workers were not sorry when he left the job. In fact no one seemed to have remembered either Murphy or Singleton, or to have cared where they had gone.

A railroad, the Eureka and Palisade, was completed in October, 1875, which added to the prosperity of the community, and although two disastrous floods, one in 1874 and another in 1876, partially destroyed the town, it was soon rebuilt and "business as usual" was resumed. Ranching and stock raising became a growing enterprise in the surrounding valleys, cattle and sheep feeding on the open range without the restrictions of today.

In January, 1877 a man from one of these ranches, while searching for stray stock, came upon a deserted and tumbledown cabin, apparently that of some charcoal burner, in a desolate country thirteen miles from Eureka at the head of Culver Canyon. Looking into the shanty he was horrified to see a dead man lying on a rude bunk that had been built against the side of the cabin. Examination showed that he had been dead for some weeks.

The ranch worker informed a couple of his fellow employees and the following day the trio returned and gave the body a rude burial. An examination of the place gave no clue to the identity of the corpse and after relating the incident to their employer (who reproved the men for not reporting their find to the coroner) the incident was forgotten.

Several months later, while shooting small game in this same district, a hunter went into the shanty for shelter from the noonday heat. He examined the old cabin, which was bare of furniture except for the built-in bunk, and found something the discoverers of the body had missed. It was a small notebook between the logs of the wall and the boards forming the sides of the bed. After pulling out the book, he was amazed to read what proved to be a confession of the dead man. It was dated November 17, 1876, over six months earlier and some weeks before the corpse had been found.

HIS NAME, the writer stated, was Lee Singleton. He was born in Maryland, and had fought in the Civil War where he was twice wounded. Following the war and the death of his parents, he had come west, working on the Union Pacific Railroad. After the completion of the railway he had gone to the "White Pine Excitement" and in 1871 came to Eureka and went to work at one of the smelters.

His partner on shift there was a man named John Murphy, the statement continued, a very overbearing man who constantly insulted Singleton, and who one day struck him. Murphy also called his team-mate a coward, and for this Singleton never forgave him, but kept silent and awaited an opportunity for revenge.

Then, at a time when the ore wheelers were out of the way and the two were alone at the furnace, Singleton stepped behind his partner when Murphy stooped to scoop up a shovelful of coal, hit him on the head with a shovel and dragging him to the open furnace threw him in and covered the body with ore and charcoal. He said he did not know whether or not Murphy was dead when thrown into the furnace, but that the fumes would have killed him instantly, anyway.

It took Singleton (so he stated) just fifteen minutes to perform the ghastly act, and when the night boss came along he was again at work, and grumbling that Murphy had said he was sick and had gone home. Of course Murphy had never shown up again. Singleton believed that the boss suspected something was wrong; however, it was found later that no one had any suspicion that a tragedy had occurred.

Singleton's story went on to say that after he had committed the crime he was filled with remorse and haunted by fear. He kept seeing the body in his imagination and when "barring out" time came and the fires were down, he would go to the furnace to look, but not a thing unusual was visible. He could not keep away from the feed hole, but would peer inside at every opportunity and, fearing he would expose his deed by this phobia, he left the smelter and went into the hills to burn charcoal. It was then the cabin in Culver Canyon was

(Continued on page 56)

By ROBERT W. STEVENS

Photos Courtesy Author

A brief and bloody encounter in a very bad place to die...

AMBUSH in the Chaparral

J. Walter Durbin

Albert C. Grimes

(Note: In 1880 twenty-year-old J. Walter Durbin left his native Carroll County, Mississippi, to seek his fortune in Texas. For three and a half years he worked variously as a carpenter, farmer, gin hand, cowpuncher and stage driver. On June 5, 1884, quitting his job with a stage line, Durbin joined Captain George H. Schmitt's company of Texas Rangers in Wichita Falls. As a Ranger he became famous, led an adventurous life, and participated in several gunfights in the classic tradition of the old West.

Perhaps Durbin's closest friend was Albert C. Grimes, a native of Bastrop, Texas, who shared in many of his experiences. Grimes, whose reputation was also one of great renown, had become a Ranger a year before the murder of his brother, deputy sheriff "High" Grimes, by the Sam Bass gang at Round Rock in 1878.

During his career as a lawman Durbin served as a Texas Ranger, sheriff of Frio County, held a commission as deputy U. S. marshal, served as a San Antonio police officer and as a Bexar County deputy sheriff. In 1914, two years preceding his death in San Antonio, he wrote an account of his experiences from 1880 to 1894, at which time he was sheriff of Frio County, Texas. It is from these writings that the substance of this story is taken.)

AMONG the most regrettable incidents written into the turbulent history of Southwest Texas was the murder of Sheriff Charles B. McKinney of La Salle County in December, 1886. McKinney and his deputy, young Samuel V. "Pete" Edwards, were shot from ambush near Twohig, now known as Artesia Wells, by George W. "Bud" Crenshaw and James McCoy. The assassin's shot fired by Crenshaw killed the sheriff; Edwards' wound, inflicted by McCoy, proved serious although not fatal. The shooting of the lawmen, both respected and efficient officers, caused considerable resentment among citizens of the area.

Captain George H. Schmitt's Company C, Frontier Battalion, Texas Rangers, was camped on the Bennett and Wright Ranch six miles west of Pena, in Duval County, when a telegram from Ranger headquarters in Austin was received by Schmitt on December 28, 1886 ordering the entire company to Cotulla, county seat of La Salle County. Schmitt left immediately by train, with the heavily armed Rangers following on horseback with two wagons of camp equipment. Among the more prominent members of the company were J. Walter Durbin and Albert C. Grimes, both experienced Rangers of proven ability.

The Rangers arrived in Cotulla on December 31, remembered by Durbin as "a cold, cloudy, windy day"—weather unusual for that somewhat arid section of Texas. After setting up camp in an abandoned storehouse and eating their evening meal, some of the Rangers found their way to Cotulla's three saloons. Durbin and James R. Robinson were along.

Three shots fired near the center of town about 9:00 o'clock shattered the chill evening stillness and brought the Rangers, responding by instinct, from the saloons. Running in the direction of the shooting, Durbin, Robinson and others attracted by the shots, found George E. Hill dying from three bullet wounds. When Durbin questioned Hill about the identity of the gunman, Silas "Sy" Hay was named and Frank Hall was identified as an accomplice. Taken inside the Knight Brothers' saloon, Hill died expressing an unfulfilled wish to see his family.

A strange twist of fate caused the unfortunate Hill to share a unique relationship with two men who figured prominently in these events. His wife was a sister of Bud Crenshaw, whose murder of Sheriff McKinney had brought the Rangers to Cotulla, while his daughter, Alta Francis, had married William O. "Bill" Tompkins, former sheriff of La Salle County who had served with Durbin in Schmitt's company.

When Tompkins, whose wife was Crenshaw's niece, was elected sheriff of La Salle County in 1882 Crenshaw had signed as surety on his bond as sheriff and tax collector. Tompkins was to play a prominent part in Crenshaw's downfall as an aftermath of the relationship.

To add to this complex and ironic situation, Sy Hay was the father-in-law of the murdered McKinney. By any standard this was an unusual and peculiar family involvement.

NO WITNESSES had been in the street when the fatal shots were fired. A search of the stables, courthouse, several houses and a store cellar failed to produce the accused men. Upon failing to find Hay and Hall in town, Schmitt dispatched Durbin, Robinson and George W. Clark to Hay's ranch near Carrizo Springs, forty-five miles distant.

Arriving at daybreak, the Rangers searched the area but the wanted men were not to be found. After they had eaten and fed their horses at the ranch, they returned to Cotulla and reported to Captain Schmitt.

Dick Fly had been appointed sheriff to replace McKinney and was working with Schmitt in scouting the area. With two murders within a week, a deputy wounded, four fugitives at large and no arrests imminent, the Ranger Captain was faced with a monumental job.

Rewards of $300 each for Crenshaw and McCoy were offered by the Governor; the La Salle County Court added $500 each while local ranchers subscribed an additional amount that increased the total reward on each man to about $1,100. Feelings ran high and speculation was that both fugitives were still in the vicinity.

With this in mind Durbin set out by train for Twohig, a few miles south of Cotulla, to see the father of Bill Tompkins on the Simmons ranch west of Twohig. The father had heard his son speak favorably of Durbin, who learned from him that the former lawman "had gone to the brush" with Crenshaw and McCoy. Entering on an ambitious plan, Durbin made the most of the opportunity by stressing to the elder Tompkins that Bill could square himself with Captain Schmitt by leaving the fugitives and coming in. When the father agreed to talk with the Captain, Durbin returned to Cotulla with the proposal.

Schmitt's meeting with the father the following day led to an appearance by Bill Tompkins shortly afterward. Schmitt asked for Bill's help and offered him a part of the reward in return for his assistance. Tompkins, seizing the opportunity, agreed.

Since the camp used by the outlaws was in dense chaparral, Tompkins felt it would be impossible to guide the Rangers into the area without being detected. It was then agreed that he would lead Crenshaw and McCoy into an ambush.

The night before the agreed date Schmitt, Durbin and four other Rangers left Cotulla for the rendezvous, made camp at the designated place and waited. Presently Tompkins arrived very much excited, saying he would not attempt to bring out the outlaws right away, since any suspicion on their part would result in his death.

The Rangers waited patiently four days, their supplies and horse feed wasting, and were visited daily by Tompkins. At his repeated insistence Schmitt and his men finally returned to Cotulla, with the understanding that word would be sent by Tompkins' father if Crenshaw and McCoy attempted to leave the area.

ON JANUARY 16, 1887 word was received that Crenshaw was planning an escape the following day. McCoy, who had lost a leg as a result of a shooting in Cotulla a few years earlier, wore a pegleg and was unable to travel great distances.

Captain Schmitt, Durbin, Grimes, Clark, Sam R. Pickett and Robert McNamar left Cotulla late that night and arrived at the old camp before daybreak. Although the weather was bitterly cold, the cautious Captain would permit no fires. The Rangers settled down to an uncomfortable wait in weather that probably reminded them of their service in the frigid blasts of North Texas.

When Tompkins made his appearance he showed the group two trails through the heavy brush which led to the ranch house; one would through necessity be used by Crenshaw when he picked up supplies for his trip.

Durbin and Grimes were placed together on one trail while Schmitt, Pickett and Clark were stationed at the other. McNamar was left with the horses in a draw about a half-mile distant. Before leaving to lead Crenshaw into the trap the nervous Tompkins cautioned the Rangers against shooting himself by mistake and told them of his plan to ride ahead of Crenshaw so as to be more easily identified. As a further precaution he added that if the murderer came out at night, he (Tompkins) would be smoking a pipe for additional identification.

At dusk, January 17, 1887 Durbin heard the sound of horses on the trail. When they came into sight Tompkins made his identity known by letting forth a great profusion of smoke from his little pipe, much to Durbin's amusement as he shed his heavy overcoat in preparation for the anticipated action.

As Tompkins rode past the concealed Rangers, Grimes rose from behind a bush and ordered Crenshaw to "Hold up! We are Rangers!"

Tompkins gave his pipe a well earned rest long enough to paraphrase Grimes by saying, "Bud, these are Rangers."

Durbin, on the opposite side of the trail from Grimes, repeated their identity and heard Crenshaw say, "All right." His actions, however, did not bespeak his words as he wheeled his horse and fired his ivory handled six-shooter prematurely. Durbin and Grimes fired their Winchesters simultaneously; Crenshaw slumped over the front of his saddle.

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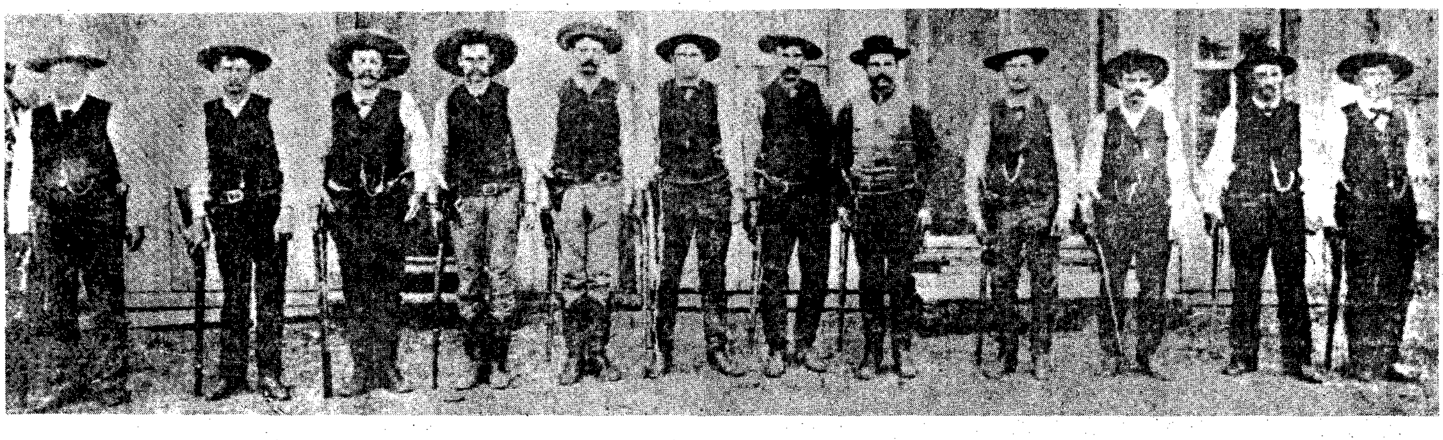
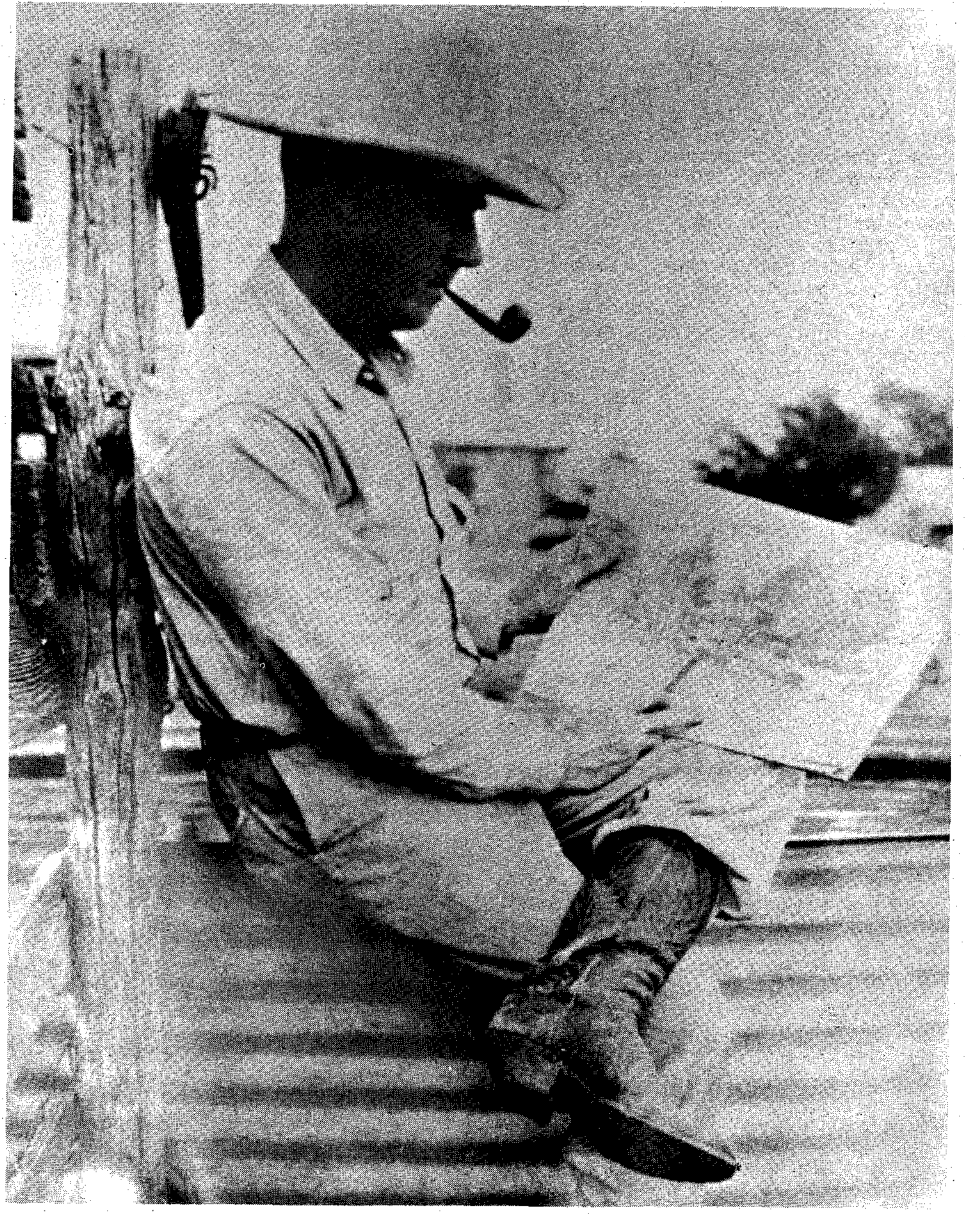
Company "C", Texas Rangers in Cotulla, Texas, nine days after Durbin and Grimes killed Crenshaw. Left to right: Capt. George H. Schmitt; Albert C. Grimes; J. Walter Durbin; George W. Clark; James R. Robinson; Robert McNamar; J. G. Branham; M. Carroll Yates; H. F. Winslow; Sam R. Pickett; J. B. McDonald; Ben F. Sacherer.





Harold Dow Bugbee, amid surroundings which represent the major subject matter for his work, sketches the life he had lived and loved.

By JEAN EHLY

Photos Courtesy Panhandle Plains Museum

IT HAS often been said of the late Harold Dow Bugbee of Clarendon, Texas, that more than anyone else in his field, he was the "artist of the Texas Panhandle."

Like most great men, Bugbee was humble, and never failed to give due credit to the early pioneers who tutored him in the ways of the Early West. His laboratory for nearly a half century was on the Plains where he learned from the reminiscences of others and from actual participation in ranch life, the pictorial truth of that which he drew.

Harold Bugbee was born in 1900 in Lexington, Massachusetts. His forbears migrated from England with the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1634 and engaged through succeeding generations in farming, architecture, and shipbuilding.

Bugbee's father was acclaimed one of the most accomplished clarinetists in the nation in his day, and was offered a position in John Philip Sousa's Band, but refused it. Bugbee's mother, Grace Dow, was a vocalist, studying in her youth for a concert career. She was also an art student and gave up a promising future in painting to become a housewife.

Young Bugbee, thus nurtured in a cultured atmosphere and inspired with patriotism from living in the old town of Lexington, developed early a passionate appreciation for historic shrines and American heroes. Nor was his interest confined to New England. The boy dreamed of the buffalo and of cowboys, and no doubt was thrilled when his parents decided to go West because of the glowing accounts of a relative. Thomas S. Bugbee, their cousin, was an early-day cowman, the second permanent rancher in the Panhandle.

When Bugbee was thirteen, his parents came to Texas and bought some land. Mrs. Bugbee patiently planned the placing of each piece of furniture to be used in the ranch house that would be built—and today the furniture is still in the same place, with a few items added.

THE MOVE to Texas meant that Harold had to give up dancing classes and boxing and learn to ride, to brand and to work cattle. This was a

He lived in the past
to paint for the future

HAROLD DOW BUGBEE
and the
TEXAS PANHANDLE

way of life he was destined to paint and sketch in a comparatively short time. When he came to the Texas Panhandle, it was the tail end of pioneer days, and the men and women who had settled this country traveling by wagontrain were in the twilight of life; gone were the thundering buffalo herds, the war-whoops of the Apache and Comanche.

A few years before his death, Bugbee said in an interview that T. S. Bugbee taught him how to fashion a lariat out of a clothesline and use it for lassoing chickens, fence posts and other objects. During his first years as a Texan, Harold spent his weekends and vacations punching cows, working in roundups, and competing in local rodeos. Calf roping was his favorite event and he became quite proficient.

He attended Clarendon High School, and then went to Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, majoring in Animal Husbandry. Next he enrolled in Clarendon College and took a Liberal Arts course. Whenever possible, he visited with early cattlemen, listening to their tales of hardships and adventures. Soon he knew the history and legends of the region, and as his knowledge grew he devoted more of his leisure time to sketching and painting, and less to punching cows or breaking broncs.

On his father's ranch he drew hundreds of sketches of cowboys, cattle, and cow ponies in every conceivable position and surrounding. As he said, "When I realized I was far more interested in the length of a steer's horns than in how fat he was, I knew I had more artist in me than cowboy."

His was a race with time to learn of the disappearing West. Bugbee became an attentive disciple of old pioneers like Col. Charles Goodnight, who in the prime of his life was an inexhaustible fund of western lore.

"Col. Goodnight," Bugbee said, "had a friendly *feeling* for the Comanches and Kiowas, but no warmth for the Apaches. In 1918 he provided a buffalo hunt for the Indians who put their tepees in his front yard and stayed for the hunt as his guests. I attended the hunt and learned particularly from one Indian, named Old Horse, how a buffalo could be felled with a single arrow."

From Frank Collinson, an ex-hide hunter who came from England when he was fifteen, Bugbee learned how Mexican hunters killed with the lance. "I learned to take the lance from the buffalo by bracing a foot against the beast," explained Bugbee. "I also learned that a wounded buffalo may charge and kill both hunter and horse unless the horse is prepared for a getaway."

Bugbee's favorite animal for sketching was the buffalo, and he learned much about his subject on the old Goodnight Ranch. Once, Collinson took him to the running season of the buffalo during the dark of the moon in August. "Then you can ride on horseback in among the buffaloes and they won't hurt you," said Bugbee, who had actually done it.

From John Swenson, an old-timer who lived up the creek, Bugbee learned about freighters, how wagons were greased, and about harnesses; from pioneer Dick Buzzell of Canadian, he absorbed more stories of cattlemen and of Indians. He traveled with such historians as J. Evetts Haley, and talked with Kiowa women about their braves who had gone to the happy hunting grounds. Bugbee's passion for accuracy demanded untold hours of observation and study, and his sources were many and varied.

As he said, "I wouldn't sketch a wagon without first learning there were always twelve spokes in the front wheels and fourteen behind, and every other detail available to me. If a cowboy's scarf is blowing in the breeze, you must be sure it is blowing in the right direction; the tilt of his hat must be right, as must every piece of his apparel."

In the summer of 1918, Bugbee became acquainted with Bert Phillips, an outstanding artist in Taos since 1899. He advised Bugbee to attend the Cumming School of Art in Des Moines, Iowa.

At the end of Bugbee's second year there, Cumming told him that there was nothing more he (Cumming) could teach him. He advised Bugbee to forget portrait painting and return to the Panhandle of Texas and paint the vigorous life—the rugged landscapes and varied animal world that the young man so loved.

SO BUGBEE came back to the rugged canyons of the Palo Duro in 1921. Even then he dreamed of recording the complete story of the Texas Panhandle in the most authentic manner possible. Day after day and year after year, he worked in the shade of junipers and cottonwoods, studying and sketching his models—the remuda, herds of cattle, Goodnight's buffaloes, a line camp dugout or shack, a cowhand hard at work—these were his favorite subjects.

As he sketched and studied, Collinson and Goodnight approved or criticized his work; for only these two pioneers of all those Bugbee knew, had watched the Mexicans lance their buffaloes; only these two had encountered the *Comancheros* as they traded illicitly with the Indians. It is said that Goodnight knew the difference between the real howl of a coyote or the hoot of an owl, as compared to the signal of a red warrior.

When Bugbee studied in Taos, he lived for a time in the old Governor Bent home, then operated as a boarding house. Later he lived in the Mission Shop where he had his studio. The young man made friends with many fine artists and often packed a horse and went along with them to the mountains to paint. This must have been an exciting, adventurous time in Bugbee's life—working at what he loved most, comparing notes with some of the great Western painters, attending Saturday night dances—and best of all, studying the Indians of Taos at first hand.

His penchant for perfection was such that when called upon to sketch an animal no longer in the region, he would not rely on pictures but would visit a zoo. Bugbee became a renowned muralist. Probably his most important work in murals was for the Panhandle Plains Historical Museum at Canyon, Texas. It depicts Col. Goodnight's entrance into Palo Duro Canyon.

Bugbee painted fourteen oils for the "Longhorn Room" for his first patron, the late Col. Ernest O. Thompson, owner of the Amarillo Hotel in Amarillo, Texas.

During the early 1900s Bugbee signed on with the JA Ranch to take a trainload of cattle to market in Kansas City, Missouri. While there, he arranged for the Findley Art Gallery to handle his work. Before long Bugbee had agreements with additional galleries in Chicago, New York and Denver. He had become established as an artist of the West.

During the Depression the sale of paintings perceptively dwindled, so Bugbee turned to magazines for a market. For the next eighteen years, he did pen and ink illustrations almost without interruption. Over the years, he illustrated for *Short Stories, Ranch Romances, Western Stories, Quarter Horse Journal, Field And Stream, Country Gentleman, Progressive Farmer, The Cattleman* and others. He also illustrated many books,

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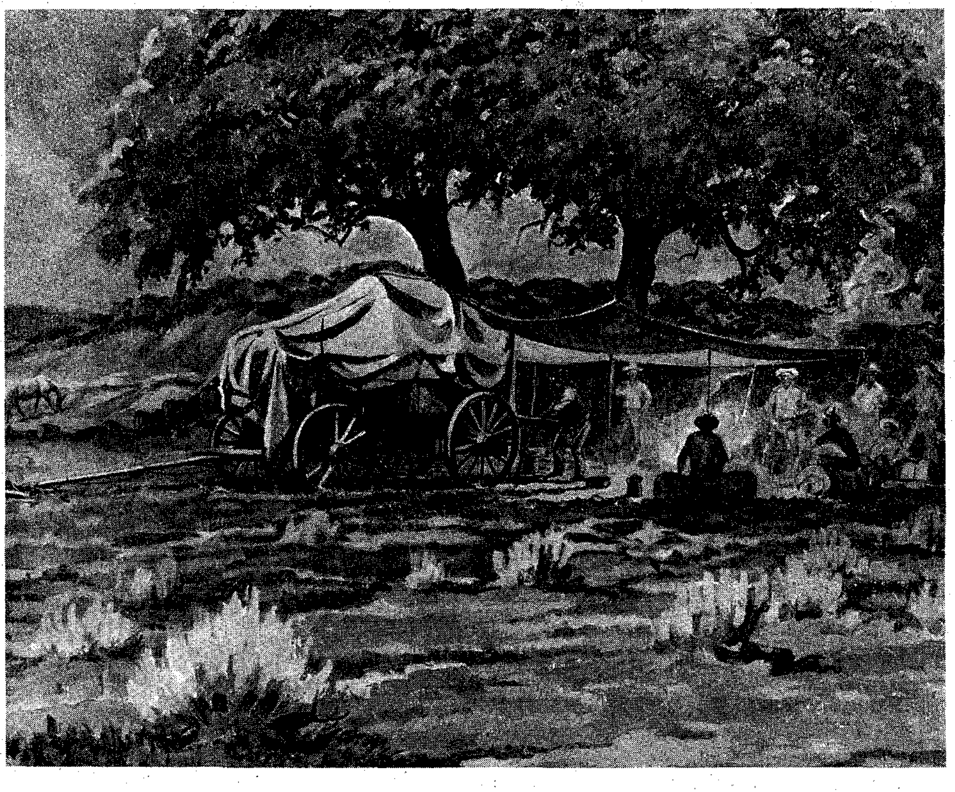
The chuckwagon and early-morning grub around the campfire, depicted by this Bugbee painting, were very much a part of early Panhandle range life.



NUGGETS

THE MAY DAY DISASTER

By Kathryn D. Groesbeck

MAY DAY, 1900, was a workday for Scofield, Utah, miners but the men who went into the earth that morning did so with the anticipation of celebrating. The country had proclaimed the traditional spring festival "Dewey Day" in honor of the hero of Manila, and a dance at the Scofield Odd Fellows' Hall was being arranged.

Then, near midday, tragedy struck. Some onlookers thought the blast was a salute to the naval hero. They changed their minds quickly. Smoke was billowing out of the Number Four shaft. The housing equipment in the opening was a twisted mass of wreckage, the engineer and his helpers badly injured. A driver, John Wilson, had been hurled over 800 feet, down into a gulch; his horse lay mangled beside the ripped machinery.

T. J. Parmley, the mine superintendent, immediately organized a relief expedition. The men plunged hurriedly into the Number One shaft, thinking they could break through into Number Four, but were driven back by the terrible after-damp oozing along the shaft.

"We'll have to go straight in!" he shouted and the frightened rescuers regrouped, flinging themselves against the inferno that Number Four shaft had become. Again and again they were driven back until finally enough wrecked timber was cleared and enough good air forced in to make entry possible.

Two men—Harry Betterson and William Boweter—were found alive. Betterson, severely burned, died soon after his rescue.

Bodies were everywhere. As rapidly as possible the corpses, some burned beyond recognition, were hauled to the surface and attempts at identification were made. Meanwhile, other rescuers were exploring Number One shaft.

Thomas Livsey and his son, William, were alive, though badly burned. No other miners in that shaft had escaped. Car after car, some filled with as many as twelve bodies, was sent to the surface. At one time, there were sixty-six lying in the company receiving room.

A young man named Pat Wycherly rounded up volunteers to begin washing the corpses. As the bodies were cleaned they were placed in the company barn and later carried down a steep incline to be laid with others in the meeting house. When that structure could hold no more, the dead were taken to the schoolhouse and arranged around the walls of two of its rooms.

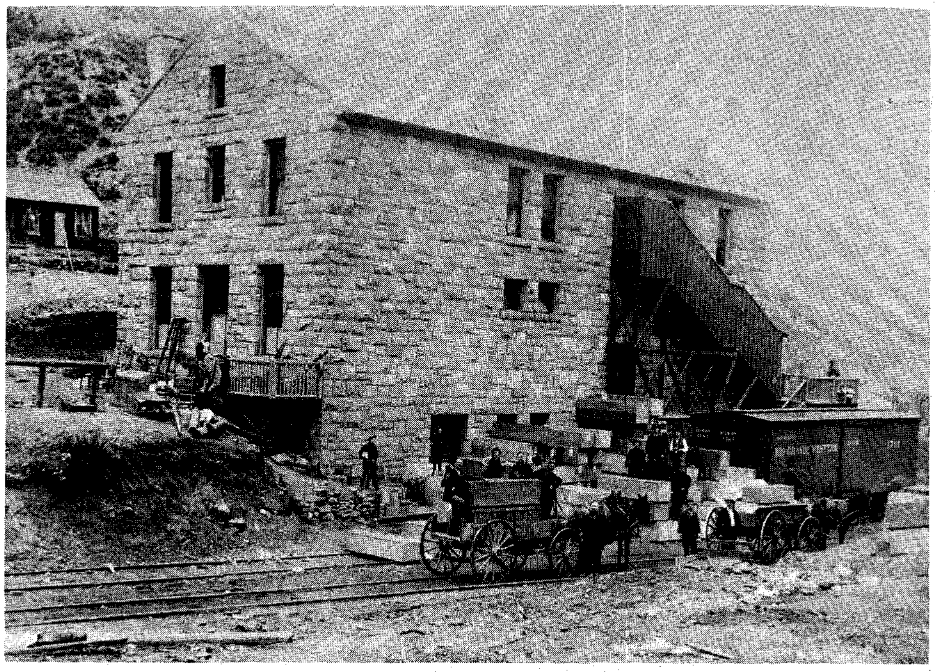


Photo Courtesy Katheryn D. Groesbeck

Coffins were distributed to the families of the dead miners at the Wasatch store in Scofield, Utah.

THE NEXT afternoon a doctor arrived from Salt Lake City by special train but found only four men who could be helped. They were immediately taken to Salt Lake City.

On the evening of the first day of the tragedy the mine company storekeeper went to Salt Lake City to procure clothing and coffins. Since there were not enough coffins available there, a carload was ordered from Denver.

Among the dead were sixty-one Finlanders, yet not one Finn except Nestor Uro volunteered to aid in the rescue because of their superstitious religious beliefs about entering a mine after a disaster. Knowing how the Finns felt, none of the other miners was angry with them.

Though there was no disturbance of any kind in Scofield, Mayor Earll decided it advisable to close all the saloons for a week.

One hundred and fifty men, seventy-five of them volunteers, dug the graves for those to be buried in Scofield. One hundred and twenty-five dead miners were interred three feet apart on a tract scarcely an acre in size. Before the coffins were placed in the ground, a carload of flowers arrived from Salt Lake City. The idea of sending flowers was that of Mrs. E. L. Carpenter, who had solicited schools, churches, clubs and businesses for donations, and who had arranged transportation with the railroad company.

On the day of the funeral, each wagon bearing a coffin passed the train and halted while flowers were handed to the mourners who accompanied it.

A funeral train carrying those to be buried in other places left Scofield with fifty-one bodies and made stops at Thistle, Springville, Provo, American Fork, Lehi, and Salt Lake City to unload the dead. Then it continued to Ogden with twenty-one bodies. Another train carried bodies to Helper. Other victims of the disaster were sent to Eureka, Coalville, Elsinore, Spanish Fork, Richfield, and Price in Utah and to Illinois, Ohio, Colorado, California, and Finland. Two hundred men had lost their lives.

Most of the miners who remained in Scofield were willing, after the shock had worn off, to return to work. Old-time miners were that way.

OLD PADDOCK

By Helen I. Anderson

IN THE spring and summer of 1874, the Elkhorn Valley in Nebraska became a regular camping ground. Nearly every night a new campfire could be seen burning in the valley, indicating a new settler had come to join the colony.

Nightfall would find the colonists gathered about the glowing campfires exchanging experiences of the day and getting acquainted with the newcomers.

The first Fourth of July was held in this vicinity at the J. T. Prouty place of business. He always kept a stock of groceries and other supplies on hand and also offered lodging to travelers. The women of the colony made a flag from old quilts and clothing collected from the colonists. The men furnished the flag pole and it was raised high in the air at the Prouty home. This marked the first flag raising in the new territory.

J. T. Prouty and his wife were members of a group who came from Sauk County, Wisconsin, in June, 1873 and located on the Elkhorn River near the present site of O'Neill.

Prouty was one of the three freeholders who organized Holt County. He was elected county clerk at the first election held December 27, 1876. There were only about fifty white inhabitants within the county limits.

Paddock was chosen as the county seat and Prouty moved there in 1877.

The post office was operated by Mr. and Mrs. David Smith. M. T. Childs carried mail on horseback from Running Water, a small village and railroad terminal about forty miles downstream on the Missouri River.

Prouty was obligated to care for the county's money. He constructed a "vault" made of cottonwood boards, 2' 4" long by 2¼ inches wide. It had a compartment 14 inches long to hold the currency. This vault, the only bank in the county at that time, was hidden under the shingled roof of Prouty's dwelling at Paddock.

Considerable dissatisfaction due to the remote position of the newly founded county seat resulted in a special meeting on May 12, 1879. It was decided to move the center of government to O'Neill.

PERHAPS no part of western Nebraska has had a more colorful past than north Holt County, and the pioneer village of Paddock flourished for four years. It was there that the notorious "Kid" Wade was held prisoner while being transferred from Iowa to Brown County for trial.

On February 1, 1884, a kangaroo court was held at the Berry home. The vigilantes were present from Brown County and Holt County to "examine" the Kid. Word spread rapidly that Wade was being held and folks gathered for the excitement. Quick action by one of the Holt County fellows averted a tragedy when one of the Brown County men attempted to shoot the prisoner.

In the blackness of night, six days later, the Kid was hanged on a whistling post at Bassett. He was buried on Bassett Hill southeast of town. His final resting place is veiled in mystery. Some historians claim his body was later returned to the region of his youth in the Sand Creek area north of Atkinson.

The old Prouty house (still in the family's name) is all that remains of historic Old Paddock. Few changes have been made in the structure. The quarters used for the post office remain intact. The vault used to safeguard the county funds is being preserved at the Nebraska State Historical Society in Lincoln and is presently on display in the museum.

This house in old Paddock still stands.

Photo Courtesy Helen I. Anderson

A VERY COOL CHARACTER

By John Carson

BEN JACKSON was a "loner." It wasn't that he didn't like people, for on the plains he was most convivial; but when he was working he preferred being his own boss. With a two-horse wagon, heading straight for buffalo country, Ben would turn his back on civilization. Working alone, he was sometimes out for months on end, never seeing another white man but all too frequently catching sight of Indians.

It was dangerous to be caught alone on the Texas prairies in 1876, so Ben never made his presence known to the Indians if he could help it, because you couldn't tell the friendlies from the hostiles until you talked to them, and if you waited that long, it might be too late!

Jackson was camped about twenty miles southwest of present-day Childress between the North and South Pease Rivers. He had, without too much difficulty, stacked his wagon high with green hides and planned to strike the Brazos about where Seymour is now, then on to Fort Worth, his home base.

Trouble beset him, however, the afternoon of the first day. Three Indians made a running attack on him. As they galloped by, Jackson's big "buffler" gun spoke, and one of the ki-yi-ing Kiowas rolled off his pony, with a half-inch chunk of lead in his guts.

For a while it appeared that the remaining two Indians had given up, but about a mile later, Ben saw them—one to his left, just out of range, the other riding along parallel to his right. Feeling that they would not attack when the odds were no better than two to one, he clucked his tongue at his team and plodded along.

Misfortune, however, was his close companion that day. Before another mile had passed, the left front wheel of his heavily loaded wagon collapsed. With no spare and almost a mile from wood and water, it looked like curtains for old Ben Jackson.

The two bucks rode around him and and got together. Easy pickings now, they figured, because if he chose to run, their fast little ponies could overtake him, and if he chose to remain and fight, it was just a matter of waiting him out. There was plenty of daylight.

Jackson, realizing that his position was too exposed for defense, hobbled his team to the broken wagon and wriggled several hundred yards to a deep buffalo wallow at the edge of a prairie dog town. Although now in a better position, all he could do was wait—and hope.

While lying in his retreat, alert to any movement that might mean his enemies were trying to take him by surprise, a slight sound to his left froze him. Turning his head slightly, he was horrified to see a huge diamondback rattler slowly gliding his way across the wallow directly toward the prone Jackson.

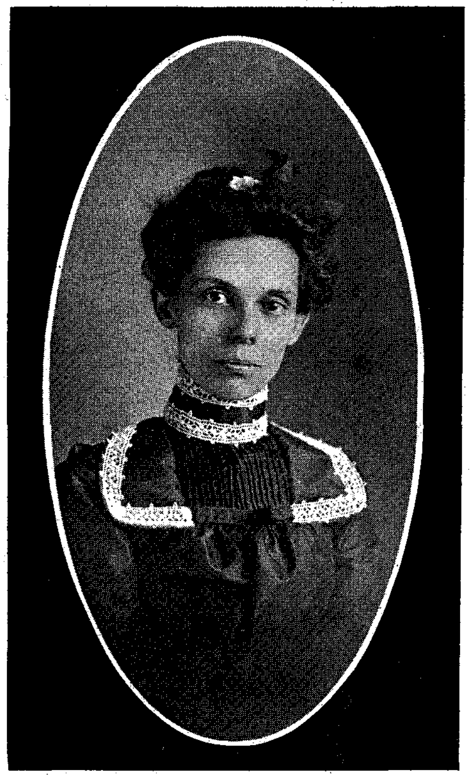
When the snake was just a couple of feet from Jackson's head, it suddenly stopped, tongue darting this way and that, ready to coil and strike. Not daring to shoot, Ben, with a lightning like movement, pressed his heavy gun barrel down on the snake just back of the head. The wiry body began a furious wriggling and writhing, and it was almost impossible for Jackson to maintain the pressure on the gun barrel with his left hand while stealthily reaching for his wiping stick with his right. The angry whirring of the rattles made a hideous sound, seemingly much louder than usual with the frontiersman's urgent need for quiet.

Making certain that the gun barrel would hold the deadly snake, Jackson coolly rapped the thrashing reptile's head with the wiping stick. After he was sure the snake was dead, Jackson relaxed, sweat pouring down his face.

SO FAR, so good. But the two Kiowas were still in the fight. One of them, spotting the wallow but not Ben, made for it. As he came in sight, the hunter drew a bead, fired, and the Indian rolled over dead. The other Kiowa hurriedly mounted his pony and, sinking his heels into his horse's ribs, galloped away mouthing threats at the victorious white man.

Ben lay in the wallow some little time. Then hearing a faint "halloo" from the direction of his wagon, he cautiously peered over the edge of his shelter. To his great relief, he recognized "Limpy

(Continued on page 52)



Courtesy Author

Sallie Rose Dayton

A SCHOOLROOM of SIOUX

What does a young teacher do first—get into their heads or into their hearts—or just give up and go back to Indiana?

By SALLIE ROSE DAYTON

"EVERYONE must work out his own salvation in the teaching of Indians," was my sole bit of advice when I, on a bone-chilling Monday morning in January, 1909, sought some guidance for instructing the intermediate pupils of the Cheyenne River Boarding School of South Dakota Sioux. The agency was located not too far from the present-day Gettysburg across the Missouri.

"I merely want to know my duties as teacher," I assured the principal who had so rebuffed me.

"You will soon become acquainted with your duties, and although you do not appear to be physically able to assume them, remember you are to ask no favors," was his rejoinder as he walked away.

I was standing in a hallway into which a group of dark-skinned children of various sizes was being ushered by a man I soon learned was the disciplinarian. It was he to whom I was to report any misconduct.

When all were seated, he, too, left and I was alone with thirty pupils who seemed intent upon ignoring my presence. As I stood beside my desk and surveyed the lowered heads of these stoic children, there came to me a somewhat jesting remark of a friend. He had said that all I would have to do would be to tell them stories of Teddy Roosevelt, whom they admired because of his ability as a rider of broncos.

However, not so much as one story of their hero could I recall, so I told them a short fairy tale at which my former all-white pupils in far away Indiana had laughed and clapped their hands. Not so with the children I was expected to teach.

Consequently, in an effort to assert some authority, I asked them in a firmer tone to bring forth their third-grade readers, which they did, but left them closed as though defiant of further orders. I picked up one on a desk directly in front of my own. I read the name, Paul Spotted Dog, on the inside leaf and promptly said, "Paul, read a page for the class."

Paul selected a page near the front of the book and read it without stumbling over a single word, but every syllable, regardless of emotional intent, received the same emphasis.

Nevertheless, I congratulated the boy on his pronunciation and called on the next in the row. He also selected a lesson in the front of the book; so hoping to test them further I asked another to show me the page of their last lesson. He replied, "No remember."

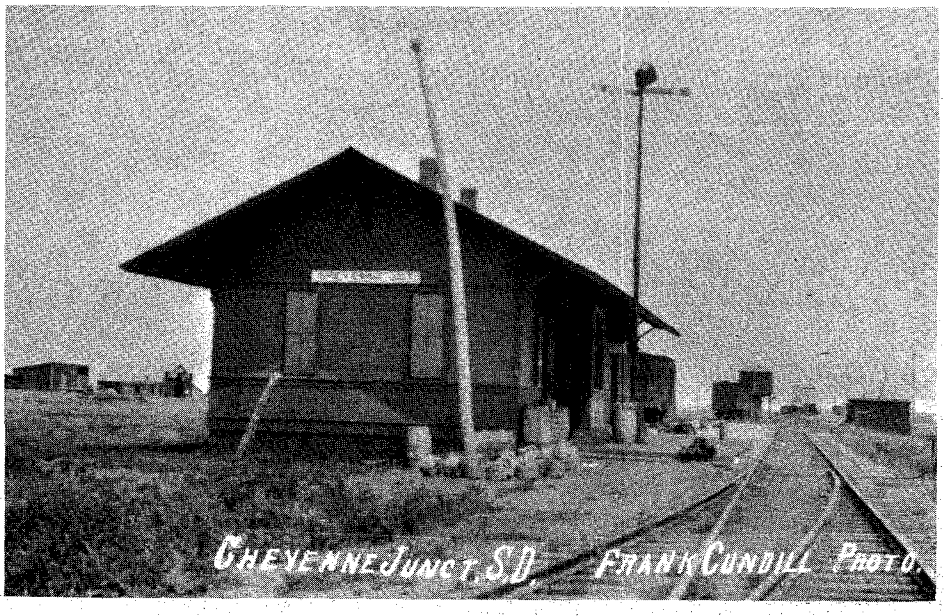
Not wishing to embarrass the class as well as myself, I then permitted each pupil to read a page of his own selection. The ease of their pronunciation of words was surprising, but I was displeased at the monotone which prevailed throughout the recitation period.

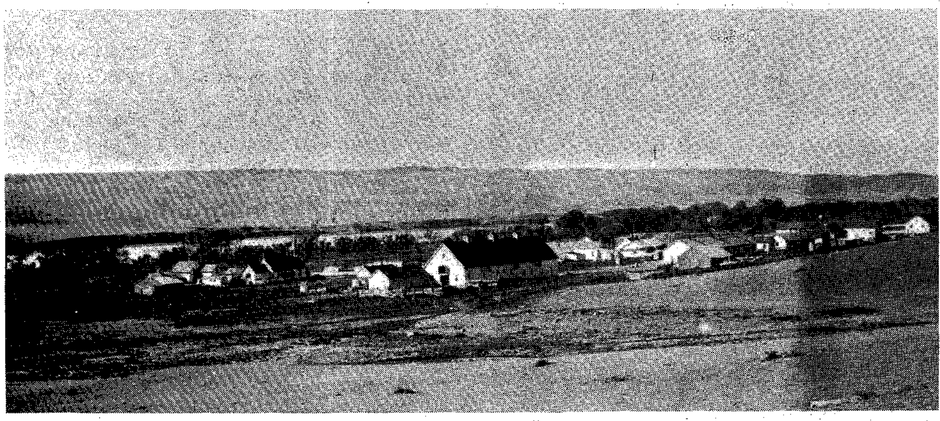
"Put away the readers and bring out your arithmetics" was my next order and when I again inquired as to their last lesson, no one would volunteer to inform me. Consequently, I gave a test to learn if they could add, and led on up to long division. Their accuracy was quite good in what we teachers considered the four distinctive elements in number work—addition, subtraction, multiplication and division.

I was satisfied that these pupils were ready for simple fraction problems, but when I tried out Paul Spotted Dog by

Depot at Cheyenne Junction, (Trail City) South Dakota, the nearest point on the railroad to the Cheyenne River Indian Agency

Courtesy Mrs. L. L. Long





Courtesy Mrs. L. L. Long

This 1911 panoramic view shows the Missouri River beyond the buildings of the Agency.

giving him a simple addition of them, he could not proceed. The starting place for this class had to be that part of their arithmetic book known as fractions. They were not pleased, as the illustrations of fractional parts of most of the objects meant no more to them than the U.S.I.D. brand of their horses and various other things meant to me.

To break the stalemate I passed out drawing paper and pencils and asked every member of the class to illustrate some things to be seen on the prairie during their summer vacation.

On the papers I collected were pictures of trees, limbs loaded down with choke cherries; scrubs bearing edible currants; and large sycamores beneath which there might be a tiny tributary of the meandering Missouri River. But the most pleasing to me was a lifelike picture of a medium-sized, riderless horse, with an attitude of expectancy for its owner. And as I picked up the papers, Louie Duchneaux informed me that his drawing was that of his own horse, miles away in his father's pasture. I told Louie that I too had a small riding horse on my father's farm in Indiana. From that moment Louie and I were friends.

BY THE END of the week, I had gathered sufficient information to enable me to make a rough outline of classroom work. And on Friday noon I received an outline concerning my out-of-classroom duties. First, I was to take my pupils of the afternoon session for a walk during the last hour of school. In addition to that I was to be one of two sponsors at a party for my room. It would be held in the assembly hall. On Saturday morning I would be expected to supervise a thorough cleaning of my schoolroom. Later in the morning I might be called upon to accompany a group of girls to the store a short distance on the opposite side of the grounds.

Sunday morning I would accompany all children of Father Vogel's class to the white building about one quarter mile on the opposite side from the school buildings. On Sunday night I would be required to contribute a quartet of singers from my room as well as play the piano for group singing from three classrooms. On the following week I would, on two nights, be obligated to continue the somewhat disrupted work of a class which had been doing simple, but exacting, craft work. A remembrance of helping my mother weave willow baskets in my childhood days was my only experience along this line but as the children had several raffia baskets already started we got by very nicely.

It was thought necessary to teach these children the rudiments of converting hides into shoes and harness, timber into useful articles, cloth into dresses, and to teach them the proper way to wash and iron as well as the proper way to care for government-furnished farm animals and tools. At the close of the first day I had sixty pupils enrolled.

New pupils arriving after the first session were fourth graders. They should have been more interesting, and it was discouraging to have young people in their teens, in some instances, who could not so much as read or write a single word.

One of these was John Iron Hawk from the Black Hills. He had managed to escape enrollment until he was almost a grown man. Apparently he knew no English words. However he was a model pupil as to behavior, which was more than I could say for an equally mature girl. She somehow had mastered the art of cheating. Before the week was up I became suspicious of her ability to make a hundred in spelling with so little study, so at the close of my pronunciation of a rather difficult spelling lesson, I stepped behind her desk and saw the edge of a tiny bit of paper under her slate.

I was confident that this girl who signed her name Amy-Talks-About-Himself copied the words from the bit of paper, but as she occupied the back seat I did not think her roommates were aware of her deception. Neither of us ever spoke of the incident for which I think Amy was very grateful, as she was a model pupil after that.

AT THE END of the two weeks I was so discouraged that I was on the verge of resigning the enlightenment of Indian children and returning home. To think the matter over I went for a solitary stroll along a stretch of boardwalk from which the Indian farm detail had shoveled snow (which they might have enjoyed if the disciplinarian had not kept so close a guard that they dared not roll even a handful into a ball).

As I came near the end of the path I heard a crunching of boots close behind me. Almost fearfully, a cheerful voice said, "Hello, teacher of B. Room."

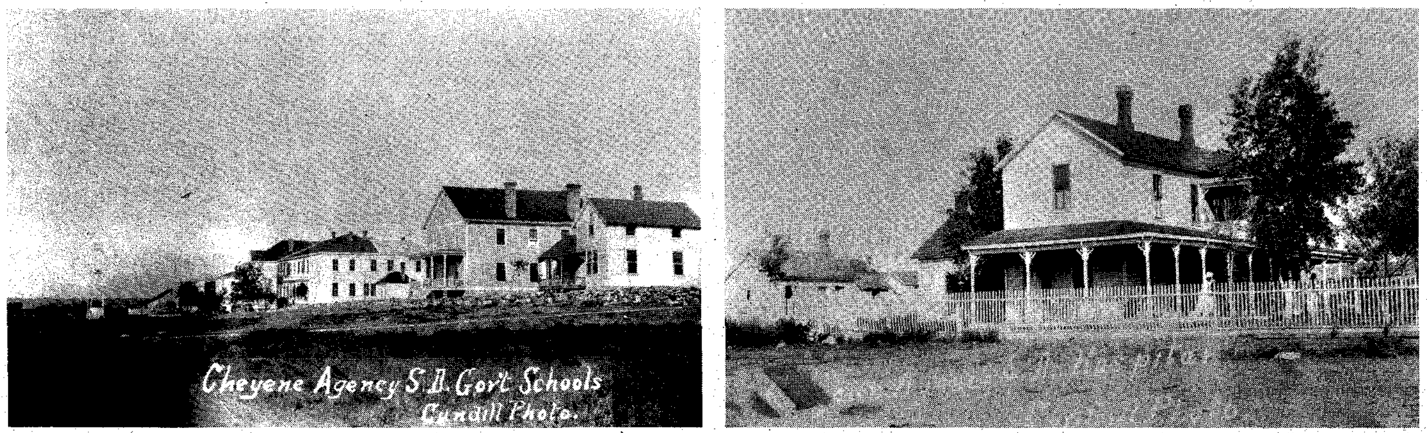
I returned the greeting in a rather reluctant manner and the boyish looking man at my side informed me with a smile that I was in charge of the room of Indian children which he had taught for a short time as a substitute. He was glad he said, to be back as clerk where the real boss of the Cheyenne River Agency lived.

"Louie was just telling me that almost all of the Indian children in your classes, except John Iron Hawk, are talking to you, so if you have them talking to you it is more than they did for me at the end of a month," the young man said wryly.

"I suppose you have been listening to Louie Duchneaux, who is about my only informer," was my reply.

At left is a number of the school buildings at the Agency, right is the Agency hospital. The area is now inundated by the Oahe Reservoir, and the Agency has been moved to Eagle Butte.

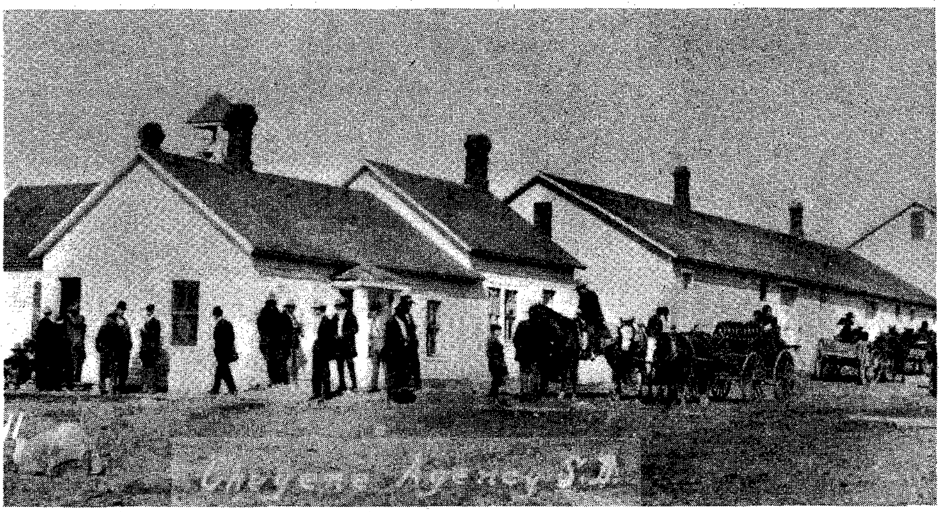
Courtesy Mrs. L. L. Long



Courtesy Author

Above: Sallie Rose Dayton, right, and her lifelong friend, Floy Harlan. Below: Indians gathered around the Agency Police headquarters and commissary for the periodic distribution of rations and farm equipment.

Courtesy Mrs. L. L. Long



"Well, Louie is a good judge of character and is your friend," said my new acquaintance as we reached the end of the road. With that, he made a high jump to a path which some older Indians had kept passable near the hospital, a row of government supply houses, a few rooms in which the Indian workers lived, and a butcher shop from which we twelve or fifteen teachers received our daily supply of meat. It was mostly beef either from the nearest railroad town (a distance of twenty miles) or from the Reservation Indians' land which extended to the Missouri River. The latter was treacherous both winter and summer, yet so dependable as a supply of water for humans and animals that I soon revered rather than feared this ever changing, muddy river. It was piped into our bathrooms, laundry, and used in the glass tumblers of our dining room.

I think when the ice began to break up and there were snow-free spots along the riverbanks, the children on their walks were more protective in respect to me than I toward them; for apparently they had memorized all the pitfalls along the stream. I had never seen a large body of water in the process of breaking up with the coming of spring and felt like laughing aloud at the antics of the large ice blocks as they tumbled over each other.

By the middle of May the prairies were a mass of primroses of various colors and to my surprise there was a delicate bloom on every thick, dark clump of cactus.

I endeavored to bring some of the outside loveliness into the classroom by selecting stories and reading lessons about the beauties of nature so near at hand, but the appreciative smile was not for me, with one exception. And that smile was one of dislike. I attributed it to the fact that he had been the previous teacher's pet, or so I had heard.

At any rate, the boy formed the habit of letting his thick lower lip drop and exposing his teeth which altogether gave the impression of a pleasant smile, but when I passed him he would drop clenched fists to a level with his seat. I took no apparent notice for a few times, but one day I caught him by surprise and gave him a fairly hard slap which ended the clenching of fists—in my presence, at least.

I EXPECTED a reprimand from the principal and possibly a dismissal but evidently that was one bit of news that Louie did not peddle. I do not think the boy's grandfather ever heard of the incident, either; nevertheless I fairly trembled in my high-top shoes when an old, old Indian entered the schoolroom so noiselessly one day that I was unaware of his presence until he was standing near me. I was perched on my desk telling a story. He was leaning upon a nicely carved, stout stick.

I glanced toward my pupils, hoping to discover whose relative the old man might be. I saw Gus, the boy I had slapped, sitting quietly with lowered head. I guessed the relationship and offered my visitor a chair, but he refused. He stood attentively while the class read their lesson, then left the room as quietly as he had entered.

At recess Louie informed me that our visitor was Gus' grandfather who had been a great warrior in his time. I noticed a slight huskiness in the voice of Louie, and when he had finished his talk, he brought forth a little old calendar from an inside pocket and with a smile, marked off another day.

Then, to the sorrow of the entire school, Louie a few days later was sent home to his father's ranch and his beloved pony. Louie, like many others in our school, had symptoms of tuberculosis, and such children were sent to their homes whether their lodgings were tents, log or sod cabins, or fairly substantial frame houses. At least they were back in the wide open spaces which they loved so well, and in many instances the change did restore the youths to health—for a time, at least.

A few days after Louie's departure I again encountered Gus' grandfather standing silently in front of the boys' dormitory. He pointed to the closed door as though asking my permission to enter. I had not yet heard that Gus had fallen from a wagon and apparently was bleeding to death.

I went inside and the principal, Mr. Mossman, was doing what he could to check the flow of blood from Gus' neck, which had been cut on the wagon tire as he fell. I offered my assistance but the principal waved me on to comfort the boy's sister at the girls' dormitory. My task seemed a useless one, for his teenage sister was simply walking the floor wailing, and I knew no words in her language. At the end of an hour, however, the matron brought the news that Gus would live, and his sister's face for an instant lit up with an expression of joy.

I also learned that Gus' mother was with him, and we white employees would have to take turns staying at his bedside lest she attempt to use some of her people's remedies, as had another mother, only recently. The victim had been a very comely boy of unusual talent, but had fallen ill with typhoid fever and his mother had been permitted to visit him for a little while at the hospital. In that brief time she had given her son some food which ended his life.

By the time Gus was permitted out-of-doors, the few log, dirt-covered cabins near the school were inhabited to their limit by parents of our schoolchildren. The elders were not only anxious to see their offspring but to see what progress had been made in learning the white

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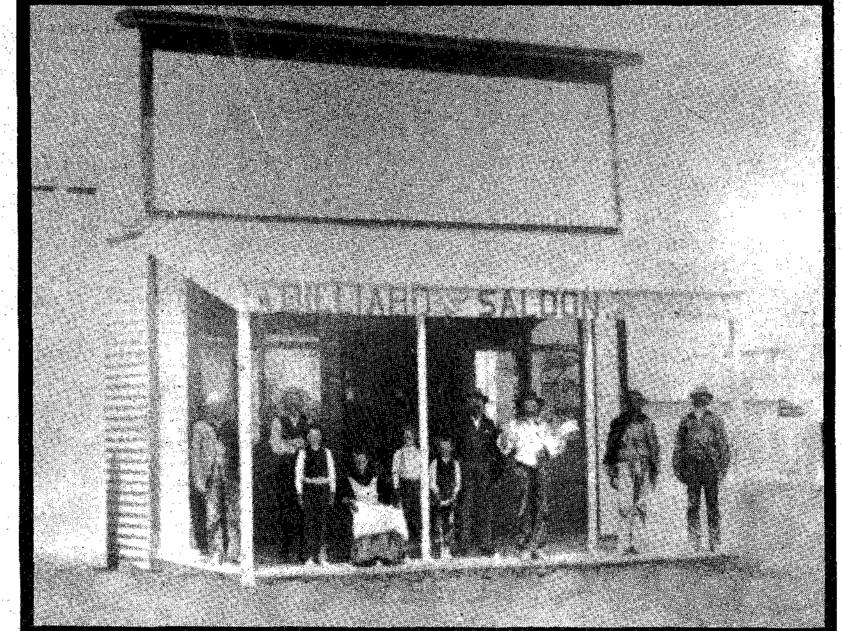


The J. F. Capansky Saloon in Boston, Colorado, 1888. Left to right: Judge Al Jennings; John Jennings; Andy Capansky; Grandma Capansky; Abel Capansky; Bert Capansky (living); Frank Jennings; Granddad Capansky; ___ Crockett; Cap Parrott.

SHOOT-OUT AT OLD BOSTON

When it was over, the price of real estate had dropped to an all-time low. Everybody in town had urgent business elsewhere!

By IKE OSTEEN

Photo Courtesy Author

THERE IS something about a lost chapter in the natural procession of events that tradition-loving Americans like to preserve as a treasure. The element of mystery makes it attractive. Had the old towns of the 1880s in Baca County, Colorado continued to exist, the interest in them would not be as great as it is today.

Early events in Springfield and Vilas do not excite the popular imagination; the towns are here today, many of the old landmarks are still visible, and the past has gradually merged into the present. But with an old, forgotten town it is different.

Late in 1886, Boston put in its appearance thirteen miles southeast of the present town of Vilas, Colorado. For two or three years it was the largest town in the county and was the chief center of activity in the new and raw frontier district. It had five saloons, a three-story hotel, bank, drug store, hardware store, three livery barns, a post office, and the offices of two newspapers, *Boston Banner* and *Western World*.

Its location was the hangout for Charley Hall (alias Bill Thompson), and a fellow named Maxwell, both of whom were Regulators—detectives hired by the big cattle companies for protection against rustlers. These two men, especially Thompson, were known for their ruthless character and lack of principle. The famous Jennings boys, whose depredations were widely known, made Boston their home. Their father, Judge Al Jennings, had done a great deal in building the town. With a few notable exceptions, the resident element, itself, was a great factor in establishing the town as one of the toughest spots in the new frontier. Even the town marshal, Cornelius Smith, was a desperate fellow who had earned the nickname, "Billy the Kid." from his similarity to the outlaw of Texas and New Mexico fame. Smith had reformed for a time, but it was said that he soon went back to his horse stealing ways. Still, he was thought to be the only one capable of keeping a semblance of order in the wild little town.

ONE DAY in 1889, Bill Rowan, a cowpuncher, tracked his stolen horses to a livery stable in Boston, thereby starting a series of events that finally led to the destruction of the town. He identified the horses and directed the owner of the stable to hold them until his return.

In a few days, accompanied by Thompson and Maxwell, the cowboy boldly took possession of the horses without the usual courtesies being shown the proprietor. This was a bit too highhanded to suit the fancy of the townsmen, who already had no liking for the two Regulators.

Nothing happened for a few weeks, but dislike for the Regulators kept growing.

In the meantime, Frank Bradley, a friend of Thompson, was making himself more and more a nuisance around town by getting drunk and getting into all kinds of trouble. Abel Capansky recalls a characteristic instance when Bradley forced Abel's father, who owned one of the saloons, to take a bite of supper with him. Entering a store, Bradley ordered some canned food to be set on the counter. Not having a can opener, he began shooting the tops off, while the panicked onlookers hurried outside the line of fire.

Bradley felt on these occasions that his friendship with Thompson was sufficient to keep him out of serious trouble. After all, the people still remembered that Thompson had killed Henry (Frenchie) Savor in their town just two years before, and had killed a man named Phillips in Squaw Canyon the same year. It made no difference that he had shot Savor in the back and killed Phillips after dark when he was dipping his bucket in the spring to get some water to start supper.

During one of Bradley's sprees, Billy the Kid tried to arrest him, but was slightly wounded and very badly scared in the attempt. Frank had shot at him, taking off a little hide just above his ear.

The marshal was thinking things over a safe distance from the store when Frank Lapel stepped up and offered to do his job for him. The offer was accepted. Entering the store, Frank grabbed Bradley from behind, pinned his arms behind him, and dragged him outside. He threw him to the ground and managed to get Bradley's gun which he tossed up against a building.

While Lapel was trying to subdue his opponent, someone stepped out from the circle of onlookers, towered over the helpless Bradley, and pointed a gun at his chest. There was a moment's pause as the crowd stood transfixed, looking

(Continued on page 49)

TWENTY YEARS among our HOSTILE INDIANS

From a book by J. Lee Humfreville, describing the characteristics, customs, habits, religion, marriages, dances and battles of the wild Indians in their natural state. Hunter & Company, Publishers, New York, 1899.

THE FUR COMPANIES

THE FIRST white men with whom the Indians of the north and northwestern parts of this continent came in contact were the trappers, hunters, and traders of the various fur companies. An adventurous explorer or an enthusiastic missionary might, from time to time, penetrate into the heart of the Indian country, but they were seen by only a few of the natives in their transient passage, and rarely left a lasting impression behind them.

The first fur company to enter this wild region for barter and trade was the Hudson's Bay Company. This association was formed during the reign of Charles II for the purpose of importing into Great Britain furs and skins obtained from the Indians of British North America, or secured in their territory. The company established numerous trading posts throughout the immense region bounded east by the Atlantic, west by the Pacific, north by the Arctic Ocean, and south by what is now a portion of the United States. This company had an exclusive monopoly of the fur trade in this vast territory, and it also controlled the entire legislative, judicial, and executive powers within those limits.

In the course of time the company developed into one of the most complete as well as tyrannical commercial systems in the world. The native Indians were as fierce as those of any other portion of the North American Continent, yet the company and its officials had little difficulty with them. This, according to company authorities, was mainly attributable to the perfect system of discipline maintained among their employees.

One of their maxims was never to trust an Indian, no matter how friendly he might seem or how honest he pretended to be. In case of difficulty or trouble, employees were instructed to act with the utmost prudence and firmness, to be as just as they were stern, and never to use their weapons or kill an Indian, except in self-defense. Any exhibition of hostility or even arrogance was to be stopped the moment it showed itself. The punishment for insolence or petty offenses was to knock the Indian down at once with the fist. However expert the Indian might be with his knife, lance, gun, or other weapon, he was invariably taken aback by the landing of a white man's fist on his nose.

No offense on the part of the Indians was passed unnoticed, but instead of shooting the culprits down or butchering them indiscriminately, the tribe was

Voyaguers, photographed at Fort William on Lake Superior, paddled the wilderness rivers and lakes of half the continent, taking supplies to the Hudson's Bay Company traders and trappers in the West and bringing back the year's catch of furs.

Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

frequently prevailed upon to send in the criminal for punishment. He usually got off with a reprimand, sometimes receiving a present, which made him, for the time being at least, a "good Indian."

AFTER the cession of Canada in 1763, numbers of fur traders spread over that country and into the northwestern part of the continent, and began to encroach on Hudson's Bay Company's territory. These individual speculators finally combined, forming the Northwest Fur Company in 1787. They had their headquarters at Fort William, where the directors or their representatives met once a year. The trade of this company was in the region of the north.

Fierce competition at once sprang up between these rival companies. Both supplied the Indians with an abundance of intoxicating liquors in order to increase their trade and maintain commercial supremacy. The consequence was inevitable. The worst passions of both Indians and whites—many of these latter being really half-breeds—were inflamed to the fiercest degree, and great destruction of human life and property was the result. The supply of furs, too, threatened to become exhausted by the indiscriminate slaughter, even in the breeding season, of both male and female animals.

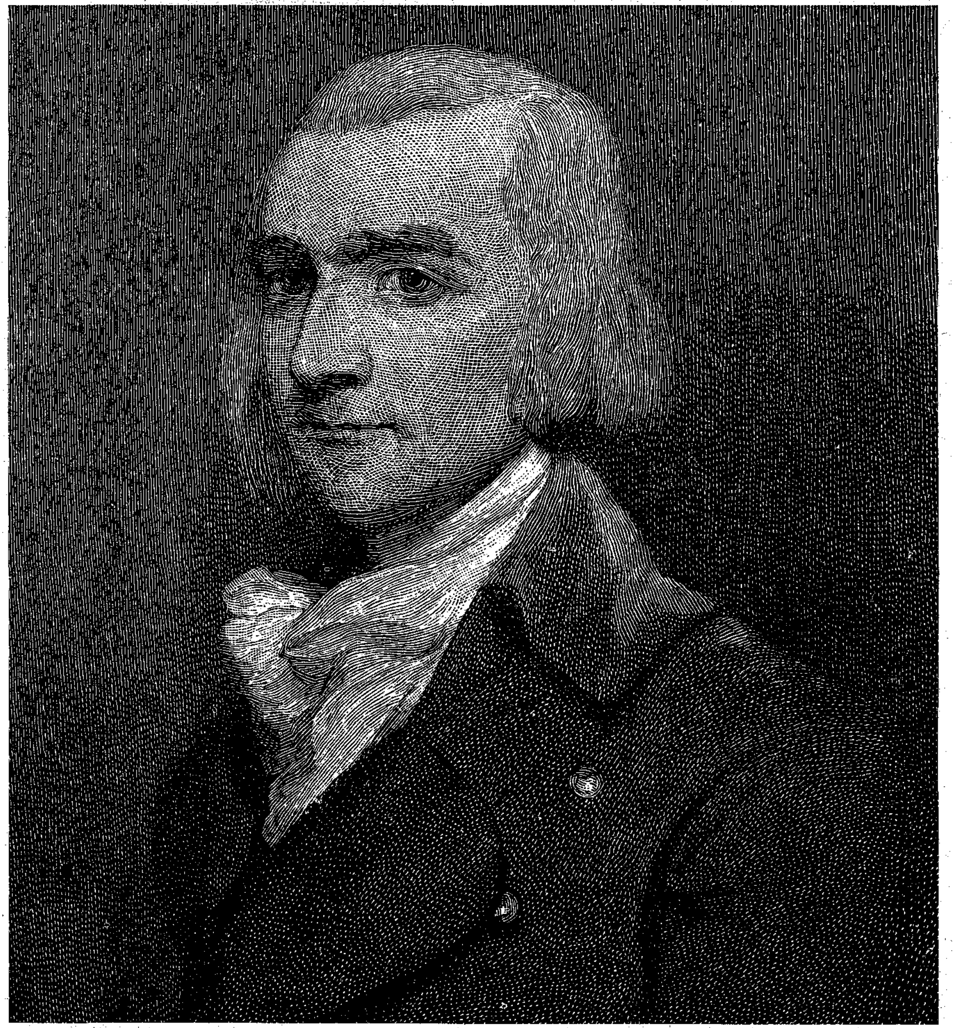
The Northwest Company had the monopoly of the fur trade of the entire region of the Northwest, and was also practically the political ruler of that great stretch of territory.

The Mackinaw Company, another rival, was subsequently established and sought to monopolize the trade to the south and southwest of the Northwest Company. Meantime, John Jacob Astor engaged in the fur trade on his own account, and obtained a charter from the Legislature of New York in 1809, incorporating the American Fur Company. The rivalry of the Mackinaw Company rendering his own venture unprofitable, he and some members of the Northwest Company bought out the Mackinaw Company, and established a new one under the name of the Southwest Company, embracing part of the Northwest Company, the American Company, and probably the interests of individual traders who had become strong.

This company controlled a number of establishments within both British and American territory. Mr. Astor engaged in trade in consequence of the treaty of 1794, which permitted commercial intercourse between Canada and the United States, and entailed the evacuation of all the posts held by the British within United States territory.

Previous to the establishment of the American Fur Company, Congress enacted a law decreeing that all fur traders in United States territory should be American citizens, and that no foreigners should be employed in this line of business unless under bonds furnished by American employers for the proper conduct of these traders.

The central business post of the consolidated companies was near Sault Ste. Marie, on Lake Superior. The interior sub-posts extended over a vast region, running north to the fifty-ninth degree north latitude, and west as far as the Missouri River. It was found impossible to conduct the business successfully without employing some of the agents, clerks, interpreters, and boatmen of the old company, all of whom were foreigners or French Canadians.



Harper's

John Jacob Astor, who financed much of the trapping and fur-trading which opened the West for settlement

As already stated, when the commercial rivalry between the two British Fur Companies sprang up, both parties sold the Indians ardent spirits. Congress passed a law, after the establishment of the American Fur Company, prohibiting the sale of intoxicants to Indians, not even allowing their introduction into their country under any circumstances. But as the old employees of the Northwest Company virtually held the field of trade, this law was almost a dead letter. They were employed to secure furs, and to utilize the Indians in every way necessary for this purpose, and aimed only to make good returns to their employers. The consequence was that the Indian was debased, and all the inherent evil in his nature was awakened and set in motion.

The political influence exercised on the Indians of the Northwest was also bad. The great body of Indians in the region of the upper lakes, and extending to the source of the Mississippi, were averse to American rule. Many of them had been influenced to fight the Americans, who were frequently ambushed, surprised, and attacked in various ways and in many places, including Fort Dearborn (now Chicago), Brownstone, River Basin, Maumee, Fort Harrison, Machilimackimac, and other strongholds. The British fur traders made the Indians believe that the Americans were to be driven back to the lines of the Illinois and Ohio Rivers, an old and popular wish of the Lake Indians from early days. Large numbers of them joined the British in the war that followed, and suffered severely. Their great chief was killed; their prophet, Elksatawa, was driven into Canada; and what was worse, they were abandoned by the British after the close of the war. Many of them never came back; those who did, and those who had remained in United States territory, were discontented, sullen, and hostile. It was among these that the foreign employees of the American Fur Company traded. To their baleful influence more than to anything else may be largely ascribed the beginning of our subsequent troubles with the Indians of the Northwest.

THESE TRAPPERS included many of the most hardy and daring frontiersmen of those days. Their trapping expeditions were always led by one man. It was their custom to travel up the the streams until they came to the mouth of a stream confluent to the one on which they were traveling, where they made camp. They then trapped to the entire source of this stream, and after securing all the beaver, otter, and other pelts possible, returned to the main stream again, moving camp to the mouth of the next stream above, going up that, and so on until they arrived at the

(Continued on page 50)

Treasure in an Iron Box

(Continued from page 17)

They deluged him with delicacies he had not been able to afford; nursed him and tidied up his cabin and pestered him to death with their attentions and ceaseless chatter. But he was a cunning old coot and they often remarked among themselves how appreciative he was.

With life so easy, Stony stretched out the period of his convalescence. But if his "improvement" was slow, it was eventually complete, and it was with something akin to regret that the members of the Friday Afternoon Club realized that he was fully recovered.

SUMMER was gone when an event occurred that was to change the course of his aimless existence. It was early in the evening when someone banged on his door. He opened it to find a stranger standing there, gasping for breath and obviously in agony. Stony helped him to the bed and dosed him with whiskey, the only sure-fire medicine with which he was acquainted. Presently the man was resting easier. The two of them were about of the same age.

"I reckon this is my finish," the stranger said. "This is the third time it's happened."

"Who are you and where you from?" Stony asked.

"My name wouldn't mean anything to you, so we'll skip it. For the past two days I been up at the old Black Prince, tryin' to figger out how I could get my hands on what I came back for. There's no chance; that hole is full-up with water. There's a heap of money at the bottom of the shaft. It ain't goin' to do me any good; it may mean something to you."

Of course, he was the surviving member of the bandit gang that had used the Black Prince for their hideout in the long ago. When the posse trailed them to the mine and they realized they could not escape with their loot, they had pitched the steel box into the shaft, hoping that they could recover it later.

Stony hurried into town for a doctor. The sheriff returned with them to find that the stranger had died. The sheriff asked some questions. Stony recounted how the man had banged on his door and he had done what he could for him. But that was all; the secret of the Black Prince was now Stony's and his alone. He had no intention of divulging it to anyone.

To know where a fortune (he magnified the size of it, no doubt) was located that he had no hope of claiming was something to live with day after day, without taking anyone into his confidence. By scrimping and saving, he got enough money together in the course of a year to buy legal title to the Black Prince. Everybody was convinced that he was getting childish. No one was more infuriated than Jim Petit, superintendent of the Orizaba.

"Is that what we're paying him a pension for—to stick the money into a worthless hole in the ground? I hear he spends most of his time up there. He's put a couple planks across the open mouth of the shaft and sits there eating his lunch every day. I won't be surprised if he falls in. That'll be the end of him."

"Just to own a mine, even though it's worthless, means something to an old man who has never owned anything," his wife protested. "I've never known him to be so happy and cheerful."

There was a marked change in Stony. Hunters and fishermen often saw him puttering about his mine. Acquaintances, pretending to take him seriously, tried to draw him out about his plans for the Black Prince. He told them he was considering driving a tunnel into the mountain below the mine that would tap the shaft and draw off the water. It would take money, he acknowledged, but someone would come along who would be willing to take a gamble. That someone never arrived. It was no major disappointment to Stony, for he had never really figured that anyone would. In the meantime, he was weighing the possibilities of a scheme that had been born in his fertile mind. Shortly after spring came again and the snow went off, he made his move.

THE FIRST notice of it came when it was realized that no one had seen Stony for several days; it seemed that he had suddenly disappeared. He wasn't at his cabin, nor was there any sign that he had been recently. Mrs. Petit had her husband send a man up to the Black Prince. He found the remains of Stony's partly eaten lunch on the planks that spanned the mouth of the shaft, and ten feet below, floating on the water, a battered hat. This left little reason to doubt that he had fallen off the planks and been drowned, as Jim Petit had predicted was likely to happen. (This incident of the floating hat has appeared in so many pieces of short fiction that it has become a cliché. This is how it began.)

A special meeting of the Friday Afternoon Club was called, with Mrs. Petit presiding, at which it was unanimously agreed that they should march to Jim Petit's office and demand that the superintendent of the Orizaba send one of his portable gasoline engines and a high-pressure pump up to the Black Prince and recover Stony Wilcox's body.

In vain Petit protested that it would cost the mine a thousand dollars to send a crew and heavy equipment to the Black Prince. In the end, he gave in, knowing he would have no peace at home if he did otherwise.

It took the men from the Orizaba the better part of a day to get ready. Once the pump started, it did not stop. Morning brought a crowd out to watch the operation. Late in the afternoon of the following day, with the job about finished, a cry went up from the onlookers as they saw Stony limping briskly down the trail. Jim Petit tore into him without regard for the effect of the language he used on the ladies in the crowd.

"You crooked old skinflint," he roared, "you planned this whole thing—leaving your lunch on the planks, tossing your hat on the water and making yourself scarce. You damn well knew the womenfolks would force me to move my stuff up here and pump out your rat hole to get your rotten carcass to the surface."

Although it was a dozen or more years ago, I recall with what gusto my old and valued friend Dinny Moran, who was present, described that afternoon at the Black Prince.

"We'd never had reason to believe there was any fight in Stony Wilcox," he said. "He took the tongue-lashing Petit gave him, and then—great day in the morning!—he simply pulled the rug out from under Petit. What a moment that was! He told Jim he didn't have to ask anybody's permission if he wanted to take a couple days off and go over the Divide to visit his friends at the Three Brothers Mine. He also told him he hadn't asked him to pump out his mine. 'As a matter of fact, you ain't got no business being on my property,' he cried. 'You're trespassing, moving in with your men and machines. I'll hire me a lawyer and sue you!'

"Petit realized that Stony had him up a tree. He tried to placate him. 'The only way you can square things with me,' Stony told him, 'is to keep on pumping and bring a windlass up here and send a man down to fetch up the iron box that's at the bottom of the shaft.'

"This was the first any of us had heard about his iron box. We understood at once what all this trickery and scheming was about. He had repaid Mrs. Petit and the other ladies for their concern by betraying them shamelessly. Feeling against him began to run pretty high. I don't know what might have happened if the sheriff hadn't been there. But the hard talk bounced off Stony like rain off a duck's back.

"A windlass was put in position in the morning and one of the boys from the Orizaba was lowered in a bucket. Half an hour later a muck-covered chest was brought up. We crowded around to see it opened, but Stony had it placed in the wagon he had rented and drove off with it. We didn't know what was in it or how Stony knew it was down there under all that water. About the only thing we were sure of was that he hadn't dumped it into the old shaft. We took it for granted, of course, that it contained treasure of some sort—bullion or minted gold.

"There was no doubt about it when he cashed in his find at the bank for a little less than $24,000. He cleared out for Denver then to take things easy for the rest of his life. When we got our wits back, we figured the whole thing out. Somebody recalled the time when bandits had headquartered at the Black Prince, and the fight with the posse. That was before my time. I didn't know anything about it; but I remembered when the stranger had died at Stony Wilcox's cabin. We were sure he was the man who had escaped alive from the fight with the Wells Fargo guards, after the gang had been run out of this country."

The only time I ever saw Stony Wilcox was some years later as I sat with Dinny Moran in the famous circular lobby of the Brown Palace Hotel in Denver, with its balconies on every floor all the way up to the roof. As he came out of the ground floor brokerage office, a neat, shriveled-up little man, still spry for all of his lameness, and sat down some distance away, Dinny pointed him out to me.

As I watched, several men stopped to exchange a word with him. I wondered if he were prosperous.

"He is. He dabbles in the market and is shrewd enough to do all right for himself. You'll find him here every day. He spends most of his time between the Brown Palace lobby and the New Albany."

"Well," I observed, "he looks innocent enough."

"He always did," Dinny laughed. "Looking at him, you wouldn't believe there was a deceitful bone in his body."

Mt. McKinley's towering 20,320 foot peak, gleaming in the Midnight Sun, offers a challenge to men to scale its craggy face.

By ROBERT H. REDDING

Photo Courtesy Alaska Travel Division

The SOURDOUGHS and the "OLD MAN"

No one should ever resent Beginner's Luck—Lord knows these men needed something going for them the day they took a bet to plant a flagpole in the sky!

IN THE ANNALS of mountain climbing there is one recorded event that still astounds the experts. The first successful attempt to scale Mt. McKinley, highest peak on the North American Continent, was accomplished by four amateurs. Amateurs? They weren't even rank beginners!

One February day in 1910, four gentlemen were having a beer in Bill McPhee's Fairbanks saloon. They were Tom Lloyd, Charles McGonigall, Bill Taylor and Pete Anderson. As the hours passed, the talk spun through many topics, threading its way finally to the ill-starred Cook ascent of the "Old Man" as Mt. McKinley was called.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook had attempted it twice, once in 1903, when both his and the Wickersham effort failed, and again in 1906, when he claimed success. His story was not sufficiently convincing, however, and his claim was discredited.

"What the heck was all the fuss?" McGonigall wondered. "Why shouldn't he have climbed the Old Man? It's just a pile of rocks."

"Yeah," agreed Tom Lloyd, "but it's 20,300 feet in the air."

"True," admitted McGonigall, "it *is* high, but, hell, give us a little time and *we* could do it!"

There was a general laugh at this, but McGonigall's words sparked new interest.

"It'd take three—four weeks," observed Bill Taylor, "and a good grubstake."

"And grub takes money," added the fourth member of the group, Pete Anderson.

At this point fate intervened in the shape of Bill McPhee. Overhearing their speculations, he said to the men, "You guys want to try it? O. K. I'll put up $500. Be good publicity for me whether you make it or not."

The saloonkeeper's offer electrified the others. Here was a concrete proposal in hard cash. The matter had suddenly left the realm of fantasy and glittered with very real possibilities.

"We'd need more cash," said Tom Lloyd, assuming the leadership. "A thousand more and we climb that granite heap." He glanced at his companions. "What do you say?"

There was a brief silence as eyes met, forming in quick agreement what was to become known as the Sourdough Party.

"McPhee," said Lloyd, "Give us one on the house. You got yourself a deal!"

TWO businessmen in town contributed the additional $1,000 and as the news spread, excitement mounted. Bets were placed, speculation as to the outcome soared—and Bill McPhee's tavern did a booming business.

As quickly as possible, an outfit was assembled and the Sourdough Party hit the trail. Mt. McKinley was 150 miles from Fairbanks, and could be seen from the nearby hills on a clear day. Plugging steadily across the frozen countryside by dog team, the four men reached

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The Last Pretender

(Continued from page 21)

in St. John's Catholic Cemetery (formerly called Portland Cemetery), at Louisville. Quantrill never left the gaze of the students of the border warfare, for they even kept track of his bones, and know that in December, 1887, one W. W. Scott removed them from Louisville, to Canal Dover, Ohio, for reinterment in the Quantrill family's cemetery lot.

Dalton's information about the days when he was the young Jesse James and therefore an intimate of Quantrill and the Youngers and other badmen of the day, ranged from the almost-believable to the fantastic.

In one of his pilgrimages to Missouri he carried an old photograph which purported to be a portrait of himself, his mother, and his brother Frank.

That was a mistake, for authentic photographs of the mother of the James Brothers, Mrs. Zerelda Samuel, were quite common, as were photographs of Frank James. Also, there were still a number of old residents of Kearney, Missouri, who knew personally how Mrs. Samuel had looked.

Dalton's alleged photo of himself as Jesse with his mother and brother drew a barrage of cross-examination from local historians. Dalton retreated into an explanation that was a monumental yarn: There really had been, he said, two sets of James boys. One set was blond and had blue eyes; the other had dark complexions and brown eyes.

And while he was at it, the old fellow upset some other thoroughly established ideas about the career of Jesse James. Jesse, he stated (and that was he, himself) had never been in St. Joseph, Missouri, the town where Bob Ford, "the dirty little coward, shot Mr. Howard, and laid poor Jesse in his grave."

IT WOULD seem obvious that such fantastic "contributions" to the history of American outlawry deserve little attention from serious students of the period. However, the gullible are ever present, and many people were willing to believe the pretensions of this would-be Jesse James. Consequently each new wandering yarn of the old man was analyzed and disproved by the experts.

They consulted the city directory for St. Joseph for the year 1882. It lists Mr. and Mrs. Howard; they lived at 13th and Lafayette Streets. This bit of primary research was added to the volumes of contemporary newspaper accounts, coroner's inquest hearings, legal identifications, mortuary photographs, and other material of St. Joseph origin pertaining to Jesse's sojourn in the town as Mr. Howard, and to his death.

So that the reader may see for himself the kind of primary research that went into disproving every claim of Frank Dalton, history's most stubborn pretender to the saddle-throne and mask-and-pistol scepter of Jesse James, two exhibits were found in a letter written on March 2, 1882 by Thomas Howard in response to an advertisement in a Lincoln, Nebraska, newspaper, offering a Nebraska farm for sale, and a reproduction of the advertisement itself.

The letter by Jesse had been made available to a researcher by the James descendants some years ago. Dalton and his supporters, however, claimed the letter was a forgery, written to support Jesse's alleged residence in St. Joseph.

That the letter was genuine is shown by the fact that patient seeking has discovered the newspaper files in Lincoln for the 1880s, and indeed the very issue of the paper in which the advertisement appeared, and then the advertisement itself, written in enticing terms ("Living springs; beautiful creek runs through it . . . finest bottom land . . . natural young timber. . . ."). It sounded good to Jesse James. One more bank holdup (or "examination" as Jesse liked to call it) and then he planned to retire to a farm, this time for keeps.

There are a few more lines to the story of Frank Dalton, the last pretender. Jesse had been shot twice through the same lung during a Civil War skirmish. The wound would have left a permanent scar, so skeptics asked the pretender to let an X-ray be taken of his chest. He refused.

Dalton's chest bore no scars such as would have been caused by the shots that punctured one of Jesse's lungs. The lack of the scars was easily explained by the masquerader—he said that he had a skin graft operation performed on the wound about 1890. Doctors say skin grafting was not practiced that early.

Dalton, when questioned about his supposed brother, Frank, did not know his full name—Franklin Alexander James. In fact, he denied that Frank had that much name, and had to be confronted with the census data from 1850 and 1860.

Jesse had a fingertip missing from the middle finger of his left hand. The most Dalton could display was a bent fingernail.

ON THE NIGHT after the old pretender died in Texas, I, who have been a student of the history of Jesse and Frank James and their fellow outlaws for many years, had an experience that left me shaken with the knowledge that coincidence is sometimes virtually unbelievable.

For many months during the heyday of the ruse I had examined the claims of Frank Dalton to the name and exploits of Jesse James, and had assisted in exposing his pretensions.

On the evening of August 16, 1951, I was at the courthouse in St. Louis County, Missouri, when a motorist was brought in by the police to be booked for reckless driving. He was an angry man, and said that if he had been driving excessively fast it was because he was on his way to make funeral arrangements for his grandfather.

Who was his grandfather? One J. Frank Dalton, he said, who had died the evening before in Granbury, Texas! His statement was verified by a query to a press association, which ascertained that Dalton had indeed died the night before.

Perhaps I should not have been so startled at this strangest of coincidences—an utterly chance encounter with the grandson of one of the most steadfast claimants to the name of Jesse James. After all, equally startling statements (contrary to all the knowledge of James historians) had been made by the masquerader for years during his attempts to prove his claims. And yet, it was a remarkable event, that meeting which enabled me to write "Finis" to the history of the last pretender.

For last pretender he must be. Too many decades have gone by since Jesse was killed by a shot in the head as he straightened a picture on the wall of a little rented house in St. Joseph. He was thirty-five years old when he died. If he were alive he would be 120 years old.

Before time ran out on the business of acting the role of resurrected Jesse Jameses, it was a flourishing business.

One of the most publicized ghosts was John James, who was no relation to the family which fathered Jesse and Frank. John had affidavits to show that he was Jesse, as did most of the seekers after this particular kind of fame.

He had backers, too, who shared the proceeds of his appearances before sizable audiences. But success went to his head, and he made one too many public appearances.

At a court hearing regarding his authenticity, members of the real James family caused questions to be asked to test his intimate knowledge of the family. Held in Excelsior Springs, Missouri, the hearing attracted many old-timers who had known Jesse, and particularly Frank James (who lived until 1915). The old-timers, and even some members of the family, were impressed and puzzled by the accuracy of some of the answers John James made to queries regarding family events. He described incidents

WILD BILL'S WILD WEST
SHOW
COMING SOON
ADMISSION
$1.50
JUST AS THE OLD COW HAND RODE BRONCO'S!
JIM BRUNER
63

"Just our luck—we gotta be breaking them wild mustangs same day the show's here."

presumably known only in the most intimate family circles.

His confidence grew as he occupied the stand. Heads in the audience began to tilt in puzzlement. Could it really be possible that this aged man reappearing in Missouri in the 1930s was the noted outlaw whose career had presumably been violently ended fifty years before?

Finally a question was put to the bold old fellow which unmasked his pretensions, and revealed him for the hoax that he was. "What was the name of your half-brother (if you are Jesse) who was killed in your family home at Kearney, Missouri, when Pinkerton detectives threw a bomb inside the house?"

The name of his dead half-brother? John James did not know. He sat silent, and his claim to the glory of being a reborn 19th Century famous American highwayman faded away.

If only he had answered, "His name was Archie Samuel," his pretense might have remained unexploded a little longer.

THE BRIEF fame that John James enjoyed was not entirely fruitless, for the affidavits that he had come by in his campaign to prove he was Jesse, eventually found their way into the hands of J. Frank Dalton and his promotors. They used the affidavits, as John James had used them, to contend, among other things, that Jesse's mother was not his mother.

Out of the limelight and on to a drifter's life went John James after the sad climax to his short career as Jesse James. In 1947, just a few months before the noisy introduction of J. Frank Dalton as the one and only genuine surviving Jesse, John James died in Little Rock, Arkansas.

Among the many imitation Jesses is a man who is buried at Brownwood, Texas; many Brownwood citizens are firmly convinced that Colonel Henry Ford of that locality was the real Jesse James.

Ford arrived in the town a long time ago, how long ago not even his most ardent believers know. There are even arguments in Brownwood as to when he died. One staunch defender claims Jesse, *alias* Colonel Ford, died in 1914. Another equally certain holder of this unique knowledge as to the real fate of Jesse James, states that the Colonel died in 1898.

Examination of the Brownwood legend has not been as thorough a study as have the J. Frank Dalton and John James myths. Perhaps detailed scrutiny of the claim has not been deemed necessary because of an abundance of particularly obvious contradictions.

For example, proponents of Ford as Jesse said he was visited by Cole Younger in Brownwood in later years. Cole and Jesse were not that friendly, their close relationship having broken on the rocks of the Northfield, Minnesota, bank robbery fiasco.

Also, the Brownwood legend held that Bob Ford did not kill Jesse James, but that the reverse was true, and that Jesse killed Bob, and succeeded in convincing Missouri law officials in 1882 that Ford's body was his own. This fantasy falls before the fact that Bob Ford was thoroughly identified in Creede, Colorado, where he operated a barroom in 1892, and that the slayer was one Edward O'Kelley. Edward's brother vouched for this finish to the career of Bob Ford, as many a yellowing newspaper file also attests.

Colonel Ford, of Brownwood, Texas, himself made no claim to being Jesse James. He was a man of some prominence in the town. In 1891 he was listed as president of the board of directors of the Brownwood Fair, and he was on the board of trustees of a local college.

Who he really was may never be known. That he was acquainted with the family of Jesse and Frank James, and some of their partners in outlawry, appears plain. There seems to be ample proof, also, that Cole Younger and Frank James visited him in Brownwood in their later years, but they visited the man Ford, not Jesse James.

Was he a short-term member of the Jesse and Frank James group of outlaws? Or was he a law-abiding citizen all his life who as a fellow guerilla had known the James boys in the border warfare days before and during the Civil War?

Whoever Colonel Ford was, his identity remains an intriguing question. His modest claim to being only Colonel Henry Ford, civic-minded citizen of Brownwood, Texas, around the turn of the century, is in vivid contrast to the shabby, self-deluded, and commercialized pretensions of the numerous old frauds who claimed to be the famous Missouri outlaw.

A Schoolroom of Sioux

(Continued from page 38)

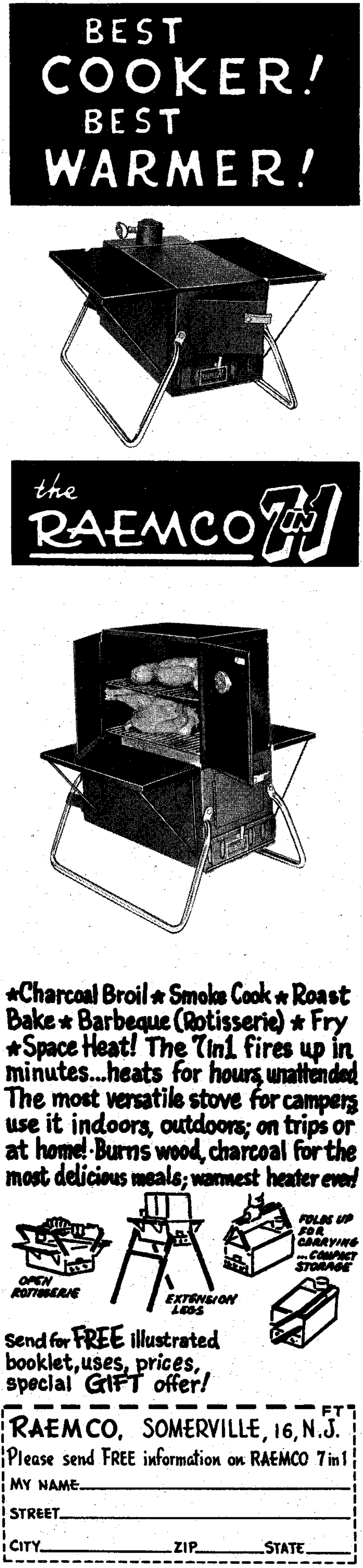
people's ways. In most instances, in classrooms as well as in all other departments, the children had put forth their best efforts in producing drawings, arithmetic problems and short compositions which were pinned upon the walls, and had patiently practiced singing in groups as well as learning a short pantomine of "Ten Little Indians."

TO ME fell the task of ushering the visiting parents and grandparents through the various classrooms, shops, and workrooms. My embarrassment was great when one of the middle-aged visitors, a parent of one of my pupils, pointed out a mistake in a fraction on an exhibit paper. And one elderly woman refused to enter the laundry in which a power motor was humming. She was as shy as a bird.

There was a day for sports consisting of baseball and races, but the participants as well as onlookers were so very quiet that the winners received no handclapping or shouts of applause.

On the last night of Commencement Week, we honored the students by exhibiting on the stage of the large assembly hall, the best work from the shoemaker's shop, carpenter shop, and the sewing room. There was some group singing as well as an orchestra. By that time I had a quartet of girls on whom I could depend for the programs we gave on Sunday nights, and I did not think they would disappoint me that night and they did not.

But I was a bit amused at the principal who had so curtly informed me that I would have to work out my own salvation. For I was aware of the fact that for days he had been taking four of the larger girls out among the buttes and encouraging them to speak sufficiently loud that he might hear them from the butte on which they stood to one on which he sat. He had boasted of his success, but when brought to the test, only those in the audience very near the front of the hall could hear the girls' much practiced song. Nevertheless, there were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many white employees of the Agency present and they made the hall ring with their applause and all was well. When the elderly Indians began their trek to the downward stairway near which I was standing, the majority gave me a friendly "How" as they passed out into the school yard and on to their cabins or tents for the remainder of the night.

On the following morning at an early hour the big gate of the school grounds was flung open. Numerous wagons to which were hitched Indian ponies, somewhat hampered by saddled ponies attached to their bridles, came to a standstill near the two dormitories.

The girls hastily climbed over the wheels or any other obstacles and took their places beside their mothers who, in most instances, were seated on prairie hay on the bottom of the wagons. The boys made a leap for the extra ponies' backs and soon our pupils were out of sight, no doubt carrying on fluent conversations in the language they had been forbidden to use for nine months.

The majority of the employees were not far behind, but they brought forth neat suitcases and placed them on the porch of the employees' building, if rooming there, if not, on the sidewalk nearby lest the mail carrier, also their transporter, overlook the baggage. They were all set for a twenty-mile, jolting ride before being checked to various hometowns in several states.

A handful of workers were left to care for the buildings, a garden, and to make some clothing for the everyday wear of next year's pupils. Since I was not entitled to enough time to go to Indiana for a visit and return, I was one of those whose eyes filled with tears as those homeward bound waved a farewell from the east side of the Missouri River.

Gypsy Knives

(Continued from page 27)

The gypsy band watched in silence. Even children and dogs gave all their attention to this fight, which even I sensed was for "keeps."

The boy with the orange sash suddenly went down to his knees. A lightning thrust by the other, and he did not rise again. When a gutteral order of authority came from an elder gypsy sitting on a wagon tongue, the fight was over.

The orange-sashed young man lay limp on the ground. Two sobbing women picked him up and laid him gently on a blanket. Other crying women were tending the slashed and bleeding winner who was in a bad way himself, barely able to stand.

Winner? Winner of what? I wondered as I quietly picked my way back to camp.

I SHOOK my sleepy partner awake again and whispered, "One gypsy got killed. Let's move camp upriver."

"Nope, we better not. Those gypsies know we couldn't help hearing and seeing things, so they'll be watching us."

Suddenly I thought of the civilized life just across the bridge—law and order, and a sheriff. But it all might as well have been a thousand miles away. The campground was a world apart.

"What if someone else saw them and tells the sheriff?" I asked.

"Those gypsies will be watching the bridge. If anyone crossed, they'd stick a knife into him. We stay here and tend to our own business and we'll be O.K."

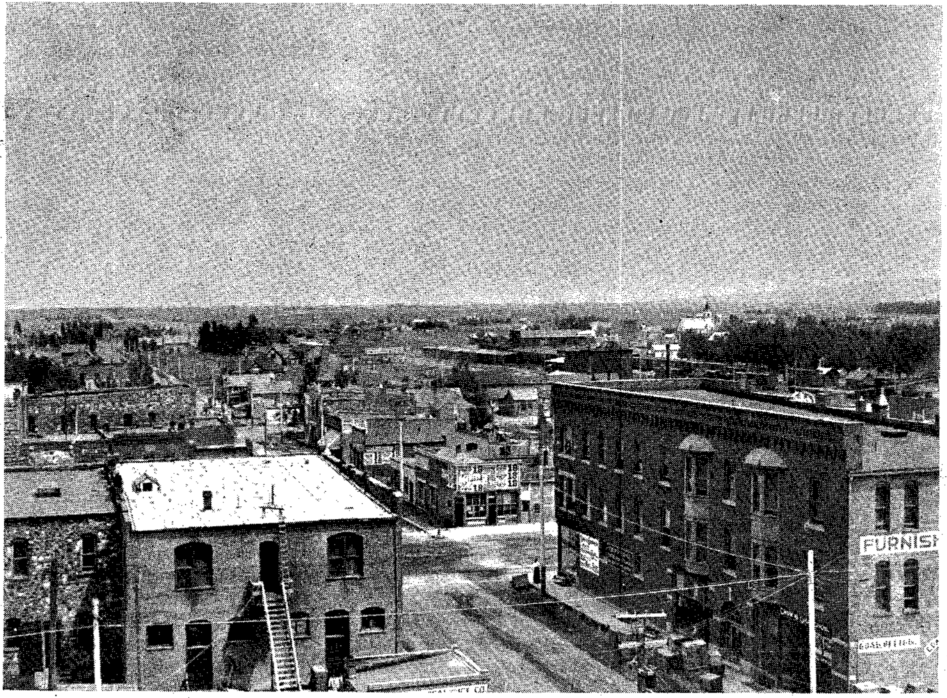

Photo Courtesy Idaho Historical Society

Idaho Falls, Idaho, 1909

"How do you know for sure they won't sneak up and put a knife in us?"

"Well, I kinda know about gypsies. They got their own laws."

"Then maybe you know what that fight was all about?"

"I gotta good idea," George rubbed his eyes. "Fights like that are usually over a man's wife. A gypsy's wife can sell herself to a white man for gold or silver and that's not a sin in the gypsy code. She's just working, and bringing in money. But if she even flirts with another gypsy, her husband can kill her —or the other man."

"That's a funny way to look at being married," I said.

"Oh, I don't know—to a gypsy bein' married goes pretty deep. It's a blood tie. Sometimes gypsy girls get married when they're only twelve years old. The two families settle on a price, and the boy's family buys the girl to be their son's wife. The chief marries them by cutting a little nick on each one's wrist, then binds the boy's and girl's wrists together—blood on top of blood, running together."

I lay there in my blanket, thinking all this over. It sounded odd to me. How come George knew so much about gypsies? I'd only known George a few months. We had fed cattle together the past winter, and had kind of just leaned toward each other. I liked his quiet, easy-going manner, and although he was twice my age, he seemed to like me too. But now I began to wonder. Was George his real name? Was he a gypsy himself? He had black hair, dark complexion, dark brown eyes. By golly, I thought, he could be a gypsy—maybe kicked out of his own tribe.

THINKING this way I couldn't go to sleep. That fight had made me spooky. I suddenly thought of my winter's wages—all in gold coin in a money belt around my belly. Did George know it was there? If he were really a gypsy—well, wouldn't gypsy try to get it somehow? I knew George carried a skinning knife in a scabbard on his belt. All other cowhands, like myself, carried only a pocket knife.

I watched George closely. He had dozed off—or was he playing possum? All the time I kept hearing strange sounds that I couldn't figure out, coming from the gypsy camp. My imagination was working overtime. What were they doing down there in the dark? What were they going to do with that dead boy? Throw him in the river? Carry him along with them? What was going to keep the sheriff from finding out and tracking them down—and how in hell was I going to keep a knife out of my ribs if I went to sleep?

Suddenly I felt I couldn't stand it any longer. I sat up in my blanket and felt for my gun. The familiar grip of the .45 Colt eased my nerves. I was ready to fight. But what? Tension was all around me—yet I couldn't pinpoint a single thing.

Finally I just had to have some action, so I punched George again. "Come on," I said, "Let's move camp."

He rolled over and grunted, "Why?"

"Because there's going to be trouble. I can feel it. It's in the air, and we're trying to sleep right in the middle of it." But I didn't tell my partner that I half-suspected him too.

George sat up and lit his pipe. "If you knew more about gypsies," he said, "you'd go to sleep."

"I only know what I see—and hear. Their fires are all out, but they're not asleep, because I can still hear peculiar noises down there."

George must have realized that he would have to quiet me down. He started talking to me like a father.

"Yeah," he said, "But you don't know how a gypsy can handle things."

"I sure don't," I interrupted, "unless it's a knife! And I don't see how you can sleep when we might get a shiv in our ribs any minute."

"Ah, calm down," said George. "You see I lived with the gypsies for ten years. Guess I never told you."

"Nope, you didn't. Then you're one of them!"

"No. When I was a kid about seven, a band came through our town—and I just wandered off with them." He grew silent, kind of poking at his pipe.

"Yeah," I nodded. "My mother always was scared the gypsies would steal me too."

"Gypsies don't steal kids. But they like them. They treated me like one of their own. At home I kind of got knocked around, so I just stayed with the gypsies. That's how come I know so much about them. They're pretty smart."

"So I've heard. If you deal with one he'll beat you every time."

"They learned that trick from people trying to beat *them*. It's a game to them —to outcrook a crook. But if you live with them, they'll treat you square and honest which is more than a lot of so-called civilized people will do."

I didn't say anything, and George went on, "If you just leave them alone, they'll take care of their own troubles without any help at all. There's one thing you can be very sure of. A gypsy is not gonna do anything that might lose him his freedom. One can't stand jail more'n a few weeks before he'll die. If there's anything a gypsy prizes more than his life, it's his freedom."

"I guess you're right. I know they won't live in houses—or work."

George shook his head. "Do you know what an old gypsy told me once? They don't read or write anything, you know; they just tell their history by word of mouth. Well, he told me that it was his people who built the pyramids. They were slaves then—and when they got through with those pyramids, they were just all tuckered out. They decided then and there to quit being slaves and to never work anymore. Their chief told them to spread out, and travel over the world, and enjoy themselves—and they did—and they've been happy and free ever since."

George rolled into his blankets and said, "With a gypsy, the troubles of night are gone with daylight. Just think of that music they played, and go to sleep."

I rolled into my blanket, but I still wasn't easy in my mind. It was all unreal, and I sure didn't understand the man with me—or why he carried a skinning knife instead of a pocket knife. But when George started to snore I must have dropped off too.

WHEN I opened my eyes again, it was just breaking day. First I glanced toward George. His bed was empty. I straightened up. The gypsies were gone too. I felt for my money belt. It was still there.

Then I saw George bringing in the the horses, and I felt a little sheepish about the thoughts I'd been having.

"Where'd the gypsies go?" I asked.

George didn't seem at all surprised. "You didn't think they'd still be there?"

"Well, I guess mebbe I did," I admitted, and walked away, pulled like a magnet to the site of their camp. My curiosity just forced me to cut for tracks—and I found plenty of them. Wagon tracks, horse tracks, people and dog tracks were everywhere. Even the campfire ashes had been tromped flat.

As I stood there in the silent gray light of dawn I had a spooky feeling—like I was standing in the middle of something, and yet it wasn't there. I must have stayed longer than I thought for George came up, leading our saddled horses.

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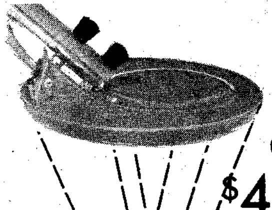

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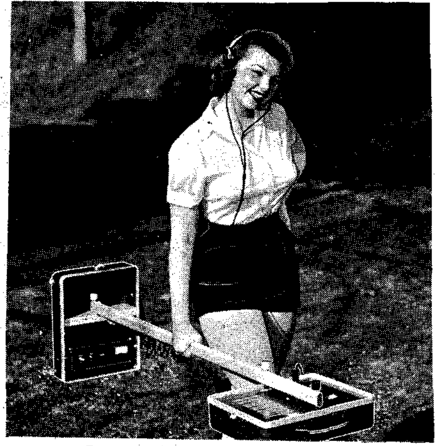

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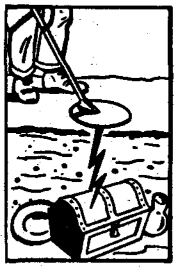

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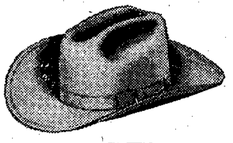

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"Where'd they go?" I asked.

He shrugged. "Who knows? Everywhere—anywhere."

"But the fight—that boy who was killed—"

"What fight? What boy?"

I looked at George real close. Was he kidding me? No. He was not. He was in dead earnest.

My eyes searched the strange array of tracks, and then I felt a strong, sure, wilderness instinct of my own, and suddenly I knew that somewhere under all that carefully arranged disorder, buried deep, was the body of the gypsy boy.

"Let's go over to town and eat breakfast at the Chinaman's," George suggested.

I looked at him with new understanding, new admiration. "You know," I said, "that's a durned good idea."

Winter of Fear

(Continued from page 23)

doubting the story now, I won't repeat it. Someone else said they heard he had gone to Seattle for treatment. The men laughed and one remarked, "Maybe he let the dog bite him to get away from his wife!"

The older people talked of madstones and such. Listening to them, I had the feeling they were a little scared, too. And I remember a man saying we ought to kill all the dogs in the country. "Can't tell when they might go mad and then nobody would be safe!"

The odor of the fir tree—we'd always had a juniper Christmas tree before—and the hot smell of overshoes caked with barnyard dirt and stacked behind the heating stove, mingled unpleasantly. I began feeling faint at my stomach. Mama said it was the candy I'd eaten. Anyhow, we went home early.

The next Monday at school, Fred said, "Old Willard's getting tired of spuds."

Miss Hobart looked concerned. "Has he stopped eating?"

"Well, kind of," Fred admitted. "Papa says we'll have to feed him some meat. Can't expect him to eat very much, penned up all the time. Papa's going to turn him loose."

"I wouldn't turn him loose yet," Miss Hobart said thoughtfully. "I'd wait and be sure. It's only been about three weeks."

Fred looked unhappy. "Old Willard's getting tired of waiting. He's been gnawing on the boards of his pen. He's wanting out mighty bad!"

"It won't hurt him to wait a while longer," Miss Hobart replied firmly. Then she gave Fred a comforting pat on his shoulder and smiled at him. "He'll be out in plenty of time to chase rabbits this spring."

Fred grinned and looked important. "And I'll take my air rifle," he added.

ABRUPTLY, that same evening, the waiting ended. Fred was opening the granary door, feed and water in one hand. Before he knew what was happening, Willard lunged past him through the doorway and into the barnyard. Fred told later that the mad dog passed so close to him, it knocked the food and water from his hand.

"I sure was scared . . ." Fred admitted. "Willard was jumping this way and that and foam was running out of his mouth. He'd gnawed clear through the slats on his pen. I sure was scared!"

Fred's screams and Willard's frenzied barking and howling alerted my uncle and the hired man. One of them ran to the house for the gun. Fred said when he tried to run it felt like one of his mother's old smoothing irons was tied to his feet.

"But Willard could sure run! He went round and round that barnyard barking and snapping at everything he saw." And Fred added, "I saw him jump in the pig pen. Those pigs were scared, too! You should a-heard them squealing!"

Before a shot ended the dog's agony, he had slashed a yearling calf and two grown sows. Each of the animals later repeated the cycle of the disease. "I was mighty thankful," Uncle Harry said later, "that it was winter and the little kids were all in the house."

Not everyone was so lucky. That same winter a man named Thompson was bitten. He lived near Windust, a small railroad station located on a branch line of the S. P & S. This was perhaps seven or eight miles from where we lived and almost on the bank of Snake River. My parents didn't personally know Mr. Thompson, but knew he was a watchman there, employed by the railroad.

The story went that late one night, Mr. Thompson heard his dog fighting. Snatching up a shotgun he ran outside. It was very dark. A high board fence enclosed the yard. Leaning over it, Mr. Thompson peered about, trying to locate the disturbance. A coyote bit him in the face.

He was taken to the hospital at Pasco, which was about forty miles south of Windust and the county seat. With no phone nor local paper, we heard nothing more. Then in about two weeks came the news that Mr. Thompson had died in the hospital. Just that and never any more but it gave my imagination plenty of room to build up nightmares.

Before the winter ended, we were to have an experience of our own. It was a February afternoon with just enough snow to cover the stubble on the fields. Our little brown and white dog began barking furiously, and we looked out to see him being attacked by a coyote. They were at the edge of the summer fallow, less than a hundred yards from the house. Babe jumped up and down and began screaming, "A coyote's killing Bob!" I guess I did my share of screaming, too.

Daddy had a pistol. I remember it as a huge, old thing. Grabbing it off the shelf, he ran outside and fired repeatedly. Finally he hit the coyote in the leg, driving it away from our little dog.

If my father were alive, I'm sure he'd not relish this account of his marksmanship, but all of us were watching him from the window. Daddy trailed the wounded coyote until dusk, then gave up.

Our poor little dog! Mamma let him inside the house and he lay down behind the stove. His short hair was pink with blood and though he lifted pleading eyes to Babe and me for sympathy, we remembered Old Willard and were afraid to touch him.

Daddy didn't think the coyote was mad. "I saw a couple of places in the snow where he had lain down and licked his leg." Daddy said. "No mad coyote's going to do that."

But no one could convince us. If the dog came closer, we were ready to scream in mortal terror. Fear completely supplanted the love we had felt for our pet. And our actions, quite beyond the understanding of the little dog, added to his pain and desolation. He had been our playmate all his life and a good half of ours, too. He was even our bedfellow, when we could sneak him in. Now we were hurting him more than the coyote had.

Later that night I heard Mamma say, "We'll have to do something about the dog. It's not fair to the kids or him either. They've had enough hysteria this winter."

Daddy didn't answer for a minute, then he said, "Don't ask me to kill him."

"Well then, I'll have a neighbor do it." Mamma sounded vexed.

All Daddy said was, "The poor little devil. Him tackling that blamed coyote—three times his size!"

As winter passed, the rumors of mad animals went with it. There was vacation from school to think about and warm, deep dust to comfort our bare feet. But I remember the spring that year. I remember the dusk was strangely silent. Daddy said he sort of missed hearing the coyotes—missed hearing their clamor in the evening.

"Yes," Mamma said, "and I'll bet the chickens miss them, too! Now, maybe my hens can die of old age!"

Daddy just shook his head. "Give the coyotes time; they'll be thick as ever." But they were never numerous again. Hydrophobia had taken a heavy toll. And it left us with a lot of memories—some that still bother my dreams!

Shoot-Out at Old Boston

(Continued from page 39)

at the scene. Suddenly, the murderous shot rang out. The surprised Lapel sprang up, and Bradley rose awkwardly to his feet and staggered across the street where he collapsed against the bank building.

The awe-stricken witnesses suddenly got into action and carried the wounded man inside where he died—killed by his own gun. For the first time, Thompson's influence had failed to carry him through. A storekeeper named Brown, who had had trouble with Bradley, was generally credited with the cowardly killing.

MAXWELL and Thompson spent most of their time in Boston after that, doing little things that further aggravated the dislike of the people. About two months after the killing of Bradley, Rowan came back to town and his appearance precipitated further trouble.

Thompson, Maxwell, Rowan and Ed Jennings were playing cards in the saloon with their table between the window and the bar. About dark one of the townsmen came in and ordered a drink. He stood at the bar and surveyed the room, noticing that the card players were the only other customers there at the time. He finished his drink and slowly walked out the door.

He had no more than gone when Thompson said, "Get up, boys, and move this table back against the wall between the window and the door." This they did and sat back down to their game.

One of the other players asked Thompson why he had had them move, and Thompson replied, "There is going to be trouble here tonight."

He had hardly got the words out when the window was shattered by the blasts from two shotguns aimed at the spot where their table had been only a few minutes before.

Rowan and Jennings had started for the back door when Thompson grabbed them and pulled them to the floor.

"Come back here, you crazy galoots!" he said. "Those guys are just waiting for us to run out the back door so they can finish us off."

Thompson drew his gun and got another one from the bartender. Then he ordered, "Follow me!" and started out the front door, shooting both guns. Some of the people who were brave enough to be looking out their doors or windows said it looked as if two streams of fire were coming from each side of Thompson.

The ambushers did not care to continue the fight if Thompson had an even break, and they fled through an empty building and were seen no more.

But the incident was far from over. Maxwell suddenly got the idea of burning the town in revenge. He poured a can of coal oil on a building and started a blaze. The less impulsive Thompson succeeded in putting it out—and, anyway, he had already planned a revenge of a different variety.

The next morning a tenseness was in the air. The bustling activity so customary in the little prairie town was conspiciously absent. People could be seen looking out windows and from behind tent flaps as Maxwell, Thompson and Rowan patrolled the street.

Young Abel Capansky came to the well as usual for his bucket of water, but was told by Maxwell to go home and stay there where it was safe. Abel quickly complied. Every unsuspecting newcomer was relieved of his gun as he came into town. For a period of three days the people of Boston were literally prisoners while these men held the town at bay.

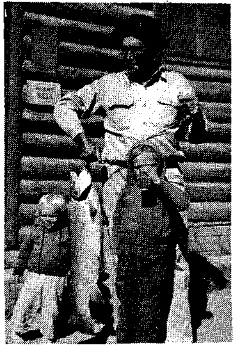
They entered the hardware store, tore down the shelves, broke the glass windows, scattered the merchandise, and broke the guns over the hitching rail. They took all the shells fitting their own guns, and threw all the others into the well.

The first day passed without their apprehending anyone who was linked with the shooting. On the second day when they were beginning to lose face over their failure, they thought of Brown—the Brown who they thought had murdered their friend, Bradley. Here was someone on whom they could wreak the full force of their vengeance.

But Brown could not be found. He had lain cowering in a dugout all day and night, for he knew what to expect if he fell into their hands. During his hiding he had communicated with his wife, who planned his escape. A teamster, who did not realize what was going on, loaded into his wagon a goods box containing the frightened Brown, and hauled him out of town under the Regulators' very noses.

On the third day of their siege, the trio abandoned the town and went on their way. Boston, however, never amounted to anything afterward. Some men, like Brown, never came back, and others moved elsewhere. For some unknown reason more of Boston's citizens moved to Kingfisher, Oklahoma than to any other single location. For the postmaster, however, it was not so simple. He had to live in the town by himself for a year because he could not resign his position!

Thus ended the life of another of the many wild little settlements of our early frontier and it, like so many others today, are simply plowed fields. For those who care to look, and know what to look for, broken pieces of china and glass, a neglected cemetery, a pile of rocks strangely out of their natural order on the boundless plains, a few square nails —these mark the passing of a town.



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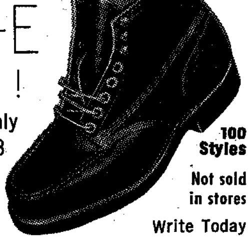

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Twenty Years Among Our Hostile Indians

(Continued from page 41)

source of the main river. Sometimes trapping parties were absent for one or two years at a time, subsisting almost entirely on meats and fish. Their only means of transportation, as a rule, were pack animals and small boats.

It may be interesting to state here that while the trappers had no bread, flour, or vegetables of any kind, they subsisted very well on the different meats which they obtained in abundance along the rivers, the flesh of the beaver being particularly sweet and nutritious, resembling much the flavor of fresh pork.

The fur companies were exceedingly arbitrary in dealing with their own and other men. Being far from civilization, the only law that they appealed to was force. This they used in various ways. Their traffic was highly remunerative, and the companies grew immensely wealthy. The more wealth they secured, the more arbitrary they became, frequently committing acts for which, in a civilized community, they would have been condemned and severely punished. To the employees of these companies can be traced more viciousness on the part of the North American Indians than to any other source. They did more to demoralize them than any other agency. They simply robbed the Indians of their property whenever opportunity offered. It was not uncommon for them to secure two or three choice beaver skins for a butcher knife valued at fifty or seventy-five cents, one beaver skin alone being worth in gold from four to eight dollars, according to its size and condition. The fur companies made all the men connected with them immensely wealthy, from John Jacob Astor down.

To offset this record, in a measure, it may be said that the fur companies were the first agency to send civilized persons into what was then an unknown country. They first learned the nature of the country and its inhabitants. As their trappers and hunters traveled up the streams and along nearly every river throughout this vast region, they made maps of the country, and especially of the rivers where the most valuable pelts were obtained, delivering the maps to the companies' agents. These maps were withheld by the fur companies from the general public, in order that no encroachments should be made on their rich hunting grounds.

Occasionally a party of trappers sent out by one of the companies was massacred and their goods taken by the Indians. The story of these occurrences was always exaggerated by the fur companies, then scattered broadcast throughout the country to show the great danger attending trapping expeditions, and the great loss entailed to the companies themselves by such massacres. This was done to prevent others from engaging in the same business. As late as 1866, these companies sent trapping expeditions throughout the western country, and all of them, even as late as this, secured large numbers of valuable pelts, although they did not trade much with the Indians. Most of the trading done with the red man was for buffalo robes, bear, deer, fox and wolf skins. The articles traded by the companies for pelts in latter days consisted of butcher knives, red blankets, scarlet cloth, various colored paints for the Indians to decorate their faces and bodies, such as yellow ochre, carmine, vermillion, and indigo blue, small mirrors, beads, Iroquois shells, brass buttons, and other articles of small value.

WHEN the fur companies first began to supply ardent liquor to the Indians in order to help their trade, the liquor was imported from England. It was the cheapest and most poisonous brand manufactured at the time, and for that reason was all the more acceptable to the Indian. When it reached the Hudson's Bay territory, or the great region within which the rival fur companies traded, it was carried overland to the various posts. For convenience of transportation, casks or barrels of liquor were divided into kegs.

The carriers soon learned that they could make a profit by diluting the liquor with water, when transferring it from the barrels into kegs. The Indians, however, missed the powerful effects and suspected that they were being cheated. They learned how to test liquor before exchanging peltries for it. The liquor was poured on a fire, and if the fire was extinguished it was evident that the liquor was watered, and they at once pronounced it "bad." If, on the contrary, the liquor added to the flame, they knew that the alcohol had not been tampered with, and it was accepted as genuine "fire water." Hence, the name "fire water" was used by the Indians when referring to liquor.

That the "fire water" supplied to the Indians of that day was comparable to the vilest stuff of present-day manufacture, is illustrated by an Indian chief who had experienced its effects, and who had witnessed the sad havoc it had produced among his people. "Fire water," exclaimed this savage, "can only be distilled from the hearts of wild cats and tongues of women, it makes my people at once so fierce and so foolish."

The hunters and trappers employed by the fur companies were shrewd and adventurous characters. They were perfect mountaineers and frontiersmen, as much at home in the untrodden forest as in the civilization they had left behind. They learned the habits of the red man, the untamed savageness of his nature, and the danger of placing confidence in him. Hence, they were rarely taken by surprise. They were led by such men as Major Henry Vanderburgh, Jim Bridger, Jim Baker, and many others whose names will always be connected with the history of that country.

These hardy and intrepid men pursued their trade at all seasons of the year, and in the face of tremendous obstacles. They penetrated into the territory of unknown tribes, and were prepared to resist, if they could not evade, all perils and enemies. Many romances of Indian life have been written, most of them greatly exaggerated, and some of them preposterously absurd; but if the real details of some of the daring adventures of these early trappers could be written they would verify the old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction." Sometimes a solitary trapper was murdered by the treacherous Indians, and never heard of again. This did not prevent another trapper from starting over the same route as soon as sufficient time had elapsed to convince him that his predecessor was dead.

Their moral and physical courage have not been duly appreciated. The general goes to battle surrounded with his legions, in all the panoply of war, and if he meets disaster, he can escape under what is called a well-ordered retreat. But the trapper or hunter could not retreat, and as for fighting, he was compelled to do it all himself. Occasionally a number of trappers went together when entering the territory of a powerful and treacherous nation, such as the Blackfeet or the Crows. On these occasions they used diplomacy, and when that failed, they fought their way through, or were killed. Few such murders have been recorded, but they were generally heralded throughout the country by the fur companies at the time. Occasionally an incident occurred of such a bloody or dramatic character as to become historical.

OF THESE, one of the most noteworthy was the massacre of Major Vanderburgh and his party. They were in the employ of the American Fur Company, and hunted and trapped among Indians who had been up to that time somewhat friendly. Major Vanderburgh's party numbered about one hundred men. He was careful of their lives and distrustful of the savages, whom he knew well.

At this time there was the most intense rivalry between the many fur companies, each seeking by every possible means to obtain the mastery of the fur trade.

The Rocky Mountain Company was managed by two experienced and shrewd men—Fitzpatrick and Jim Bridger; while the American Fur Company had in its employ Major Henry Vanderburgh and Mr. Dripps. Vanderburgh was one of the most daring leaders in the pathless wilds of the West, and a typical American frontiersman. All of these men were courageous, enterprising, and vigilant, but Vanderburgh and Dripps lacked the experience of the others and were unacquainted with the mountain regions.

Both Bridger and Fitzpatrick had been traders and trappers for years and knew every spot of these wilds. They were impressed by the fact that the evils of competition were injuring the two companies, and endeavored to bring about a compromise that would result in the benefit of both.

They accordingly proposed that the country should be divided into sections and allotted to each, neither intruding on the territory of the other. This sensible proposition was not accepted, and both companies continued their rivalry with increased energy.

Bridger and Fitzpatrick, acting on their experience and knowledge of the country, sought to throw Vanderburgh and Dripps on the wrong track, and to a certain extent succeeded; but what Major Vanderburgh lacked in experience he made up in intelligence, now following his rivals with irritating perseverance, and then leading them a hot chase.

Finally, in an ill-judged moment, Vanderburgh divided his party in the midst of the Indian country, Dripps going in one direction, and himself, with some fifty to seventy-five men, in another. He was in the hunting ground of the Blackfeet, and having come on a deserted Indian camp which bore traces of the precipitate flight of the savages, he unwisely followed their trail.

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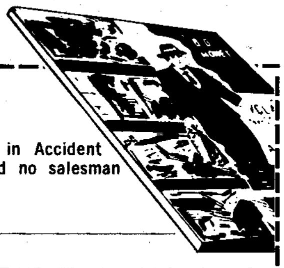

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sprang from ambush and closed upon them from every side. Major Vanderburgh's horse was killed at the first onslaught, and in falling he carried the rider with him, pinioning him to the ground. Unable to extricate himself, he determined to defend his life as best he could. One of his party was scalped almost within an arm's length of him; most of the others were killed near the spot where he fell. He had a rifle across his saddle and two pistols in his belt; and when the savages approached to dispatch him, he raised his rifle and shot the first one dead. He then drew both pistols and emptied the last shot at the yelling red men, while still lying pinned to the ground by his horse. After firing his last shot, the Blackfeet rushed in and hacked him to death with tomahawks.

A large reward was offered by the American Fur Company for the recovery of his body, but it was never found. The Indians were supposed to have burned it, and also the bodies of the rest of the party who lost their lives. At any rate, no one ever discovered the slightest trace of the massacre, or relics of the party. The incidents connected with the tragedy were subsequently learned from the Indians who participated in it. The loss of Major Vanderburg and his party was a serious blow to the American Fur Company.

In trapping for beaver and otter the trappers generally went singly, or in twos, threes, or fours. They carried the traps and outfits on their backs. A trapper usually carried from six to eight traps. These were generally set in the evening and visited in the morning when, after having reset the trap, the catch was carried to camp.

While the work was laborious and dangerous the trappers had plenty of leisure time; and as the devil always finds work for idle hands, they amused themselves in leisure hours by swindling the Indian out of his belongings. It was during these times that a trapper usually took an Indian woman for his wife, and for the time being became more Indian than the Indians themselves. Some of the French-Canadian half-breed trappers and hunters became more vicious and villainous than the savages. They knew all the ways and habits of the Indian, and as they were more intelligent than the latter they soon combined the vices of barbarism and civilization, without the virtues of either.

EDWARD UMFREVILLE, to whose book *The Present State of Hudson's Bay*, I have already referred, was a Frenchman who had been in the employ of the fur companies for seven years; he was also four years in the same business for himself, making eleven years which he spent among the wild Indians in the British possessions. He saw a few nations only, and did not travel farther west than the vicinity of the Great Lakes. His book was well and temperately written, but was severe on the management of the fur companies. He declared that they did much to demoralize all Indians with whom they dealt; that they traded them at all times a vile liquor known as English brandy. This liquor, he states, made the Indians who drank it crazy, and when in this condition all the viciousness of their nature asserted itself. During these debauches the drunken Indians not only committed extreme acts of brutality, but in many instances, murder also.

After having swindled the Indian out of all his pelts and other articles of value, the companies drove him away by force, leaving him in a worse condition than before; for during the winter it was almost impossible for the Indians to secure food for themselves and their families.

The Indian of 125 years ago, as he knew and described him, was no different from the Indian that I knew, thus showing that during more than a century he made no material advancement, and no improvement in his mental or moral condition.

He also speaks of many nations of Indians to the far west, but does not particularize them, except the Sioux, of whom he speaks as being a nation to the west, who must have numbered "at least 500," thus showing that at that time no white man had penetrated the Sioux territory, for that powerful nation did not then number less than 75,000 souls.

The description given by him of the attack and murder of a village of Esquimaux by a party of Indians, is without parallel. The Esquimaux were attacked while sleeping, and all were murdered in the most fiendish manner. A young Esquimau girl of about eighteen years, after having been subjected to every indignity, was pinioned to the ground by a spear driven through her body; while writhing in this position she seized Umfreville by the legs, begging him to kill her.

The Indians would not permit him to interfere, and she was left to end her miserable existence after hours of ex-

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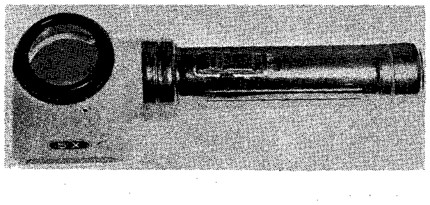

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cruciating torture.

He is severe on Indian character, and states that the young were reared without restraint, and that the worst part of their vicious natures were always cultivated; also that at no time during his eleven years' experience among the Indians, did he ever know of the lash having been used by any of them. *(To be continued in the June, 1967 TRUE WEST.)*

Nuggets

(Continued from page 35)

Jim" Smith, another lone hunter. Rising to his feet, Ben walked out and greeted the man at the wagon.

Smith was on his way to Fort Elliott from Double Mountain Fork. He was horseback, and had seen Jackson's broken-down wagon from a distance. Out of curiosity he had decided to investigate, and had heard the shot which killed the Indian near the buffalo wallow. Actually it was probably his approach that caused the surviving Kiowa to call off the fight.

Smith, in relating the story later, said Jackson was as cool and normal as though nothing had happened.

"Glad you showed up," he told Smith, "what with Injuns, snakes and a broken wagon, 'pears I've got me a good deal of work to do. Will you help me set my wagon tire?"

The two men unloaded the heavy hides, and cut some chinaberry poles at the river. After eating a hearty meal, they cut false spokes for the broken wheel, wrapped the felloes with burlap, heated the tire over a buffalo chip fire, and reset it. Mounting the wheel, they reloaded the hides and drove to Kiowa Peak, where they made camp and rested.

From that point it was safe going, and Jackson continued his 100-mile trip to Fort Worth. Limpy Jim, seeing his friend shipshape and safe, turned back north. With but a twenty-four hour delay in their plans, the two hunters soon reached their respective destinations. Although Ben Jackson never spoke of it, and courage was commonplace, Jim Smith told the story over and over again, having been greatly impressed by the matter-of-fact reception given him by Jackson after such a frightening ordeal.

BILL VERRY'S LIBEL

By Robert B. Murray

BILL VERRY owned and operated the Great L Store in Hiawatha, Kansas in 1886. A man named A. H. Thomas worked for him. After he hired Thomas, Bill noticed that a shortage in the store's cash account kept growing, but did not realize the true amount involved until he balanced the books and discovered the shortage to be close to $4,000.00.

To cover the loss, Bill borrowed $4.000.00 from M. S. Smalley, a local citizen. When Bill could not repay the money, Smalley foreclosed and took over the Great L Store.

It was after he had lost his business that Bill Verry discovered that Thomas secretly owned the rival store in Hiawatha called "A. C. Crabb's." It appeared that Thomas had caused the shortages to get rid of competition. Bill also believed that Smalley was working with Thomas to destroy him.

Bill went to the county attorney with his suspicions. R. F. Buckles, the county attorney, told him that he could not do anything unless Bill had more specific evidence.

Bill was mad. He had worked hard developing the Great L Store. He had been told that it was worth $12,000.00. Then he had virtually let someone steal it from him! He also realized that if he could not prosecute Thomas and Smalley on criminal charges because he did not have the facts, it was unlikely that he could sue them successfully in a civil case. Bill decided to get even on his own. The manner he used was typical of the frontier.

ON MARCH 12, 1886 Bill Verry walked about Hiawatha handing out commercially printed handbills. He left them at all the places of business in town and gave them to people as they shopped. When Thomas and Smalley read the handbill they became furious. With a heading in big black print, it said:

A GREAT ROBBERY OF OVER $12,000 PERPETRATED BY A. H. THOMAS AND M. S. SMALLEY UPON WILLIAM E. VERRY, AT THE GREAT L STORE

I wish the people of Brown County to know that I have been most shamefully robbed by A. H. Thomas and M. S. Smalley. A. H. Thomas stole from my money drawer, while he was working for me in the store, between $4,000 and $5,000 in cash money. Consequently I had to give a mortgage for $4,000. I could not pay the mortgage when it was due, and M. S. Smalley demanded that I must give up the store for the amount of the mortgage, which I was compelled to do; the mortgage at that time being considerably less than $4,000. A. H. Thomas owns another store on the sly in this city, the store known as A. C. Crabb's. In the place of A. H. Thomas working the grocery trade for me, at my store, he worked for his own store . . . on the sly.

Respectfully,

W. E. Verry

At that point, Thomas and Smalley went to the county attorney and talked him into filing charges against Verry for criminal libel.

The trial went to a jury at the May, 1886 term of court in Brown County. After the evidence was in and the arguments made, the judge instructed the jury that Verry's handbill was criminal libel unless they could find from the facts that the allegations made in it were true and Verry had published them with both good motives and with justifiable ends. After final arguments the jury brought back a verdict of guilty and Verry was fined $150.00.

Bill Verry was not about to lose another $150.00. He instructed his attorneys, C. W. Johnson, A. Perry, and W. D. Webb to appeal the verdict to the Supreme Court of Kansas.

The case was considered by the Court in May, 1887. S. B. Bradford, the attorney general of the state, handled the appeal with the Brown County attorney, R. F. Buckles.

Bill Verry's attorneys argued that in publishing the handbill, as long as the information in it was true, Verry's motives made no difference, it being sufficient to defeat a charge of criminal libel if his ends were justifiable.

Justice Johnston gave the opinion for the Court. The opinion was rendered on May 6, 1887 and appears in the records of the Kansas Court as *State v. Verry*, 36 Kan. 416, 13 Pac. 838.

Justice Johnston stated that the judge's charge to the jury in the trial had closely followed the applicable Kansas law. However, he noted, the Kansas Constitution provided that if the libelous matter was published for justifiable ends, the accused party should be acquitted. The justice held that in so far as the statute differed from the Constitution, it was not valid. He therefore held that Bill Verry's motives, no matter how dastardly they may have been, were not to be considered. The justice further held that it was not necessary for Verry to prove the allegations in his handbill to be true in every particular; it being sufficient if they were substantially true.

The Supreme Court reversed the conviction of the trial court and sent the case back to Brown County for retrial. Under the Supreme Court's finding it was quite likely that Bill Verry did quite well at the retrial.

Even though he lost his store, Bill Verry proved his point in a manner that was unique to the Old West.

CAN HORSES READ ROAD SIGNS?

By Pablo R. Falcon

WHERE cotton and corn once grew, near Austin, Texas, today there are acres of concrete runways, supersonic bombers, radar towers and around-the-clock shifts of "no nonsense" guards. But at the south end of the runways, the level ground slopes down to a creek, then goes up a rather steep bank at the other side, and there sits an old house now sagging. I used to live there back in another day, when the creek was full of slick catfish and only crows took off from the fields, and the week's highlight was waiting for Grandpa to negotiate the creek in a buggy pulled by Billy and Blackie.

I can remember Billy and Blackie in just about the way I can remember Grandpa, like a dream experienced early in the night and barely remembered with the dawn. But Grandma lived longer and I recall her well, and can remember her saying that if it had not been for Billy and Blackie, Grandpa would never have gotten home on many a Saturday night.

It was twenty miles from where we lived to Austin. Six miles of dirt road led from our farm to the hard surfaced road, then fourteen narrow asphalt miles completed the journey to Austin and Sixth Street where everything worth seeing was located—saloons, stores, saloons, barbeque stands, saloons. It was on Sixth Street that Grandpa lost all sense of direction.

It was not easy to get to Sixth Street either. The dirt road had at least ten private roads leading up to it from other farm houses, and the fourteen miles of hard surfaced road were equally interrupted by a score of roads and streets.

For a horse, which road or street to take must have required some learning, but Billy and Blackie knew exactly where to turn.

According to Grandma, Grandpa not only drank until the saloons closed, but most of the way home. Many a moonlit night she looked out the window to see Billy and Blackie waiting by the gate for someone to let them in. Grandpa would be asleep in the bed of his "rubber tire."

Billy and Blackie never got lost; they always came home, sometimes with a buggy full of rations and no driver. Hours later Grandpa would check in, sweaty and swearing up a storm, but he never touched the horses because he depended on them too much.

Can horses find their way home alone? I don't know, but I recall asking Dad once. "Pop, can horses find their own way home?"

He nodded. "Sho."

"How?" He rode on in silence, then after a long ten minutes and the first turn, said, "Watch. *A la derecha*, Blackie, *a la derecha*. To the right, Blackie, to the right." And Blackie turned right.

It wasn't much of a trick to me and Pop only smiled to himself until we came to that part of the dirt road where our road appeared. Then Blackie and Billy quickened their step, picked up their ears and breaking into a trot, turned and hurried up our own road to the house way out of sight. Pop laughed and yelled out to them in Spanish, "Hurry, Billy, corn is waiting!"

WE WERE talking about that recently, but city slicks don't know much about horses and there are no old-timers left. Horses today are pampered things used mostly by teenage girls and, besides, they now have a mess of road signs to lead them and they can't get lost.

I thought the answer had to be 300 miles west of Austin with Tio (uncle) Bacilio, and I made the trip. I found the old guy, as usual, sitting in the shade of a tree with a handy six-pack on ice at his side.

"Howdy, there, Tio." I said. "You're the only guy who can help me. Can horses find their way home by themselves?"

The old guy nodded, opened a beer for me, and said, "Sho."

"But how, Tio?" I asked, and the old guy gurgled down half a can and replied with his usual sarcasm. "I never asked them, boy, but they sho can. And they got more brains than most people have."

The old man turned eloquent and nostalgic and told me a lot of horse stories I don't think are true, but here are a couple of them.

"*La mula cabrona*" was an old mule he once had that was so lazy, stubborn and useless that Tio took it out thirty miles and was about to shoot it when a Negro came by and Tio gave it to him. Two days later the mule was back in the corral eating hay with the rest and trying to hide among them. It not only knew the way back home, but also that it had to hide if it was to stay there.

Then there was *El Sabache*, a tall, pure black horse Tio's father had back in Sabinas, Mexico. It was requisitioned by Mexican troops during the revolution and taken away. *El Sabache* was gone for a long time, and probably saw a lot of action, too, for one day it was standing outside the corral, dragging a military bit, with no shoes and covered with sabor slashes. *El Sabache* had come back after a long time and no one knows how many miles.

El Pinto was as intelligent a beast as Tio ever sat. When Tio sounded an imaginary bugle, *El Pinto* would run and hide because the bugle call meant the troops were coming. And he not only liked beer, but knew exactly where to get it, yet he never got so drunk that he didn't know the way home after Tio was already asleep in the saddle. My uncle lost him in a poker game, but nobody could keep him because he would always come home or wind up at Tio's favorite *cantina*. Finally my uncle bought him back. On the last trip to town he ever took, *El Pinto* made it home, then dropped dead at the gate.

How horses could find their way home was irrelevant, my uncle said. They could and that was all there was to it.

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He had been on many a one who in a short time could memorize not only the way home, but also his owner's favorite drinking spot.

It was a long ride back to Austin, and an embarrassing one, too, because I got on the wrong road twice. That made it even more difficult to believe that horses can find their way home when they cannot even read.

THE BOUNTY HUNTER'S DREAM

By Michael Honeycutt

IN 1872 the stagecoaches that rumbled between Prescott, Arizona and Los Angeles went by way of Ehrenberg, Chuckawalla, Indio, Palm Springs, and San Gorgonio Pass. Among the passengers riding westward on one trip that year was a Mr. P. W. Dooner from whose diary this particular anecdote was taken.

The first stop on the dusty Colorado Desert was Chuckawalla. Typical of the frontier stagestop, this way station consisted of a little cluster of ramshackle buildings under the management of one man and his Indian wife. Despite rough surroundings, Mr. Dooner and his fellow passengers were glad to arrive at a place offering food and lodging. However, the stage driver immediately dampened their spirits when he explained that the manager and his wife had quarreled bitterly, resulting in the Indian woman's packing up and running away. This of course had tragically affected the accommodations that could be provided at the little station. Grumbling with displeasure the passengers disembarked from the coach only to be confronted by a large notice posted on the adobe front of one building. In desperation the grizzled old stationmaster had scrawled in capital letters:

NOTICE

AN OLDISH SQUAW 'BOUT 30; BLIND IN ONE EYE—LEFT ONE A SLITE HALT IN ONE LEG; A THURABRED. SHE'S RUN OFF AN' ANYONE WHO WILL GIT HER BACK WILL GIT 2 SACKS OF MESQUITE BEANS!

SLEEPY TOM AND CHARLIE BOW-LEGS

By Kickin' Bob Kennon

As told to Florence B. Franklin

BIG FELLOWS like Sleepy Tom—Tom was a big man, about 300 pounds—are generallly easy going and of a happy disposition. Charlie was just about the bowleggedest cowpoke I ever knew and he got the nickname because every Fourth of July, he would enter the greased pig contest in Lewistown, Montana, but he never won it because the pig always ran right through his legs. These two cowboys worked for the famous Kaufman and Stadler brands for years. One of the brands was the R-slash-R. This was in the Judith Basin country, one of the grandest of the old ranges.

It was in Lewistown, when all us Judith boys were celebrating one night, that the unfortunate theft of Tom's and Charlie's clothes took place. We were dancing with all the pretty gals there in one of the favorite houses (these were called "parlor houses" at that time). Gambling and drinking and having a general good old celebration, we had just about cleaned the place out of booze when I noticed Tom and Charlie were leaving, and sure enough they could hardly navigate with the jags they were carrying.

How they ever got up to their room there in the old hotel I'll never know, as they had to go up a flight of pretty steep stairs. Being blind drunk, they "hit the hay" and naturally did not lock their door.

Sometime during the night while they were snoring, their room was ransacked and thieves took their clothes and money, including Charlie's gold watch. They took most everything except their boots and underwear which they were wearing or these articles, too, would have been lost.

The boys were aroused from their slumbers next morning by noises outside their window. They sobered up fast then and got a shock. They had no clothes to put on, and both were terror stricken at the thought of going anywhere in their underwear and boots. What were they to do? The hotel itself was emptied out, not a friend in sight, and from the window it was too far to call and get the attention of any riders who were leaving town. Tom said he had only one thought and that was to steal some clothes back, but where and from whom?

Almost at his wit's end, he spied the half-dry washing on the hotel line behind the place. There it fluttered in the morning breeze, but he could see nothing but women's clothes. The cook's washing it was, along with the dish towels, sheets and pillow cases.

Charlie and Tom were now pretty desperate, so Tom said he'd creep out on the roof and yank some women's dresses in for them to put on. The only things he could reach without breaking his neck, were a big-sized calico Mother Hubbard dress and a white lace-trimmed petticoat. Tom put on the dress and was he a sight to behold, but Charlie had only half an outfit as he put on the petticoat, tied in the middle with a drawstring waist cincher.

Tom then grabbed a lace curtain from the window and put it over Charlie's shoulders, like a lace shawl. They lost no time in leaving the place and luckily their two horses were still tied to the hitching rail at the saloon next door to the hotel, as the boys had been too drunk to put them up at the livery barn.

We caught them making a dash for it, and Lord, did we have fun! They had to buy several rounds of drinks before we decided to let them head for home. After they had gone, the fellows declared that their outfits were an improvement as the skirts hid Charlie's bowlegs and Tom's awful fat belly!

WHILE we're talking of Sleepy Tom and Charlie Bow-Legs I must sure tell you about their winter up in Great Falls. These two cowpokes knew a lot of the bartenders at the Mint Saloon, The Maverick, and The Silver Dollar on Central, besides the Red Feather and all those over on First Avenue South. They had a lot of friends at all these hangouts and decided to winter at the Park Hotel. Of course this was the old Park which was just at that time putting in a lot of new and modern improvements, such as an elevator and hot and cold water in the taps, and indoor toilets—you know the old type which was flushed by pulling a chain.

The owner and proprietor was a friend of Tom and Charlie and had known them for years. Of course they often came in drunk and the night elevator man always was on the lookout and saw to it that they got safely up to their room and to bed. If he didn't watch them, they would head for the stairway although they could never have made it up to the top floor where the steady roomers were put. The lower floors were kept for travelers coming in on trains and by livery rigs, and for overnight ranch trade.

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"The thing about these drouths—it gives a feller time to forget jist how muddy a dang cowlot gets."

Tom and Charlie were sure fascinated at the indoor toilets and got a hell of a kick out of pulling the chain at all hours. The chambermaids had a dreadful time with these two fellows and finally complained to the proprietor so often that the boys were asked to leave. They were too much to handle in a public hotel where people would be disturbed by the chain pulling and the song singing at all hours of the day and night.

Their friend, the owner, said he'd be glad to find a good bachelor shack for them, so they could have all the company they wanted and could do as they pleased with less danger and damage. Charlie had some pals who thought it great sport to fire off a six-gun and scare the neighborhood to death.

Now this bachelor diggings, of course, had no indoor plumbing and so an outdoor toilet was all they had. To take a bath, they had to go out behind the kitchen, and pump water by the pail from a well, then heat the water on a coal stove, bring in a big washtub and use it to bathe in. It was a cold, cold winter, too. One day when I was over there, I noticed that it was sure a small kitchen, even though it seemed to suit these two just fine.

Old Sleepy Tom told Charlie and me to go out for some groceries and a supply of whiskey as it was too damn cold to go downtown to the bars that night.

Of course, while we were on our errand, we got too loaded to know when it was suppertime and forgot all about those groceries. It was quite late when we started home and Charlie was sure real happy and singing loud.

In the meantime, Tom had got tired of waiting and decided to use the kitchen to take a bath. First, he had washed all the dirty dishes and kettles and put them away in the glass-fronted cupboard, as he had expected to cook a big supper. Then, after getting up a terrible hot fire he had just stepped into the washtub to test the water when we approached the shack.

Charlie fired off his six-gun as we came into the yard. We couldn't get into the kitchen but we could hear Tom just a-groanin' and swearin' as he came to let us in.

"Goshamighty!" I hollered when I saw what had happened to Tom. Charlie's six-gun had scared him so bad that he backed right onto the red hot stove, then plunged into the glass cupboard doors nearby. Tom's 300 pounds made an awful mess as he went down.

When this story got around, it rubbed out any chance they had of moving back into the hotel.

SAGA OF A RESTLESS CHILD

From the Wharton (Texas) Spectator, November 1949

ACROSS the tide-swept beach at Dollar's Point in Texas City rocked a tiny coffin. It came to rest on the sands, to be found after the recent hurricane by people surveying the damage done by high tides.

Covered with slime and corrosion marks, the glass-topped, all metal coffin held a little girl, not over two years old. Her white shroud clung softly to her little body, as though placed there only a few hours before by loving hands. The palm leaf that she held across her breast was fresh and green. Her soft smile gave a look of peaceful sleep to the baby's face.

The coffin with its precious contents was moved to a funeral home, and the Texas City *Sun* carried the story.

Mrs. Wetzel, who has lived for many, many years on Dollar's Point, asked neighbors to bring her into town after she had read the article, and before entering the funeral parlor, she gave a minute description of the peaceful child and the unusual metal coffin with its sterling silver handles.

Mrs. Wetzel, gray and stooped with age, told this story: In the century just gone by, Texas City had a cemetery located out on Dollar's Point. In 1892, flood waters and high tides covered the cemetery. It was abandoned—and never since has there been a cemetery in the town.

Following the 1900 storm, Mrs. Wetzel and her husband found this same little coffin washed ashore on the beach. They carefully buried the little girl on Dollar's Point, not too far from their home.

Fifteen years later another gigantic storm swept the Texas City coast and following this 1915 storm, Mr. and Mrs. Wetzel again found the little metal coffin holding its softly shrouded little girl on the sands at Dollar's Point. Again they said a prayer for the child and placed her coffin in the earth.

Through the years, the story of the thrice-buried child whom no one knew was told in the Wetzel family. But as time went by, the memory grew dim and was all but forgotten except when old-timers got together and strange tales of wind and tide were told.

Nearly thirty-five years later, the little girl again left her grave to wash ashore when record tides swept Texas City this October, 1949.

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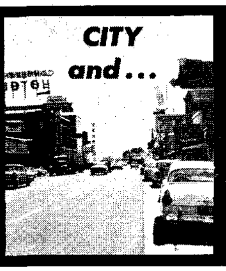

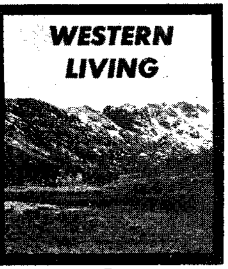

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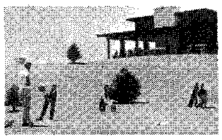

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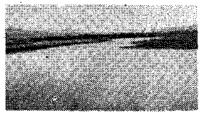

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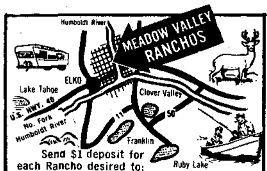

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Seems like when we get the magazines into the hands of a new person, we've got another reader—so this help from you would be a terrific boost!

Men Who Handled the Ribbons

(Continued from page 11)

face and legs, and a Negro woman, a Mrs. Tilghman, was wounded fatally in the head. Three other passengers bailed out of the off-side of the coach and ran for their lives as the battle raged. Gear was shot in the hand and Bell was knocked from his horse as the coach plunged ahead. Four of the bandits had had enough and fled, but Bell and several others made another try farther down the road with the same negative results. The $100,000 treasure was saved, but only at the price of a passenger's life. Bell was captured and lynched a short time later, but there were many cohorts waiting in the wings to take his place.

STAGE ROBBERY became an accepted part of California life as the thieves were driven from the cities by vigilantes. At first it involved coaches returning from the mines with bullion, but as the placers played out and big mining companies came into existence, coaches carrying payrolls to the mines were attacked also. The stakes were big in highway robbery and sometimes you won even when you lost.

In March, 1856, six bandits held up a Rhodes and Whitney Express coach and got away with $25,000. Expecting close pursuit, the outlaws hid their loot near the foot of Trinity Mountain and fled to Sacramento County where they were soon apprehended. Tried and convicted, the outlaws were sentenced to ten years at San Quentin. The *Shasta Courier* in December, 1866, noted that three of the erstwhile bandits had returned to the scene of the robbery and camped for three days. "It was generally supposed," stated the newspaper, "that they recovered the hidden treasure."

Even women sometimes took to the road, although they were not as a rule very successful. In 1858, Dutch Kate and several male companions stopped a Forest City stage, but bungled the job magnificently. Stage officials had feared a robbery and consequently the treasure box was empty.

One of the ten passengers was a man named Nichols, a gold dust buyer who had hidden $15,000 under a seat in the coach. Somehow the robbers found out about the hidden money, but in the confusion of the holdup, each thought the other had gotten the loot. When they rode away, the money was still under the seat.

Kate was apparently well known in Marysville and was described as looking and dressing like a man. She gambled and drank whiskey and reportedly had lost $2,000 at cards two weeks prior to the holdup.

One morning in 1874 a stage out of Hollister was stopped by a tall man wielding a shotgun, and a short, sixteen-year-old girl named Lizzie Keith. The driver threw down the payroll of the New Idria mine and then clattered on his way. On his return trip, the driver was again held up at the same spot by the same pair, but this time he had had enough of their nonsense. Lashing out with his whip, the driver knocked the shotgun from the tall bandit's grip and then grabbed the pistol from the startled young girl. With the help of a passenger, the two bandits were put into the stage and driven into Hollister where they were deposited in the local jail.

Despite the occasional farcical overtones, however, stage robbery was a deadly business. A bandit might quietly relieve a coach of thousands of dollars or he might lose his life over an empty box. And if the express guard didn't kill him, a tough stage passenger might.

Courtesy Author

This stage, loaded to capacity, would be dangerously top-heavy.

On a crisp November morning in 1859, the stage out of Auburn in Placer County was stopped by four highwaymen whose eyes glittered brightly with the thought of Wells Fargo gold. When the driver asked the outlaws what they wanted, they replied, "The treasure," but that is as far as the conversation got. A passenger named Dan Gay opened fire from one side of the coach and his companion cut loose on the other side. Each one killed his man. The two travelers then jumped out of the coach and continued firing at the two surviving bandits, wounding both.

Passengers were often called on to defend the stage. In 1866 a coach headed toward Dutch Flat had just hit the flats at Steamboat Springs at nine o'clock in the evening. Ten miles beyond, bandits opened fire and a running battle commenced during which an equal number of passengers and highwaymen were wounded. The passengers put up a good fight and when the coach rolled into Dutch Flat it was pretty well ventilated, but the treasure was saved.

When Charley McConnell's stage reached the top of a grade one day in 1883, he was suddenly confronted by a rider pointing a pistol in his direction. Mac had been telling friends for a week that he expected to be held up and his premonition was now bearing fruit. Commanded to throw down the box, Charley replied that it was bolted inside the coach and securely locked.

"Then throw out the wooden box," responded the bandit and when the driver complied, he was allowed to drive on.

Riding inside the coach was William Jackson, the county treasurer. When the stage pulled around a bend in the road, Jackson told McConnell to stop. Loading his rifle, Jackson and another passenger, Joe Bacon, returned within sight of the stolen box as it lay in the road. After watching for several minutes without seeing the bandit, Jackson sent Bacon back to tell McConnell to drive on and send the sheriff. Jackson was a dead shot, and the bandit, evidently suspecting that something was up, never showed himself. The county official was still waiting for the robber to return when the sheriff arrived some time later.

After the turn of the century passengers themselves were usually the targets of robberies and not the gold-laden treasure box of an express company. Such incidents were not as frequent as is generally supposed, but they did happen and often enough so that at least one express company had forms made up so drivers could easily report a holdup. Wells Fargo alone reported 313 robberies and 34 attempted holdups during a fourteen-year period.

In isolated areas, stages were still in operation as late as the 1920s, but trains and automobiles had sounded the coaches' death knell many years before. It was a dangerous and uncomfortable way to travel, but so colorful and dramatic that stagecoaches have become an epic chapter in our history. Relics of our staging days repose in museums and personal collections, but the dust, bruises, broken limbs and yes, gunshot wounds, are only memories lingering along forgotten trails and narrow mountain passes.

Criminal's Return

(Continued from page 29)

built.

After the wood became exhausted, Singleton returned east, but after a year's wandering came back to Eureka, still haunted by his awful crime. Terrified that some remnant of the body might have been seen, he had hardly stepped off the train before he was irresistibly drawn to the furnace. He had decided to look again and then end his life.

For two weeks he went every night, unable to satisfy himself that he was not suspected, and was finally driven away by the watchman who thought he might be mildly insane. Singleton, shortly after, purchased a bottle of laudanum, walked over the mountains to his deserted cabin, wrote his confession and took the fatal dose.

Investigation disclosed that the statement of Singleton found in the bunk checked with the mysterious disappearance of John Murphy; that Murphy had never claimed wages due him; that his landlord had held his clothes for some time and, when he did not return, had given his belongings to local Indians. Had Singleton stayed away no one would ever have suspected foul play, but his remorse and the fear of discovery of some part of Murphy's body drew him back to the scene of the murder which, without his own written confession, might have been what is known as the "perfect crime."

Mountain Lion Hunt in a Coal Mine!

(Continued from page 15)

long enough to crawl a considerable distance. Then I heard something. It was like the tiny toll of a bell—hollow and indistinct. I knelt, and shouted into the hole: "What?" After a while I heard the small tolling again, and again I shouted "What?" with all my might. But there was no answer.

For the first time after coming into the mine, I had to think for myself, and I had no backlog of experience here to help me make a decision. I realized that I could not find my way out of the mine alone. My light would not last long, and Caminos had the supplies to replenish it. But even if I had a light there would be no tracks I could follow in the shallow water underfoot. If I could find Red, he could lead me out, because the air and still water were reeking with scent to him, but he was beyond Caminos even, and perhaps killed or badly wounded. As I saw it, I had nothing to lose by going on. If Caminos should be lodged I might be able to help him; further, if Caminos was past the obstruction in the mine, and waiting, it was time we continued with the hunt. I wondered vaguely where the dogs were and what they were doing.

Sliding the rifle in front of me, I began worming along the narrow opening. After a while I was not squeamish about the water and black slimy mud through which I crawled. I moved along methodically. The thought came to me that there was a breath of freshness in the air in the hole, but I quickly realized that it might be caused by my own movements in the close quarters. Weariness began to plague me after a while, and I wanted desperately to rest. I stopped once and was instantly frantic with the oppressive nearness of the earth around my body. I knew the word that described the feeling—claustrophobia. And I was ashamed at having laughed at Grover because our steep-walled canyons gave him that same unreasoning fear. I wanted to scream out for Caminos, but remembered that sound waves can cause mines to cave in.

I MOVED forward again, so rapidly that I was soon short of breath. I slowed down but could not bring myself to stop again. At last, fatigue numbed my arms and legs until I moved at a snail's pace. It took supreme effort to progress at all.

"Apurate!"

The word was shouted so close that I started violently, pulling my legs underneath my body. Like a surprised cat, my back arched and was bruised on the rocks above.

"Apurate!"

I knew that the word meant "hurry," but the Lord alone knew why Caminos was shouting. Perhaps he was lodged and being crushed, or, equally disturbing, he might have come face to face with the lion at the tunnel's end, crouched on the bodies of the mangled dogs. I was limp from the injury to my back. Caminos spoke again, this time more quietly. His voice came from only a few feet ahead. I raised my eyes and looked directly into Caminos' light.

"*Apurate*, Señor. From here we can walk and the mine is dry."

"*Amigo*, can you help me out? My back is hurt."

Caminos crawled into the hole and, taking my hands, pulled me out after him.

"I must rest a little," I said.

Caminos helped me to a sitting position against the mine wall. The fact that the mine was dry at this point did not matter much, because our clothing was soaking wet and plastered with the slimy mud.

"Señor, the lunch. Shall we not eat as we rest?"

"Of course," I said.

Caminos unpacked the lunch and poured each of us a cup of steaming tea. The rest and the strong brew did wonders for my low physical and mental condition. Later, I ate a sandwich and then fell into easy conversation with Caminos. After a long pause, during which we could hear each other chewing the sandwiches of venison, lettuce, and home-baked bread, I asked, "Caminos, why is it that you are not afraid of the mine or the lion?"

"I fear nothing, Señor," Caminos said.

"How come?"

"Perhaps it is because of my father. He was very mean. He drank much *vino* and would beat my mama and me. When I am boy, I had much fear of him. I do not like to talk so on my father, but I believe he make me fear of everything. Then, one day when I am more big than he, he come home drunk and wheep and shout my mama. I tell him he must stop, and he take a stick and scream and wheep me. But I am not hurt. I laugh to him. I seem happy like crazy that I am not hurt and that I am not fear. I pick him like the baby and carry to the spring and there I drop him into the cold water. He is froze and he had terrible scare. He beg to me not to make him drown. I leave him there and I see my family no more, but I no more afraid."

"Not even of God?"

"Scare and love are not the same. Always when I eat and sleep I say *gracios a Dios*—thanks to You, God, That make the land and trees and the water for me. When I do my work good and true, God make me happy and sing. But I no go to the church. The *padre* try to make me scare, but I do not know how more to scare."

CAMINOS replaced the remainder of the lunch and prepared to go. I got to my feet, but my back was so stiff and bruised that I could not stand. I sat down again, alarmed at my condition, but Caminos understood at once. He told me to lie down and make my back bare, so that he could rub the "sore" from my flesh. The big rough hands gently massaged the taut muscles until they were relaxed. The relief was so great that I fell into a doze. I was aroused from this by sounds coming from some indefinable distance. I raised my head and could make out the clear baying of dogs. Caminos stopped rubbing my back, and listened.

"The dogs come," he said.

I got to my knees and my back felt strong and natural again.

"Caminos, you are a darn good doctor."

The sound of the dogs was coming closer, rolling like waves through the corridors of the mine. Caminos worked the lever of his rifle and threw a cartridge into the barrel. I unsnapped the holster flap over the handle of my pistol. Up ahead something slid to a sudden stop, and we could make out the

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reflections of our lights in a pair of eyes. I laid a restraining hand upon Caminos, who was raising his rifle. "It may be a dog," I whispered.

The shining eyes disappeared suddenly. I knew then it was the lion, and that he had whirled around and was running away from us. So did Caminos, because he said, "The big *gato* is more scare from us than the dogs."

The lion collided head on with the pack at that moment, and all hell broke loose. Above the roar of battle I heard a high-pitched yelp of pain. The noise of furious fighting lasted only a few seconds before being replaced by the voice of the pack in full cry. The baying receded into the distance.

"Hurry! One of the dogs is hurt," I said, taking the lead.

We moved as rapidly as possible. In a few moments we came upon the still form of the Airedale. Blood was being pumped in rhythmic spurts out of a three-inch gash across his neck by the still-beating heart. I lifted the massive, bristly head and saw that the neck was broken.

"He is dying, Caminos. These Airedales are too brave to hunt big game. They are like you; they do not know how to fear. To hunt big game, a dog does better to make more noise and less toothmarks upon his quarry."

"Pobrecito," Caminos said, kneeling down to stroke the dying dog.

I unbuckled the collar and stripped the warm blood from it with my thumb and forefinger. "This is one we cannot help. Let's go to the others," I said in Spanish.

"You said that I could lead the way until we find the *gato*," Caminos reminded me as I started on through the mine. As he stepped ahead he said that we must watch carefully for tracks, because the sound of the baying disappeared rather abruptly, and the dogs must have turned sharply to right or left. We came to a large room which the miners had used as a place to rest and store supplies. Several dynamite cartons, lunch wrappers and the like lay scattered here and there. About us, too, was evidence of a recent disturbance. Checking carefully, I could tell that the lion had been here for some time and had fought off the dogs. In the stillness, as we looked at the tracks, we heard the dogs baying faintly off to the left. As one, we turned and paced hurriedly in that direction. I could tell by the tone and timing of the baying that the lion was stopped.

"For sure," Caminos said, "we have come near the end of this tunnel."

"How do you know?"

"The air does not move here. From another shaft the air must come." A pall of dust now began to show in the light of our lamps. It was suspended in the still air and became thicker as we neared the sound of the dogs. It was like a heavy fog about us, and we soon began coughing and choking at the irritating dryness of it in our throat and lungs.

Suddenly I realized, as I unconsciously analyzed the sound of the baying, that I could hear only one dog. It was the big hound, Mike, and he bayed almost constantly, as if he were looking directly into the face of the lion. Scarcely, without realizing that I did so, I reached ahead and stopped Caminos. I crowded past the big miner, saying that I could not hear my red dog.

Crouching, I felt my way rapidly forward through the heavy dust cloud. Caminos followed at my heels. When we were so close that the baying, like the heavy fog, closed in around us and beat remorselessly upon our eardrums, Caminos stopped me with a heavy hand on my shoulder.

"Now we are close. What am I to do?"

"You may stay here or you may follow. I can't tell you what to do, for I don't know what will happen."

A hunter must think as he goes. If he thinks quickly, he may live. If he thinks slowly, he should not hunt or own a gun.

"Caminos, if you follow, don't stay too close to me. The lion might hit us both at once."

"I will follow," Caminos said.

I moved on through the thick cloud of dust, then stopped suddenly. I grabbed Caminos, who had bumped into me.

"I hear Red!" I whispered.

We were quiet for a moment and could hear, interwoven in Mike's loud baying, Red's low, raspy chop. It was like the steady ticking of a muffled watch. I put the palm of my hand on the back of Caminos' larger one, my fingers lapped over into the horny palm. I squeezed with all my might.

"Caminos," I whispered, "I am going to tell you something that is absolutely true. That is the finest dog that ever lived."

I was aware of a glowing feeling of comradeship between myself, my *compadre*, and my dog. Whatever happened now did not matter, and I did not worry. With this spirit of unison, nothing was apt to stop us.

I MOVED on. The dogs, I knew, were only a few feet ahead, although I could not see them. I felt for my pistol. A low growl, deep and hollow, came to me. It seemed, almost, that I could feel hot breath on my cheek. Then I was within sight of Mike and Red. Mike was on my right, his mouth wide open, baying like thunder. Red was on my left, dirty foam drooling off his lower lip. He was chopping, one, two, three, four—"Shoot 'im! Shoot 'im! Shoot 'im!"

For a fleeting second I wondered how many times the old dog had treed for me, knowing that I would come. I raised my light, and two glowing coals returned the stare. The lion was slightly above us. Apparently the end of the tunnel had caved from above, and the lion was upon the debris. I raised my pistol, holding as nearly as I could the right distance above and between the eyes, where the center of the brain would be.

I squeezed off the trigger. In almost the same instant the lion sprang. His front feet hit me square in the chest, and the mine floor came up behind me and gave me an awful whack. My light went out. I couldn't see and I couldn't breathe. The dogs trampled me. I was aware of a furious battle being fought beside me and at times over me. I was starving for air, but my chest and diaphragm were paralyzed. The battle continued with unabated fury, but it seemed to be getting farther away. Then I heard the reverberating boom of Caminos' rifle, and an excited voice cried out, "Señor Gringo! *Esta vivo?*"

I struggled to reply, and at last squeezed out a weak *"Si"* that sounded more like a groan. Then the air came back in my lungs, and by the time Caminos reached me with his light I was all right. "I'm okay, just had the wind knocked out of me. What happened? Where's Red? Is he all right?"

"I don't know about Red. The lion she's dead. And so is the big dog. These dogs, they cover the lion like a *serape* when he's knock you down. I can't shoot for hitting you or the dogs. I try to hit him with the *como se llama.* (Caminos demonstrated clubbing an imaginary foe with his rifle butt.) But he's move too fast and the dogs are all over him. I think maybe I hit your Red. Then he catch your big dog and rip hees guts out with hees feet. I stick the gun in hees mouth and let him have it."

"Where's Red? You say he's hurt?'

"Can you walk, Señor?"

"I don't know. But I've got to get to him. How far?"

"Fifty feet, maybe."

"I can crawl." Caminos was trying to assist me to my feet. I had already made it to my hands and knees.

Caminos knelt and beamed his light on Red. Foam oozed from his mouth, and he was unconscious but still breathing. I sat down beside him and placed his head in my lap, so that he would not have to breathe the dust that was everywhere on the floor.

Caminos overhauled my lamp, filled it, and lit it. It wouldn't hold pressure and burned with less than one candlepower, but it fumed and sputtered and gave off a lot of the stinking carbide gas. Caminos blew it out and threw it away as dangerous. Then he turned his attention to skinning out the lion. We needed this pelt to show the miners that the lion was dead and no longer a menace to them.

With no light, I was not able to give Caminos much help with the skinning. I steadied the carcass so he could work faster. When he had finished, Caminos rolled the carcass over and the tawny fur lay free.

"You shoot him in the wrong end, Señor," he said, pointing to a bullet wound in the rump muscles.

I was too concerned about the unconscious Red to give it much thought, but I was puzzled over missing the lion at such short range. For one thing, in the poor light, I had probably taken too much front sight. Then, a lion's skull is quite flat. I should have aimed squarely between the eyes. The lion was facing me from slightly above; his rump was in line and maybe a couple of inches above his head. Actually, it wasn't such poor shooting, considering everything, but it had cost me Mike and maybe Red, too.

I STRAIGHTENED out the lion pelt with the flesh side down and stretched out full length upon it. Caminos picked Red up and laid him on the pelt beside me. Since the lion measured some nine feet from nose to tail, we had plenty of room. I asked Caminos how we would manage to get the unconscious Red back through the long hole through which we had inched our way on our stomachs. Caminos explained that the mine had many rooms and many connecting tunnels, and that while some of the old mine was caved in, he thought he could find a better way out than back-tracking the many miles we had pursued the lion.

"'Rest, Señor. As soon as possible I will return." I watched his receding light until a bend in the tunnel extinguished it and I was left in utter darkness. This was what I dreaded most, and why I had been so reluctant to enter the mine.

But my old fear didn't close in on me. My thoughts were wholly occupied with

Red. He seemed to be breathing easier now. I put out my hand and felt the lump raised on his skull by the butt of Caminos' rifle. I felt the old dog lick my hand. He was conscious now but too weary to move. I thought I would strike a match and see what time it was. But that seemed like quite an effort, so I put if off for a while. I never got around to looking at my watch.

The next thing I remember is staring at a blinding light. Gradually I became aware that Caminos was standing over me. "*Compadre, levantarse.*"

"Okay, okay. I was just waiting for you. I've been ready to go for a long time." I rubbed my eyes and my face, trying to wake up. I guess I had been asleep for hours.

"I have found a way out of this place," Caminos said. "Can you walk?"

"Let me see." I got to my knees, and by painful degrees to my feet. I flexed my back muscles by moving from side to side from the waist up. "Lead me to the sun."

"I will carry the dog, and you the skin," said Caminos.

He took Red up in his arms and we moved in slow procession through the mine. I marveled at Caminos' sureness in negotiating the maze of underground tunnels until I caught on to his secret. He had marked the route in symbols of soot made by holding the flame of his lamp to the mine walls.

The sun was setting when we came, at last, to the opening of the mine, and saw for the first time in twenty-four hours, the light of day. When I saw the dazzling spot ahead, I stopped for just a moment and murmured the prayer that so often came to my lips: Thank God.

We did not have to rehearse the picture of tragic weariness we presented as we emerged. Dirty and haggard, with only one dog left and he unable to walk, we still came out as victors. I had the large skin of the lion tied about my waist—the long tail knotted about the neck.

The light blinded us, and we stood for several minutes before we could look upon this world to which we had so thankfully returned. Although unable to open my eyes, I could breathe the wonderful freshness about me. I could smell the evergreens and the moist purity of the snow. I trembled uncontrollably, unashamedly. I stretched out my left hand to brace myself on Caminos' right shoulder. The big miner had been a mighty fortress of strength.

Tafoya came quickly to meet us. "*Por Dios,* Señor Oz, we were so worried. Thank God, you are safe. I only realize now how much I ask of you. You must call your wife; she has been on the phone constantly—and the newspapermen—."

"No," I said. "Just tell her I will be home shortly. *Amigo* Caminos, please place the red dog on the seat of the pickup."

I removed the lion skin from my waist, tossed it in the pickup, and climbed into the cab. Caminos placed Red's head tenderly on my lap. Caminos closed the door, and as the motor began to hum he smiled broadly. I had not seen him smile before. His regular white teeth gleamed in the bearded face, and a twinkle of good humor danced about the normally brooding eyes.

"*Es hombre,*" I said to myself. "There is a man, God bless him." I waved and drove away.

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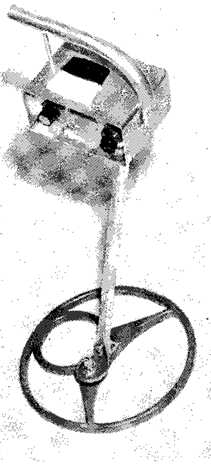

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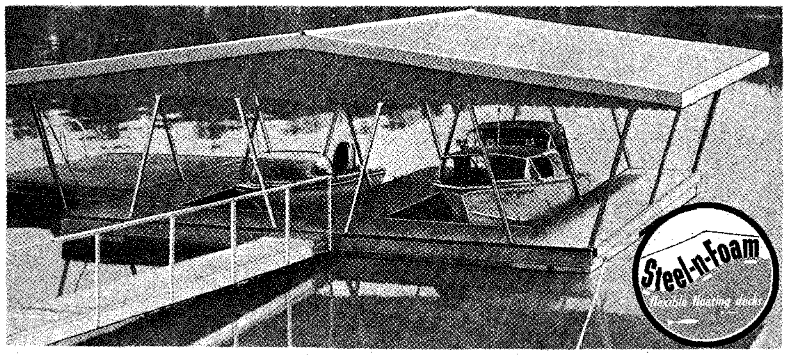

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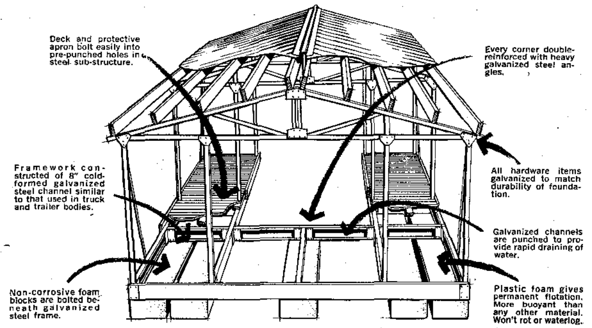

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

GREAT HISTORY OF MEXICO

The most significant book written in this country about Mexico may well be *Six Faces of Mexico* (University of Arizona Press, $10.00) edited by Russell C. Ewing. Seven contributing authors, faculty members at the University of Arizona, each an authority in his own right, bring new depth and scope to the oft-heard phrase, "Mexico, Land of Contrasts." Although each section could well stand on its own, collectively they form a comprehensive and fresh view of this country which is so often misunderstood. "Major Historical Themes" by Russell C. Ewing portrays Mexican history from the time of Cortez to the rise of modern Mexico as illustrated by the rise of Porfirio Diaz. "Ways of Life" by Edward H. Spicer is an ethnic review of the primitives, Spanish influence, and the emerging people. "Land, Man, and Time" by David A. Henderson is a description of the physiognomic and geographic features. "A Developing Democracy" by Paul Kelso traces the intricate evolution of a developing democracy and the relationships of government to resource development programs. "An Economy of Contrasts" by George F. Leaming and Walter H. Deleplane is a review of agriculture, industry, power, transportation, communications, finance, and labor. "The Legacy of Literature and Art" by Renato Rosaldo outlines literature development and contributions from pre-Columbian times to contemporary writings. This book fills a major need toward a better understanding of our neighbor to the south.

LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

Profile of a State—New Mexico (Horn & Wallace, $7.50) is a big guide book in full color to scenic and historic points in the Land of Enchantment. The color plates were used previously in *New Mexico Magazine* and on the whole they have been reproduced spectacularly in this book. The text is by George Fitzpatrick and John L. Sinclair and to guide the tourists to the scenes so magnificently pictured in the book, there is a series of small location maps. The list of camera artists who made the photos is too long to repeat here—suffice it to say that each is a masterpiece. Strongly recommended.

PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE CEMETERY

Boot Hill, Historic Graves of the Old West (Superior, $12.95) is by Lambert Florin, well known for a series of fine ghost town books. The sub-title seems a more appropriate title. The Boot Hill Cemetery at Tombstone gets attention along with the burial spots of a number of outlaws who died with their boots on. However, most of the graves photographed in this book are of those more worthy indeed. The illustrations make the book—the technical problems in bringing out the lettering on old stones and wooden headboards must have been difficult. The author hints at such problems under the guise of advice to those who might want to photograph similar subjects. Well over half the book is devoted to historic graves in Oregon and Washington including Chiefs Seattle and Joseph, Marcus Whitman, Dr. John McLoughlin, Ewing Young and the Mercers. The Montana section includes a photo of the Big Horn Memorial to the martyred Seventh; the New Mexico section—Billy the Kid and Pete Maxwell. This is a big handsome volume but there is no index and many of the pages, due to the layout of the illustration, are unnumbered.

OUTLAW—PEACE OFFICER

King Fisher, His Life and Times (University of Oklahoma Press, $2) is by O. C. Fisher who had a little help from Old Bookaroo, Jeff Dykes. The author is a Texas Congressman and heard much of the story of King Fisher from his father, a first cousin of the flamboyant border character. However, Mr. Fisher does more than tell the family story—he digs deep into the history of the King Fisher country and pioneer life in Southwest Texas following the Civil War. King Fisher was a product of his times—he did what he had to do to survive in a tough country. He was called an outlaw and was arrested by the Texas Rangers led by Captain L. H. McNelly and later by Lee Hall. He was in court several times but the charges didn't stick. When law and order became the rule of the day, the King became a highly respected peace officer. At the time he was ambushed and killed, because he happened to be in San Antonio with Ben Thompson, the King was a candidate for sheriff of Uvalde County—with the very strong support of the best people in the county. Mr. Fisher has collected the evidence, searched the records, and examined the published words of others. He has done a thoroughly objective job. This is Volume 32 in The Western Frontier Library and unlike most of the others is a true first edition—in fact, it is the first book-length account ever of the King. There is a bibliography but no illustrations—a shame. But, then you can't have everything for $2—strongly recommended and a bargain.

HORSE THIEF AND SLAVE TRADER

The Claws of the Hawk (Westernlore Press, $5.95) by Paul Bailey is the story of the tumultuous life of Chief Wahker (Walker), the Ute. It is the author's second book about this major chief of the Intermountain West, and his fourteenth book. Wahker was a bitter enemy to Mexicans, *Californios*, other Indians, Mormons and other whites. At the same time, he was a friend to many

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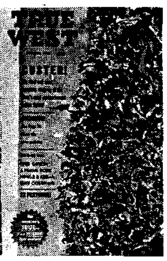
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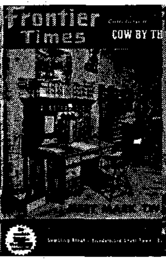
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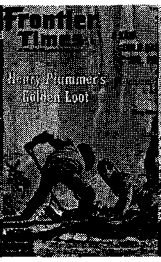
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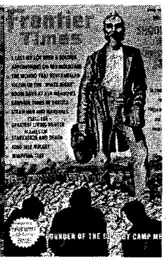
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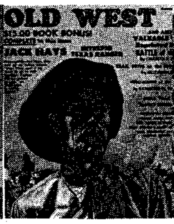
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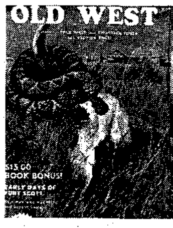
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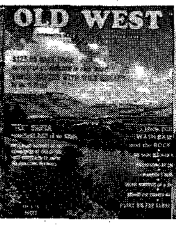
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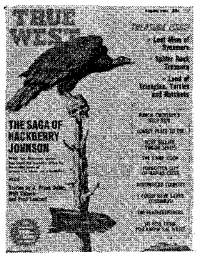
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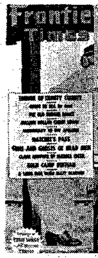
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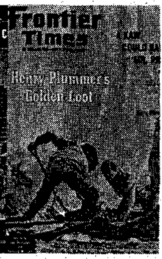
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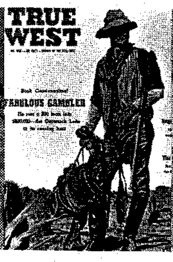
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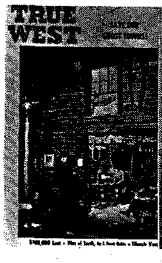

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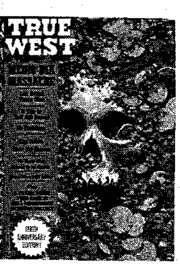

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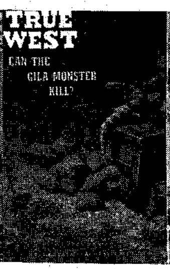
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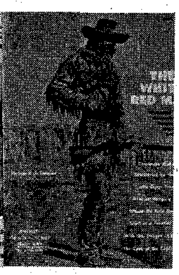
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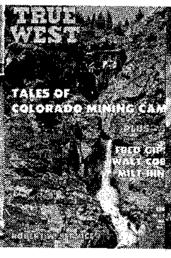
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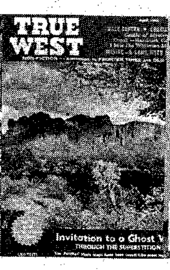
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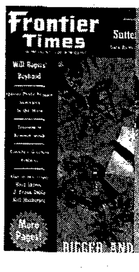
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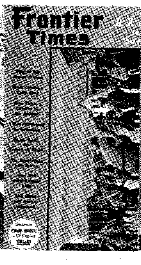
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Ambush in the Chaparral

(Continued from page 31)

As the horse started to run back down the trail, Durbin fired again and Crenshaw fell to the ground. When Durbin started toward the fallen man, however, he found that all the fight had not left Crenshaw, who fired twice more without effect. Durbin shot several times "as fast as I could work my Winchester" while Grimes added two blasts. Finally Crenshaw asked the Rangers to shoot no more as he was, in his words, "shot all to pieces."

At Durbin's command he threw his six-shooter aside but, still defiant, said, "You men have killed me but I would have died satisfied if (I) could (have) got one or two of you."

When Captain Schmitt and the others arrived on the scene from their secreted positions they examined the wounds by the light of a fire. One was found in the lower part of the back, one in the left shoulder, and the end of Crenshaw's right thumb was shot away. Durbin, throwing lead at a rapid rate in the deadly exchange, found that he had also hit the outlaw's horse, inflicting a not-too-serious wound on the animal.

The Rangers would not tell the dying Crenshaw who had given him away although he correctly speculated that it was Tompkins and expressed regret over not killing him. According to Durbin, he talked freely of his plans to flee to Mexico and remain there until Sy Hay was located, then return to kill him even if it meant his own death. Likely he wanted to kill Hay to avenge the murder of George Hill, his brother-in-law.

In an attempt to transport the mortally wounded man to a doctor, McNamar was sent in haste for a wagon. However, the wounds proved fatal within an hour following the gunfight and the wagon was used to transport Crenshaw's body to Cotulla by way of Twohig, where the Rangers ate breakfast and fed their horses before continuing in the icy weather. In Cotulla Sheriff Fly expressed understandable resentment over not being notified in advance of the planned action when Schmitt turned the outlaw's body over to him at the jail.

McCOY, who had heard the firing when Durbin and Grimes exchanged shots with Crenshaw, had learned at a nearby ranch of his death. Recognizing that an escape was impossible, he sent word to Schmitt that he would surrender.

Taking Fly with him, Schmitt met McCoy in Twohig January 18 and returned to Cotulla to jail him. A large crowd was waiting at the depot and there was talk of mobbing McCoy. Schmitt, an experienced officer who had served seven years as sheriff of Comal County before becoming a Ranger, and Fly told the crowd in plain terms that the prisoner would be defended and, according to Durbin's recollection, said there would "be a string of funerals" if an attempt was made to take him. To insure McCoy's safety the Rangers guarded the jail until the excitement died down but no attempt was made to turn the talk of violence into reality.

McCoy was tried, convicted and hanged even though the deputy he shot, Pete Edwards, recovered. His trip to the gallows in San Antonio on August 23, 1889, lent even less dignity to his death than the Winchesters of Durbin and Grimes had accorded Crenshaw in the chaparral.

Wedding picture of Albert C. Grimes and Annie J. Feldman, December 8, 1887, at Pearsall, Texas

Durbin and Grimes each collected a reward of several hundred dollars, a sizeable sum in that day, for the killing of Crenshaw, an act for which they were widely acclaimed. Both had fired at the outlaw, but neither knew which shot was responsible for his death. Since it was Durbin's aim that took him from his horse, it appears that Durbin should be credited with the fatal shot.

When they began their fusillade, Bill Tompkins went through the pear and mesquite "like a wild steer," according to Durbin. In fleeing he rode near the spot where McNamar was holding the Rangers' horses and, being mistaken for one of the fugitives, was fired upon. Although Tompkins' luck held and he was not hit, he had realized his fear that he might be taken for one of the fugitives despite his precautions. He remained in hiding for several days before appearing at the Ranger camp in Cotulla two days after McCoy surrendered.

Schmitt, not overly impressed with Tompkins' actions, paid him only $300 of the $600 previously agreed on for his assistance, stating that he would have received the entire amount had he not fled to the brush when the shooting started. Tompkins' excuse that he thought he was being fired at by Durbin and Grimes was not supported by his lengthy stay in hiding. Although Schmitt and the Rangers did not divulge the identity of the man who led Crenshaw into the trap, local gossip was correct in naming the former sheriff.

(Continued on page 66)

Western Book Roundup

(continued from page 60)

—even joining the Mormon Church. To many who found out the hard way, Wahker was the greatest horse thief of all time—his feats keeping his warriors well-mounted and virtually uncatchable. His horse-stealing prowess paled alongside his slave trading and bloody ambushes. For all his treachery, Wahker was recognized as a great man. He remained an enigma to all who tried to know him. The author has developed an interesting biography, told through the eyes of the great chief, himself. Wahker plundered from the Colorado River to the Pacific, and from Shoshone land to Southern California and Mexico. When he died, his two favorite wives were slaughtered and buried with him for company. In addition, two slave Piede children, a boy and a girl, were incarcerated in a rock cairn above his grave, so that they might die slowly and witness the great chief's journey into mystery. A Book of Mormon was also placed in his grave, but no "Mormonee" showed up to pay his last respects.

WORLD CHAMPION COWBOY

Recently in this column we reviewed a fine book about one of the greatest of all our many rodeo contestants. It was issued in an edition of only 175 copies—far too few to supply the demands of the range and rodeo buffs. We expressed the hope that a trade edition would be issued. *Bob Crosby, World Champion Cowboy* (Clarendon Press, $6.00) written by Thelma (Mrs. Bob) Crosby and Eve Ball is now ready. It has a frontispiece by Peter Hurd and eleven drawings by Olive Vandruff Bugbee. It is first class in every respect. Recommended.

ANOTHER LAST STAND!

The latest book on the massacre at the Little Big Horn in Montana is *Custer's Last Stand* (Chilton Books, $3.95) by Will Henry. This is Henry's sixth book about the West and is written primarily for young people. Henry traces Custer's activities from the infamous butchery on the Washita through his Black Hills' adventure to the day of reckoning with Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull and friends. The story is told without frills and with force.

THE OPENING WEDGE

The tragic years of the Civil War gave way to exciting years of rebuilding, change, and expectation. The most significant trend of the period was westward expansion. Troopers of the Regular Army were stationed again from the Rio Grande to the Canadian border. Yet the red man was a menace to adventuring whites at any given point. In the fall of 1867, representatives of the United States negotiated the Treaty of Medicine Lodge in southwestern Kansas with the Southern Plains Indians. *The Treaty of Medicine Lodge* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) by Douglas C. Jones is an analysis of what happened in the great treaty council. This treaty was unique in that it provided, for the first time, the absorption of the Indians into the white man's culture. It would "put a wooden roof over his head and a plow in his hand." Prior treaties merely had attempted to push the Indian into specified areas where he would interfere as little as possible with the whites. Events surrounding the treaty council were also unique in that they were thoroughly reported by a corps of professional newspapermen. These individuals agreed remarkably well in what transpired. This is a significant book about the major turning point in the Government's policy of dealing with the Indians.

NOTHING NEW!

Racial problems were not uncommon in the eary days of the West. Many laws and legal decisions deprived Negroes, Indians, and Chinese of normal rights. *Mother Lode Race Incident* (Harlan-Young Press, $4.00) edited and with an introduction by Theron Fox is a limited edition about a racial incident which ended more justly than most.

MINING IN NEVADA

Nevada's 20th Century Mining Boom (University of Nevada Press, $5.95) by Russell R. Elliot is the first comprehensive coverage of the Tonapah-Goldfield-Ely boom which occurred just after the turn of the century. This later boom lacked little, if any, of the color of the Comstock development, but it became a more stable influence in Nevada's growth. Much of the wealth remained in the state to initiate economic activity. Tonapah broadened its interests and through diversification survived after ore was exhausted. McGill, operating on seemingly unlimited ore supplies, and Ely with copper reserves remain stalwart mining centers. Goldfield, once the largest city in Nevada, ran out of ore and suffered completion of the usual cycle—discovery, boom, and bust. Elliot's book rounds out the history of Nevada's mining legacy, and he gives a much more complete picture. This book is one of the new Lancehead Series of the University of Nevada.

100 FORTUNES?

Dig Here (The Naylor Co., $4.95) by Thomas Penfield is available again in a new and enlarged edition. Three editions of this book since it first appeared in 1962 testify to its popularity. Over 100 fortunes still waiting to be found in the Southwest are included—"All you need is a pick, a shovel, and luck to strike it rich." In spite of the title, the author admits the information is too general to be a precise guide to the actual location of treasure. Were this not the case, he would be out digging instead of writing about it. Still, many there are who will want to read more about the Lost Dutchman Mine, Montezuma's Treasure, Geronimo's Lost Gold Mine, etc., etc., etc.,

WESTERN LIT

The Collected Stories of Jack Schaefer (Houghton Mifflin Co., $6.00) with an introduction by Winfield Townly Scott brings together many short stories of this master storyteller which first appeared in national magazines. Since the appearance of his first book, *Shane*, in 1949, Schaefer has become a leading western writer. His first collection of short stories, *The Big Range*, was given a Double A rating by the New York *Times*, and his second collection, *The Pioneers*, also received acclaim. Schaefer projects his stories through realistic characters whose experiences are human and believable. Humor, suspense, and tragedy are portrayed in a style that makes the reading pure pleasure.

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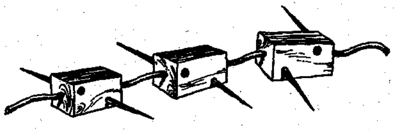

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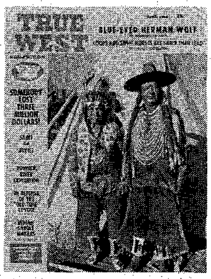

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Ambush in the Chaparral

(Continued from page 64)

Tompkins stayed in Cotulla a few days, hanging around the Ranger camp, before going to Deming, New Mexico, where he stayed a short time and then returned to Texas.

Going to Llano County, he worked on Tom J. Moore's ranch and served as his body guard. In 1892 he served as a deputy sheriff and about 1895 opened a saloon in Llano. Even though his partner in the saloon venture was killed, things went well for Tompkins until he and a friend went on a drinking spree lasting several days. A six-shooter which he accidentally knocked from behind the bar in his unsteady condition fired as it hit the floor, the shot passing through the bottom of the chair in which he was sitting and into his stomach. Tompkins died the next day, many experiences removed from the Crenshaw affair.

Sy Hay, accused by George Hill as being the gunman who shot him, stayed on the dodge for some time after Hill's death. When he surrendered, his attorneys managed to have the case transferred from Cotulla to San Antonio, where some legal maneuvering was evident since the case was never brought to trial. Hay, fearing revenge, left Cotulla for Shafter to begin a new life. It is said he died a poor man. Frank Hall, his accomplice, is said to have gone to Mexico.

So ended a bloody chapter in the frontier history of Southwest Texas. The toll taken by gunshot, the hangman's rope, and fate was very demanding of the participants.

Indian Fight at Battle Flat

(Continued from page 19)

rest of the way. Now he asked the boys to leave him, saying the torture of moving was worse than death.

As his companions couldn't move him, nor would they leave him, they all gathered in the shade of a large juniper tree for their last stand.

ANOTHER COUNCIL of war was held in which it was decided that Henry, being the best acquainted with the country, and the only one with two good legs, should try to make it to Walnut Grove for help. Henry agreed to go if they would let Binkley go with him, as he thought Binkley would become delirious from the wound in his head, and perhaps cause them trouble. This was agreed to, and the trip was begun.

The time was about 11 A.M., and it seemed impossible that help could arrive from Walnut Grove before the next day, if that soon. None of the white men had had any water or food, and were in a terrible condition. About all that was left them was their grit and determination not to be captured.

The two who were leaving tried to crawl through the brush to escape detection, but the Indians quickly saw what was up and were after them, yelling like devils. Seeing that there was no dodging them, the two started up the ridge toward the Bradshaw and Hassayampa trail. Again the Indians headed them off and blocked that move. Then the two turned downhill into a dry gulch that was heavily timbered, thinking there would be no Indians there.

After they had proceeded about 150 yards, several Apaches arose from the bushes behind them and asked, both in Spanish and in English, "Where are you going, friends?"

In answer, Henry pointed silently in one direction and walked in another. For some inexplicable reason, the Indians didn't follow!

When they found their first water hole, Binkley stood on guard while Henry drank. Almost blind as he was, he stood with his revolver in hand and gave the appearance of a well man, full of fight. Henry then guarded while Binkley drank; then they moved south in a big detour over the highest part of the divide between the Hassayampa and Turkey Creek.

By dusk they had come about four miles in a direct line. From there they traveled all night, reaching Walnut Grove about 8 A.M. What a sight they must have been—filthy, barefoot, hatless and with blood in every track they made!

Ten men on horseback started at once, and arrived at the battlefield at 2 P.M.; they found the boys and brought them back to town. All were alive, but Herron was unconscious. A doctor came from Prescott and dressed their wounds, but despite medical care, Herron died on the ninth day after the fight. He was buried at Walnut Grove.

AFTER Binkley and Henry had left for aid, the Apaches attacked the three men who were left. They shot arrows and threw rocks, but the whites remained calm and used their firearms well. Wall, with his six-shooter, faced in one direction; Scott, with the shotgun, in another. Poor Herron lay unconscious through all the din. One Indian discovered him, and hurled a big rock down at him, but the rock missed its mark. It landed near Herron's head. When the Indian leaned out of his fort to see what damage he had done, Scott killed him with the shotgun. At the same time, Stewart killed another with his revolver.

The Indians, probably feeling that it was costing too much blood to finish the fight, packed up and left in mid-afternoon. The white men felt that this was just a ruse to throw them off guard, and that the Indians would soon be back. They kept on the alert until dark, then crawled back to camp for water. It took them all night to cover the 200 yards, and all three men were unconscious when the relief party found them.

The rescuers found one dead Indian at the scene of the first attack. Later, a party of prospectors found another dead Indian farther up the hill, and eleven

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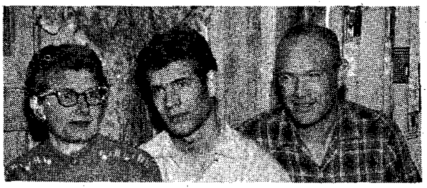
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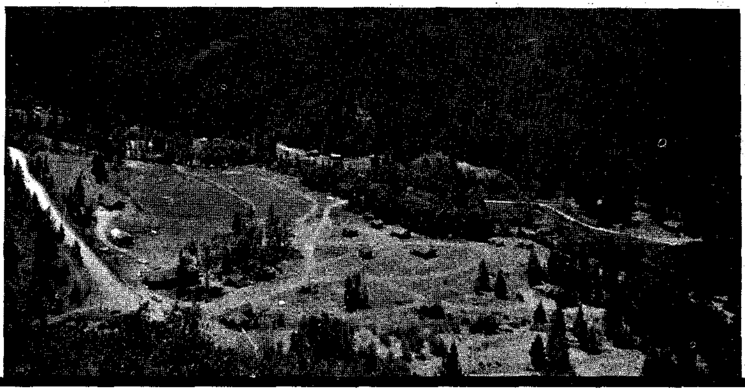

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more dead ones in a pile near the camp. From the amount of blood on the ground, many Indians had been wounded, but had managed to get away with their lives. Probably some of them died later.

After Herron's burial, the rest of the party spread out over the country. All of them had multiple wounds; Wall had been hit seventeen times. When able to travel, he went back to his home in San Bernardino County, California, finally recovered and stayed there. Scott remained in Arizona, but never regained the full use of his crippled arm and hand. He continued prospecting, and finally struck it rich. Binkley, when able to travel, returned to his wife and family in San Bernardino. He later made several trips to Prescott as a freighter, and was in the Skull Valley fight in which forty Apaches were killed. After this battle he felt that he had repaid the Indians for the loss of his eye. Fred Henry stayed in Arizona where he worked many years for the Copper Queen Mining Company. He died in Bisbee in 1899.

They were a gallant five.

The Sourdoughs and the "Old Man"

(Continued from page 43)

Muldrow Glacier, which cascaded down the Old Man's face, in twenty-five days.

Muldrow Glacier is one of the largest in the world, but Tom Lloyd had been sheep hunting in the area and under his guidance the party safely traversed the crevass-riddled ice mass.

Lacking such modern accoutrements to mountain climbing as oxygen and high altitude clothing, the men were also unencumbered by this impedimenta, and toiled rapidly upward. They didn't use ropes or pause to pick steps in the crusted snow for safety purposes. The Sourdough Party's only concession to safety were steel crampons strapped to their moosehide moccasins. It was more or less every man for himself.

At the 11,000-foot level, Tom Lloyd gave out. He made camp and settled down to watch and wait while the rest continued. None of the men knew their precise location. All they knew was that the Old Man glowered over them like an inscrutable demigod, and the only direction to go was up. They chose their route as it unfolded in front of them.

Weather, scourge of mountain climbers, favored the adventurers. Wind and snow were minimal; the sun blazed high, warming the days though the nights were freezing. Freeze or thaw made little difference to the Sourdough Party. Their only concern was to reach the top of the "rock pile" as McGonigall had put it. Only a blizzard would have stopped them in their determination, but none appeared.

McGonigall carried a fourteen-foot pole which was to be planted at the top. The effort of lugging it at such high altitudes cost him so much energy that he was forced to halt just short of the summit.

"I did my part," he told his companions, "now you two finish it up."

ON APRIL 10, Anderson and Taylor stood on the crest of McKinley's north peak. They plunged the pole deep in the snow and attached an American flag to it, believing Old Glory could be seen from Fairbanks with the aid of field glasses. Then, after taking a good look at the vast panorama spreading to all horizons below, the pair rejoined McGonigall where a conference took place.

"We ought to try the south peak," suggested Anderson, "it's 300 feet higher."

"We could do it easily enough," agreed Taylor, "but if we delay too long we're apt to get caught in the break-up."

After a brief discussion, it was decided to let the south peak remain virginal. The snow was already soft, and the trip home would be difficult enough. Satisfied that they had accomplished their aim, the men began their descent.

When they reached Lloyd's camp he was gone, having departed ahead of the rest. On their arrival in Fairbanks it was learned that Lloyd had been telling graphic stories about how he had reached the top.

When it became known that the supposed leader of the party hadn't gone beyond the 11,000-foot mark, the whole endeavor came under a cloud of suspicion. The flag waving on McKinley's summit could not, unfortunately, be seen. Without any proof of success the effort went begging.

In 1913, another party headed by Hudson Stuck triumphed over the south peak. Then, for good measure, they topped the north peak—and found the fourteen-foot pole. And so it stands that four of the veriest amateurs—equipped mainly with lots of guts and determination—were the first to conquer the Old Man!

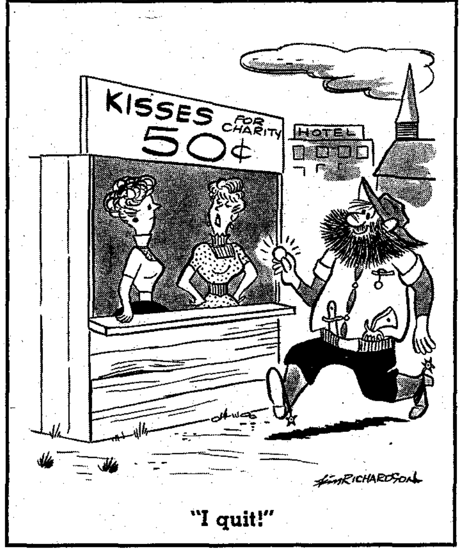
Harold Dow Bugbee and the Texas Panhandle

(Continued from page 33)

a number of special historical editions of newspapers, and had sketches in twenty-eight issues of the *Panhandle Plains Historical Review*.

Bugbee's first wife was Althea Katherine Patrick, the granddaughter of T. S. Bugbee. Bugbee and Althea lived in Clarendon during their marriage, and each morning the artist painted in the basement of his parents' home while his wife went down to her father's bank where she was assistant-cashier. Though their work-a-day interests were separate, the couple was famed for their hospitality and gracious living.

At the time of my interview, Bugbee was living at the old ranch place in Clarendon with his second wife, Olive, a fine artist from the Hill Country of



"I quit!"

Harold Dow Bugbee poses with three of his works in his Clarendon, Texas, home.

Kerrville, Texas. Bugbee had purchased several of her paintings before he met her.

In the last years of his life, Harold and Olive Bugbee sometimes exhibited as many as 100 paintings between them. He still worked in the basement studio of the three-story house, so long a familiar landmark in Clarendon. It is a 1914 replica of the past and is rich in antiques.

When showing the house, Bugbee would say, "The place is for sentiment, not for show." Then he would explain the uniquely charming interior—so right with its starched lace curtains, its great containers of ferns, and ancient tapestry in needlepoint. His mother made hooked rugs for each room and quilted spreads for every bed in the house.

Olive shared her husband's love of yesteryear and there was no television in this home fortressed by wildly beautiful evergreens and cedars. The couple read aloud in the evenings.

Because of Mrs. Bugbee's love of wildlife, grasses at the driveway entrance are long, luxuriant and uncut, serving as a nesting place for quail; the yard in spring and summer is riotously abloom with wild flowers, cacti and beargrass—all of which is subject matter for Mrs. Bugbee's paintbrush.

The most intriguing room in the huge old home was Bugbee's basement studio, converted from a coal bin. He painted at a picture window through which two pet geese supervised his work with critical eye. From his studio window one could see the ancient wooden windmill standing guard over the only house left of "Old Town" Clarendon. Old Town is on the Bugbees' acreage and the old building with the iron roof served as a studio for the artist's larger paintings. It was moved to its present site in 1887. Shorthorn cattle had the run of the place.

When I last saw Bugbee's studio, it held the collected treasures of a lifetime of study of the West—a stuffed lobo head, a powder horn, a quiver of arrows made by Indians at Taos, Cheyenne arrows, dried corn, an Indian war bonnet, a Ute squaw's saddle and leggings.

There was a corn dance Indian drum which Bugbee used to communicate with his wife when she was on the second floor painting. It announced a coffee break! An old Kentucky muzzle loader lay beside a sourdough frying pan, which served as an ash tray. There were books on the Early West everywhere, and plenty of samples of yucca and dry sage. I also remember pieces of rare barbed wire, a Taos branding iron, and a common clay statue Bugbee made of a 121-year-old Indian.

A huge stuffed buffalo head and hide graced the stairs, quite at home with marble and crystal antiques. The magazines strewn about were copies of *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1896.

When Harold Bugbee died on March 27, 1963, he had done thousands of black and white pen sketches of the West, the authenticity of which is never questioned. This gentle cowboy artist faithfully served his apprenticeship before he attempted to portray the life on canvas. It can truly be said that Bugbee lived in the past to paint for the future.

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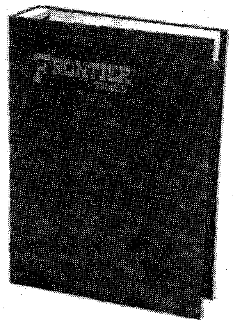

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Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

"Sam hung up his grain sack anyway. Then off to bed we went. We tried to sleep but without much luck on that score. Every once in a while one of us would be asking another if they heard anything yet or did they think Santa would make it, after all.

"About three in the morning we couldn't take it anymore; it was pitch dark in the house but by leaning over the stairwell we could see the red glow from the cracks in the heater. So we took a chance and went down to investigate.

"Our socks were filled to the brim with a big apple and lots of candy and nuts. One big walnut was tied with a string and at the other end of the string were moccasins with rubbers to fit over them. That was Blanche's, Tommy's and my socks. I can't remember what Lucy and Lottie got.

"About this time we started to wonder when Santa Claus had been there, so we looked around and found the teapot still hot on the table and some cups still warm. We figured we almost caught him that time. Right about then we discovered Sam's sack and there was something in it. So upstairs we went to get Sam. When we called him he was up and down those stairs—hell bent for leather—with us on his heels.

"He took his sack down and in the corner was a walnut, and all wrapped up in paper was a small scabby apple. There was the gallon and a half can that Mother was saving grease to make soap with, in there too. Sam was mad for getting such a raw deal when he figured with his big sack he would have got a lot of stuff. We all told him he shouldn't have been so greedy and just put up his sock like the rest of us did."

My dad's name is Claude Young.—Ethel Young, 1805 - 8th SE, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

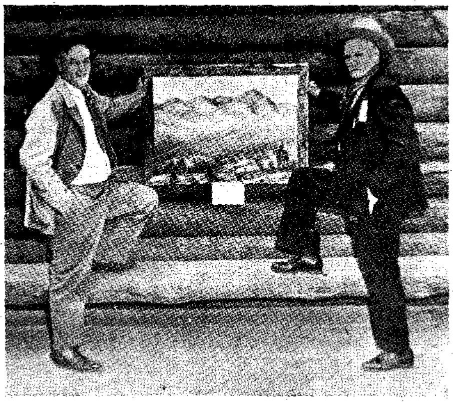
Thelma Gatchell Condit

Dear Editor:

In the Fall, 1958, issue of FRONTIER TIMES you printed an article entitled "The Wolfers" by Mrs. Thelma Condit, of Buffalo, Wyoming. She died in December, and all of the people of Johnson County will miss her very much. She was an authority on Johnson County history and wrote a lot about it. She was in the process of writing a book about the Johnson County War at the time of her death.

We live very close to the old log cabin of the Johnson County Cattle War and in the vicinity of the whole war.

I hope you will find space for news of her death.—Clyde De Botkin, Box 135, Kaycee, Wyoming 82639.



Courtesy Richard L. Thomas

Bert L. Hall, left, with cowboy artist, Horace Wagner

Bert Hall

Dear Joe:

May I take a small space to pay tribute to my good friend and grand patron of the pioneers of the West, the late Bert Hall. He was author of many stories of the good old days of early roundup time and a trustee from South Dakota when the National Cowboy Hall of Fame was being organized at Oklahoma City. Bert dedicated his last ten years gathering reminiscences from the thinning ranks of the pioneer cowboy. He covered the struggles and the ambitions of the early settlers in Montana, Wyoming and South Dakota in his book *Roundup Years, Old Muddy to Black Hills.* Bert L. Hall was a cowboy among cowboys.

A car wreck took his life, and he will be greatly missed by all who were fortunate enough to know him.—Richard L. Thomas, 610 S. Sanborn St., Chamberlain, South Dakota 57325.

Little Crow and the Heavens

Dear Sirs:

Having read your recent article about Little Crow, I would like to comment that he was fairly well versed in astrology for an Indian, which stands to reason since they were unusually keen in observation and always lived close to nature. It is evident that not only was Little Crow alert to physical phenomena —as is characteristic with most savages —but he was intelligent, without doubt much more so than some of his younger companions, else he would not have seen the futility of warring with the white man and drinking his devil water. Nevertheless, being what he was, he had no choice but to live and go as he did.

The irony of Little Crow's end is characteristic of adverse astrological bad (or hard) luck or ill-starred influences. That he was somewhat versed in connection with the astrological influence of the moon is proven by two sentences attributed to him: (1) where he describes the young warriors as being "like dogs in the Hot Moon when they run mad and snap at their own shadows"; and (2) where he predicts they "would die like rabbits when hungry wolves hunt them in the Hard Moon."

The Hot Moon is the Full Moon. It is known to modern civilization that the Full Moon influences mental patients and the criminally inclined. The Hard Moon is at either quarter stage. When the moon is at quarter stage it makes an aspect that astrologers call square which is considered extremely adverse. It is more than likely that Little Crow himself died during a Hard Moon.

Also note Little Crow appears in his picture to have two moles on the right boss line of his face. It has been my observation that people who have these little brown moles on their skin often are intelligent and quick when it comes to making unusual decisions, observations and in taking practical action—and Little Crow was intelligently trying to boss the vengeful and young warriors.

I hope that not too many (blue) moons have to pass before you have another article like this.—George Navarre, N. 6815 Julia, Spokane, Washington 99207.

IN MEMORIAM

Walter J. Wilwerding

Cover Artist

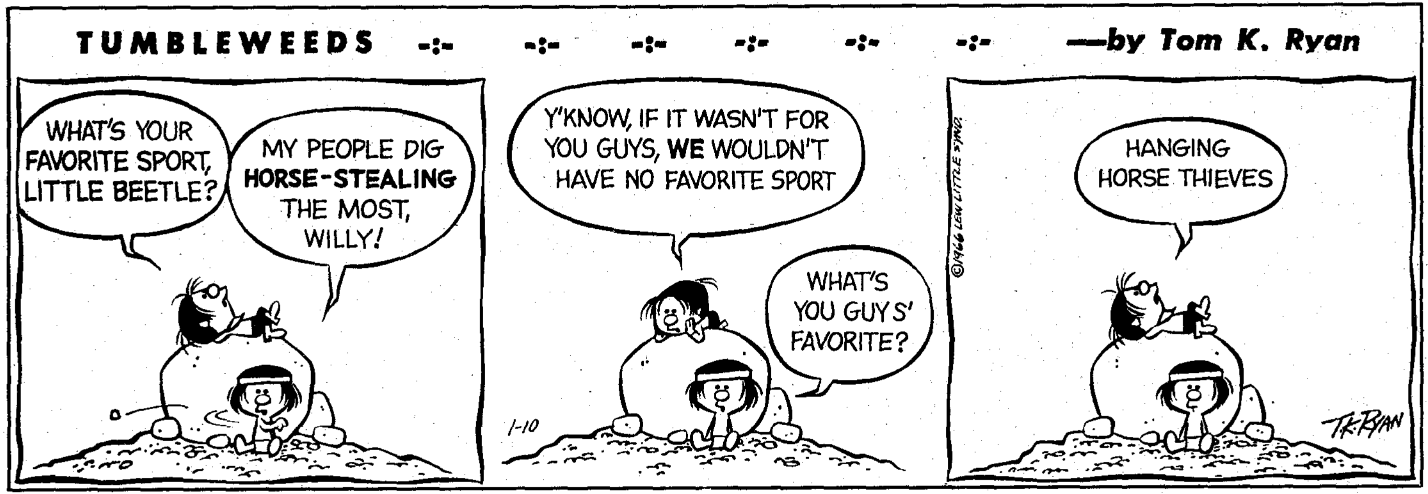
Died September 19, 1966

* * * *

Dale F. Vincent

Author "Gypsy Knives"

Died October 26, 1966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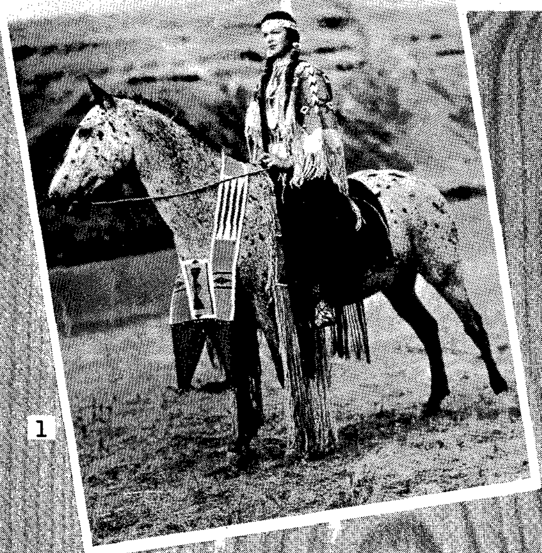
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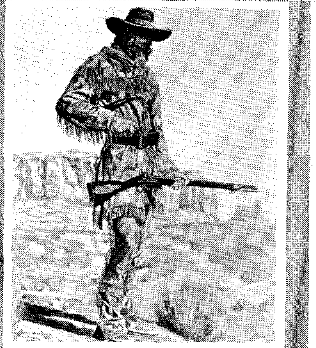
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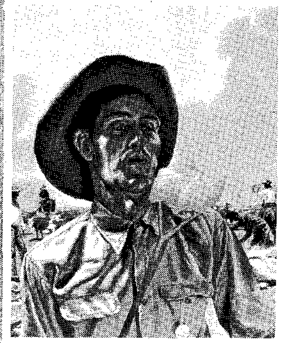
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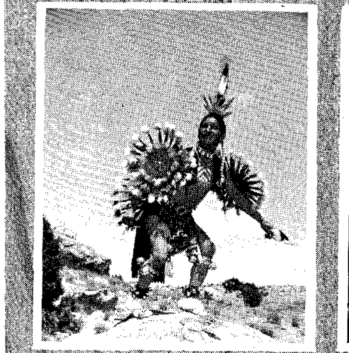
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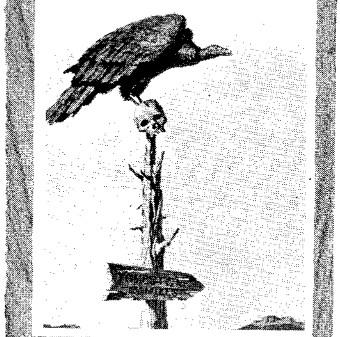
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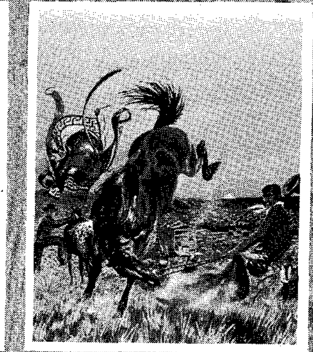
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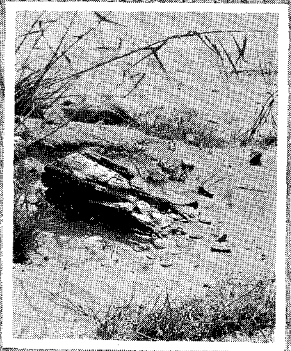
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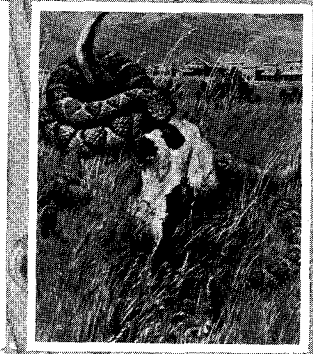
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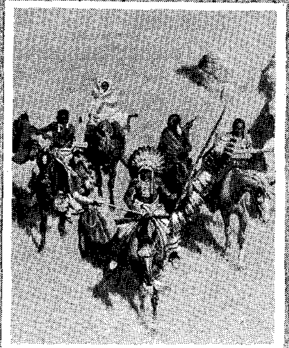
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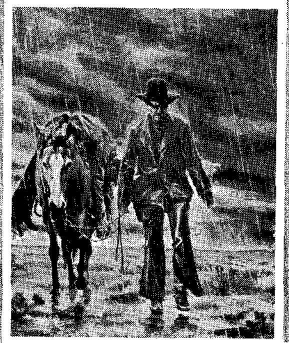
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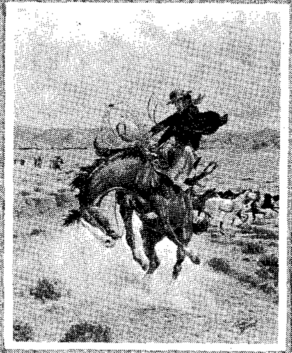
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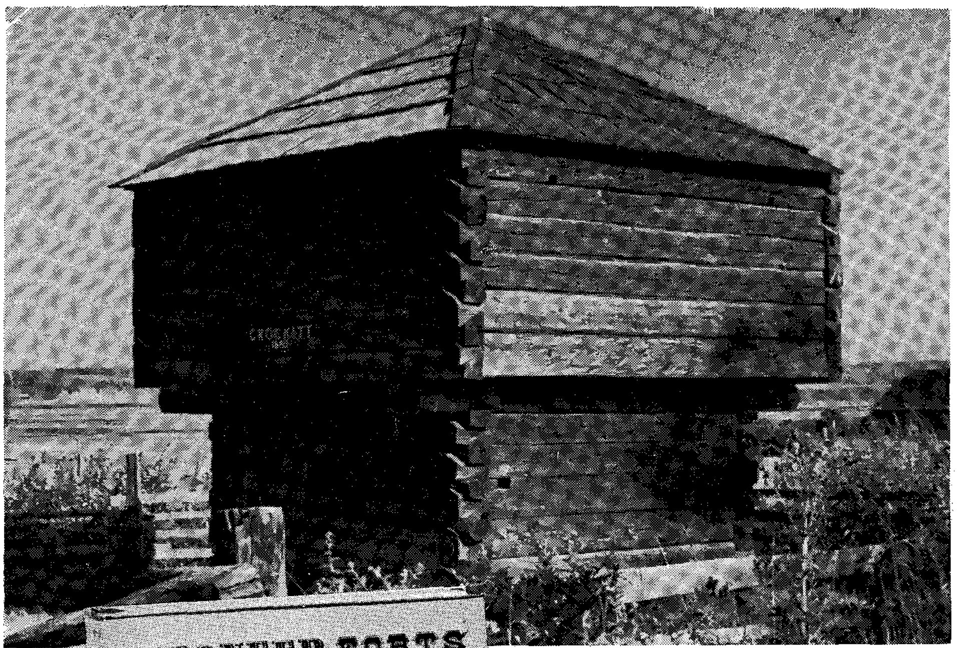

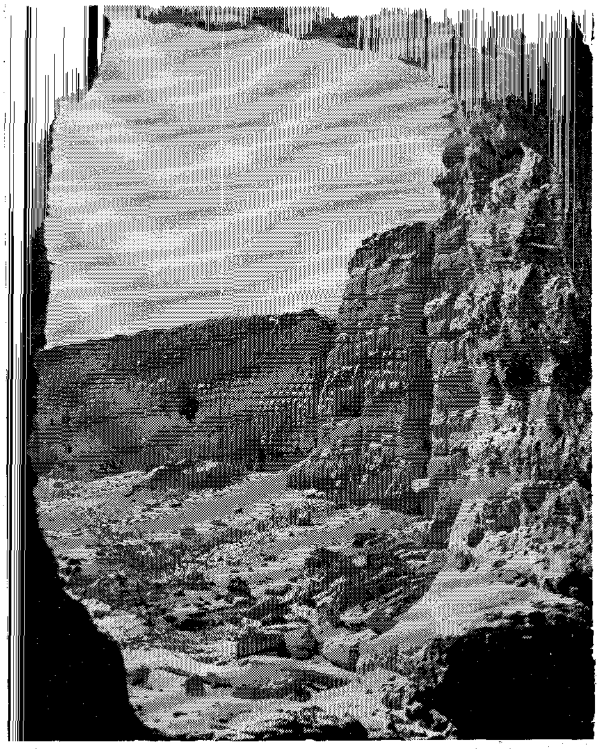

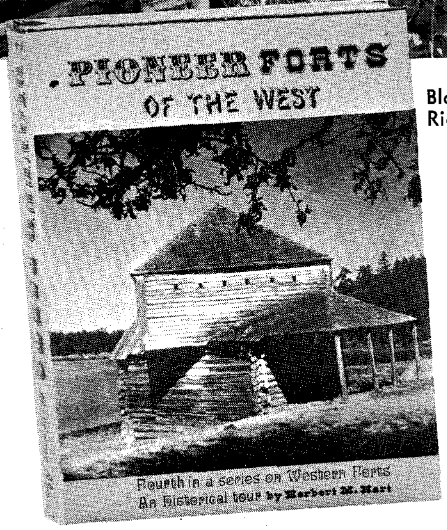

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